The Saturday Evening
POST
January 5, 1957 — 15¢

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INSIDE STORY OF THE GREAT HUNGARIAN REVOLT

Thief in Tax Agent's Clothing

By JOHN KOBLER

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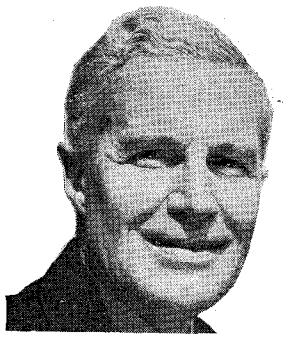

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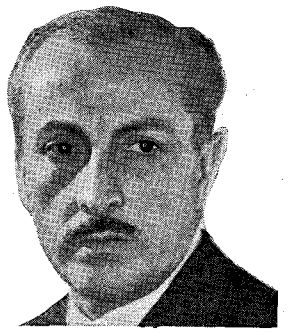
"Keep it little," says the European designer. "What people need is economy and maneuverability." But these little imported jobs are pretty limited. They are easy to handle and park but they don't have the room today's bigger American families need for the cross country vacation trips we take.



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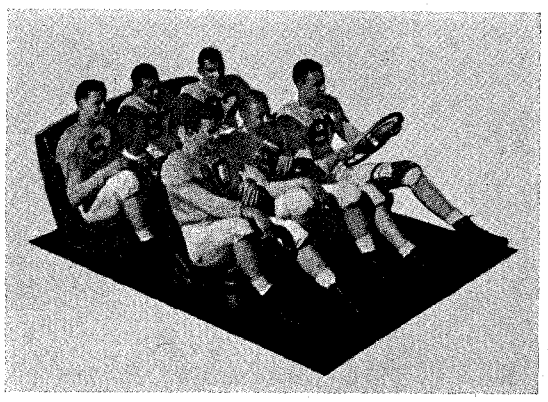

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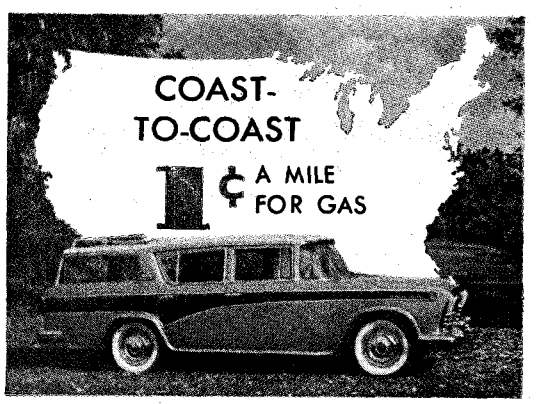

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B-19

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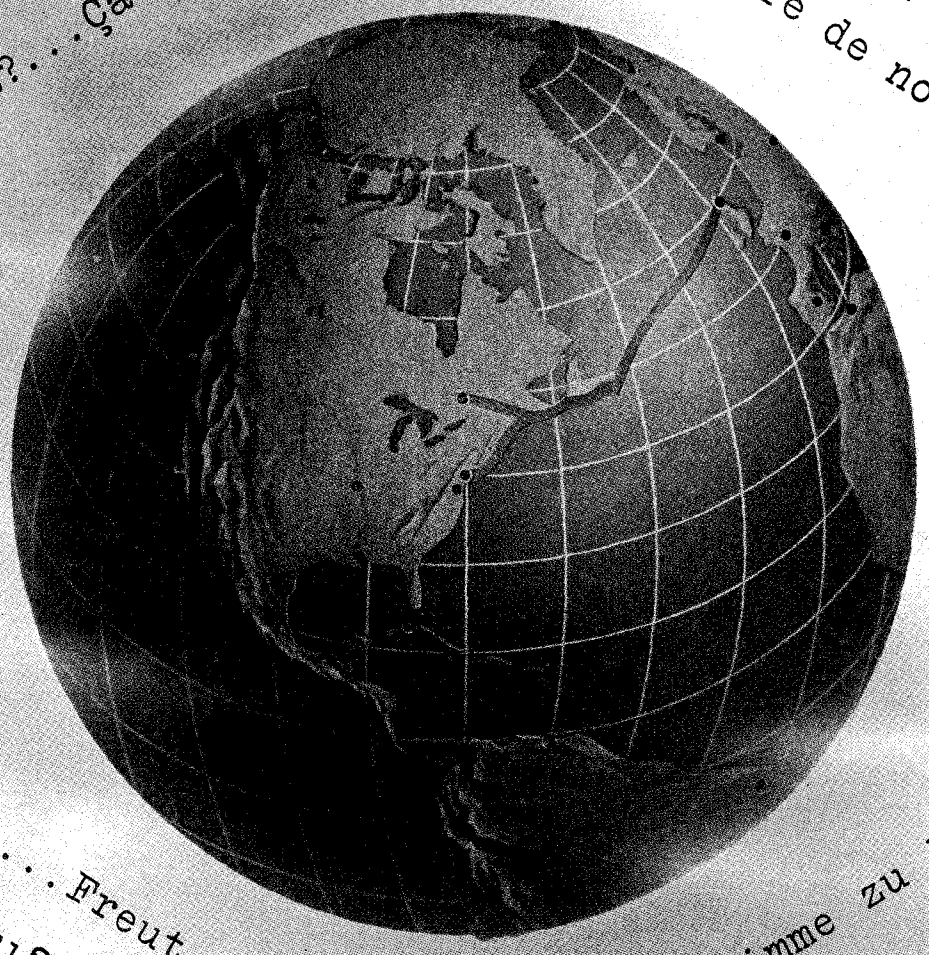
. Hallo, hvordan har De det? Det er rart at höre Deres stemme igen...Det lyder.

. Hallo, hvorledes står det til?...Det er hyggelig å höre din stemme igjen...Du.

..Hallo, how sigt gy?...It is shoone van U te horoene...En zight eer good uit .

..Allo, comment ça va?...Ça fait plaisir de t'entendre de nouveau...Tu as l'air..



..Hallo, Wie geht's?...Freut mich wieder deine Stimme zu hören...Dir scheint.

. **Hello, how are you?...It's good to hear your voice...You sound fine..**

. Pronto, come va?...Sono contento di sentirti di nuovo...Sembri bene...

..Allo! ce mai face?...Ce bine îmi pare să te aud...Cred că eşti bine...

. आप केसी हो ?.... आप की आवाज़ सुवके सुबके वडी खुशा हुई |...आ वाज़से आवाज़ए

. Hallo, hoe gaat het met U?...Het is mooi omwat van U te hooren...Ik hoort

. Hallå, hur mår Du?...Det är roligt att höra Din röst igen...Du låter bra..

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THE COVER

"I wish to establish," cries Dick Sargent, "that my wife is one of the best cooks in these United States!" All right, nobody is arguing. Maybe this explains how Sargent achieved such a frantically mouth-watering expression on the face of Foxy, the dog; he had that tableful of taste-bud provocation in his studio for days without being able to do anything about it but paint it—so maybe he imagined what he would look like with a dog's face, and executed a self-portrait. . . . Well, Foxy, as this is New Year's-tide, when everybody should be happy, grab a few slices of ham and an orange basket, and go someplace fast. The hostess will recover, and join the other humans there in feeling happy too. In this year-turning time, may all the humans in *every* home feel likewise, and all the Foxys too.

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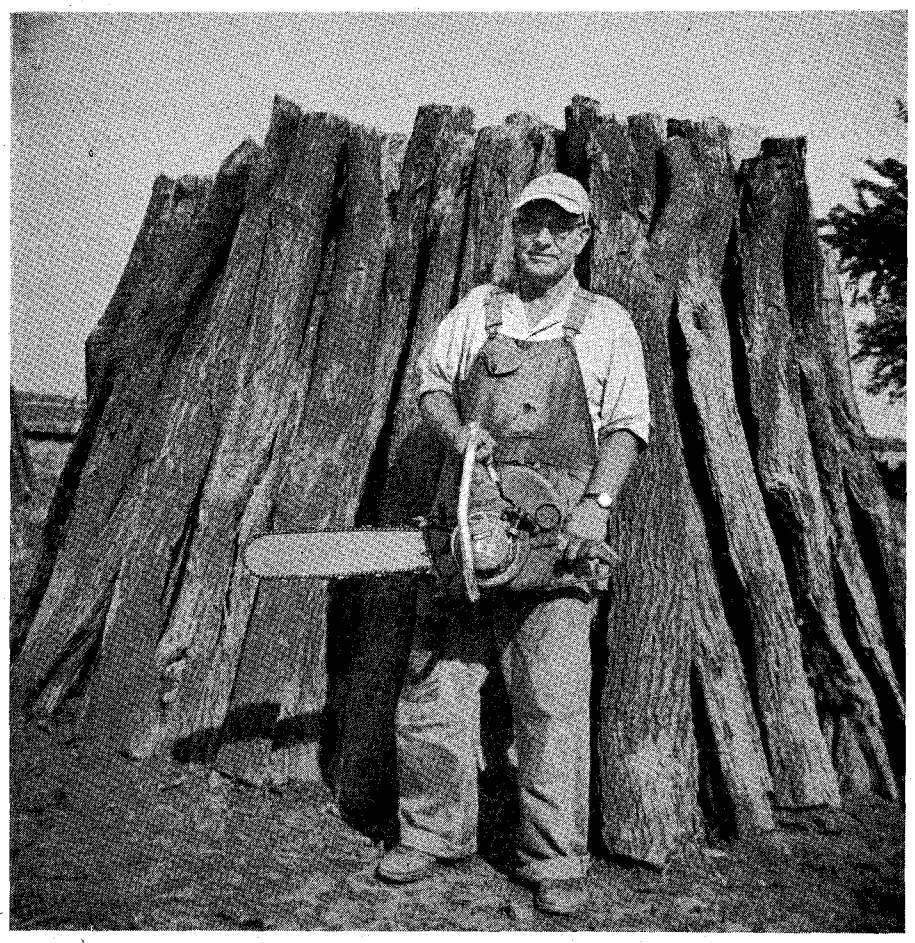

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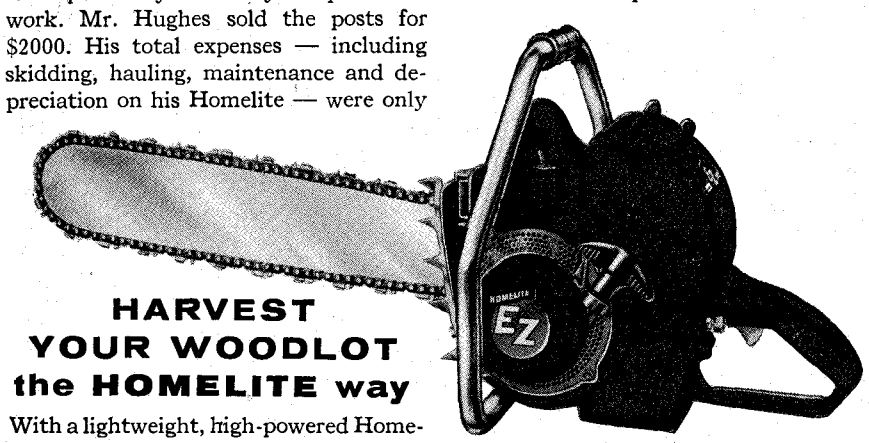

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☐ Please send me name of nearest Homelite Dealer.

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Town.....County.....State.....

Letters

"How Do You Do It?"

Dear Sirs:

I want to thank you for the story HER BIG MOMENT [by Lee McGiffin], Dec. 1, 1956, issue.

Since I am the mother of two boys and four girls ages 7½, 6, 4½, 3, 2, and 1, I am able, for once, to identify myself with the heroine of a story. Her thoughts have been mine so many times, and frankly, it takes more stamina to sit thru a session of "How do you do it?" or "Aren't you tied down?" than to stay home and fix bottles, wipe noses and wash jelly off the doorknobs.

MRS. JOHN SCHIBI
San Bruno, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

I was crying when I finished HER BIG MOMENT.

I'm 18 and have two children, a husband and a house to run. Sometimes it seems pretty senseless, washing dishes, ironing, sweeping, dusting, feeding the baby and spanking the oldest, bathing them and fixing meals all the time. But when I read your story, I looked around and found that all this is pretty precious to me.

MRS. JO CARPENTER
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

That is a really good story, and very true. . . .

My heart aches for most of the little children of today, whose mothers are too busy with outside interests to stay at home with them.

MRS. MILTON H. DOWNS
Lima, Ohio

Russia's Future

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for your timely George Kennan interview by Joseph Alsop, THE SOVIET WILL NEVER RECOVER, in your Nov. 24th issue.

How enlightening in these confusing and troubled times to read George Kennan's keen analysis of the recent events in the satellites and Russia. . . .

In an administration whose lack of long-range foreign policy has been keenly felt throughout the world, one can only hope that Mr. George Kennan's abilities will soon be sought again to the benefit of our great country.

MRS. STANLEY RUBENS
Hillsdale, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I think that the timing which Ambassador Kennan finds hard to predict is at hand. I read with deep joy recently that the students at Moscow University were posting British Broadcasting Corporation bulletins, that at Leningrad an audience walked out when a speaker failed to answer some questions to their satisfaction. Aren't these signs of new era? How far are we from a new Kronstad uprising? To a new demonstration in Tiflis? . . . I expect any day, any morning, that kind of news right from Russia. It is coming.

WLADYSLAW GOZDAWA KICKI
Glen Cove, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Alsop's tape-recorded interview . . . is an insult to the intelligence of many of your readers. . . .

Thank the Lord for one thing: Mr. Kennan is not with our Department of State any more.

ROMAN OLESNICKI
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Solid Senders

Dear Sirs:

Re John Falter's swinging cover, Dec. 1, I'd like to mumble my appreciation of your probably unconscious acceptance of the fact that there are actually a few musicians of the "teen-age" set who understand and try to give with some progressive sounds. Although this small

group of contemporary jazzmen is ostracized by the madding Presley lovers surrounding them, they know that their music will live a bit longer than Rock and Roll. . . . The true follower of modern jazz can't help but dig that good old-time swing and Dixieland; that's the birth of his religion, man.

BRUCE ALLNUTT
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Tinkelpaugh is giving those cacophonic cats a taste of something that hasn't yet entered their young musical souls, and apparently isn't sinking in even now—MELODY. And what is the number he has rendered? Why, obviously, "Margie." You can tell easily enough from that octave run-up Mr. T. has just (Continued on Page 79)

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down.

13–Wide World. • 14–United Press, Anonymous, Jacob Lofman. • 15–United Press, International, Jacob Lofman, United Press. • 16, 17–Ernest Chiriaka. • 18, 19–Shelly Grossman. • 20–Al Muenchen. • 21–Harry Saltzman. • 22–Keystone, Wallace Litwin, Paris Match (PIX). • 23–Epoca (GILLOON). • 24–Gene Lester. • 25–Fritz Willis. 26–Larry Fried. • 27–International. • 28, 29–Lynn Buckham. • 30, 31–Claude Jacoby. 32, 33–Robert Meyers. • 37–William A. Smith. • 62–Wide World, Paris Match (PIX). 78–Providence Journal-Bulletin, International, Eugene Kammerman. • 84–Di Lido Studio, Anonymous, Los Angeles Times.

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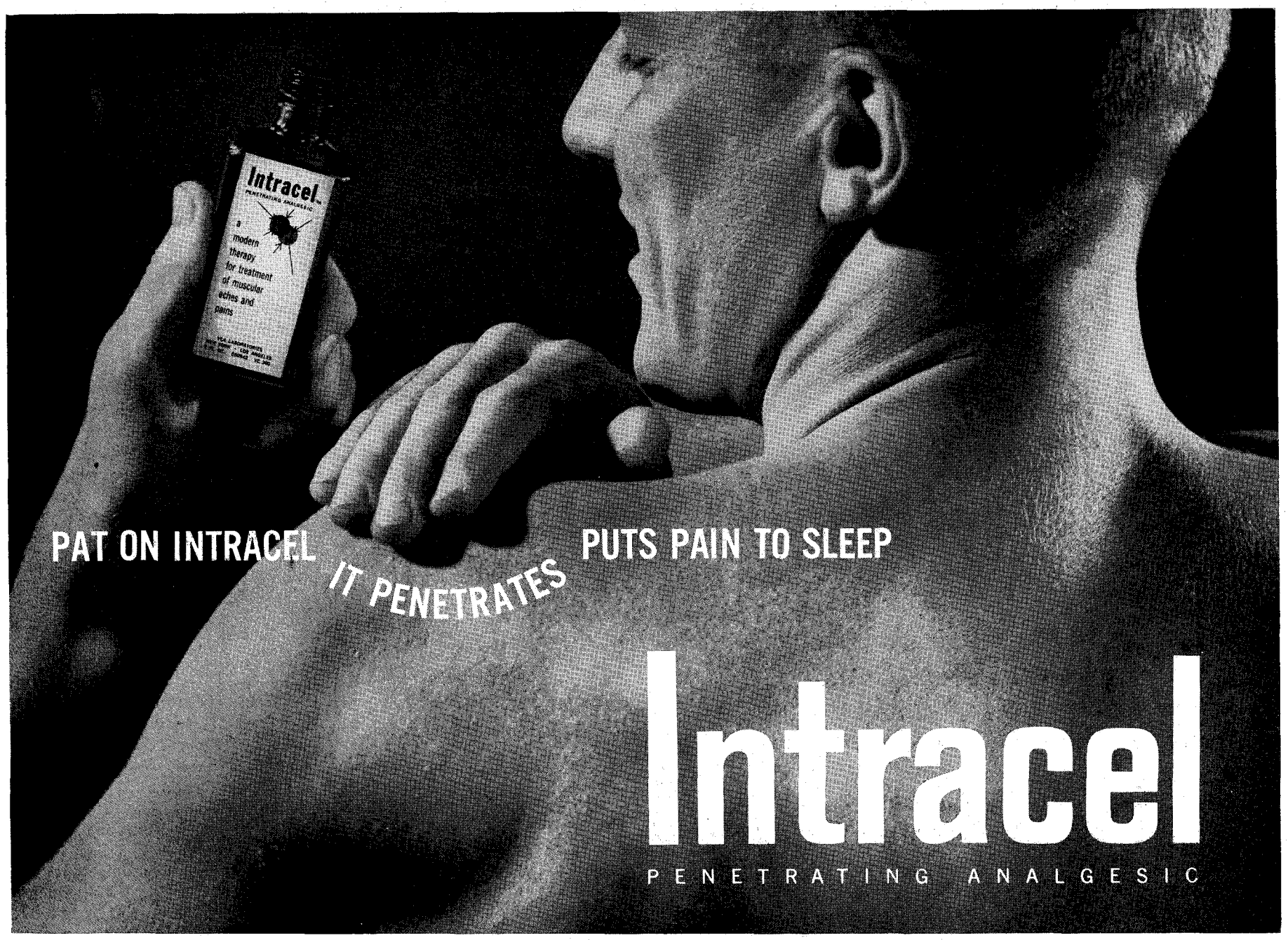
REVOLUTIONARY NEW TREATMENT

for muscular aches and pains



Now for the first time—a cool, soothing liquid that penetrates through the skin and into the tissues to give direct relief

At last science has discovered a treatment that can give miraculous relief to the millions suffering from muscular aches, pains and stiff neck due to exertion and exposure, sprains and strains, minor rheumatic pains, muscular lumbago, simple neuritis and neuralgia—even pain from sunburn and insect bites!

Now when you are tortured by gnawing pain, you simply pat on INTRACEL, the new cool, greaseless liquid that *actually puts pain to sleep*—swiftly, pleasantly, safely!

Modern INTRACEL works in an entirely different way from the old-fashioned salves and liniments that can redden and blister the skin. The pain-killing ingredients in INTRACEL pass right through the skin and deep into the muscle tissues to give blessed relief. Never before has a way been known to introduce these ingredients into the tissues other than by injection.

Because INTRACEL is based on this new principle in drug therapy, it's pleasant to use. It's not like the irritating liniments and salves containing turpentine, capsicum (pepper) and chloroform that some people hope will "burn out" pain.

You can forget such old-fashioned remedies! Just pat INTRACEL on gently—no need to rub it in! It feels so *soothing!* It begins to penetrate the skin in seconds; brings relief in minutes. And you'll be pleased how pleasantly fragrant INTRACEL leaves your skin.

So get INTRACEL today and try it next time you suffer from muscular pains—*see how it actually puts pain to sleep!* Naturally it costs a little more than the old-fashioned remedies do ($1.49 per bottle). But if you don't think it's worth *twice* what you paid for it, your money will be refunded!

Intracel
PENETRATING ANALGESIC
a modern therapy for treatment of muscular aches and pains
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a modern therapy for treatment of muscular aches and pains

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Editorials

Will U.N. "Moral Force" Stop Aggression?

Ever since the reluctant decision by Great Britain and France to withdraw their troops from the Suez area there has been a lot of premature talk to the effect that the Anglo-French retreat represented a great victory for the United Nations and peace. In a limited sense this may be so, but the Soviet Union's defiance of United Nations efforts to bring about withdrawal of Red Army troops from Hungary, or even to permit U.N. investigators to enter that country, must dampen such optimistic estimates of the United Nations' ability to enforce its decrees.

The possibilities are far less hopeful. As was pointed out by the Rev. Leland B. Henry, who for five years represented the National Council of Episcopal Churches as an observer at the U.N., in a letter to the New York Times, "The U.N. at present is in danger of becoming a convenient tool of the totalitarian powers. If it rules for them, they press for an implementation of the ruling and the democracies accede. If it rules against them, they ignore the ruling and go on as if it did not exist. Obviously this is a situation which threatens the very foundations of the U.N.'s authority." Even the expulsion or withdrawal of the offender from the United Nations would not correct the evil.

The triumph of the United Nations in respect to Egypt was due strictly to the willingness of Great Britain and France to comply with the U.N. resolution. Pressure by the American State Department had a part in producing this compliance. It is little wonder that many, not only in outraged England and France, but in this country as well, are remarking pointedly on the difference between United Nations ability to handle the Suez crisis and its virtual impotence in dealing with Soviet aggression in Hungary.

There have been flamboyant "interpretations" of American policy which suggest that we are about to junk our West European allies in favor of a shaky and speculative increase of influence with the Asians and Africans. Vice-President Nixon's recent speech in New York disposed of that strange notion. Surely that would have been a dubious bargain, since few of these countries are immune to Soviet blackmail or have much to offer beyond limitless opportunity for more unrewarded "aid" to a new set of beneficiaries. If oil is the answer, we shall hardly be in a better position if the sheiks who sit on the oil conclude, from Western inability to deal with Red aggression in Hungary, that any Middle Eastern favors to America are subject to withdrawal at Soviet pleasure.

Despite the undeniable culpability of Israel, Great Britain and France in invading Egypt, it was of doubtful wisdom for us to insist so strongly on immediate Anglo-French withdrawal from Egypt before there was any assurance that Nasser would carry out his part of the bargain or that the Soviet conspirators would not take advantage of Western disunity to stir up even more trouble in the Middle East—as indeed they have been doing.

It is unrealistic to expect a United Nations force, consisting of a smattering of troops scraped together mainly from scratch, to have more than a prestige influence in the Middle East. And prestige alone will not discourage the Soviet Union's drive for total control of the Middle Eastern oil fields and the exclusion of the West—including the U.S.A.—from the whole region. Fortunately, this is understood in Washington, and even in the most globally minded circles it is becoming recognized that, in the long run, Americans must look to their own defense.

Events of the past three months make it all too clear that the usefulness of the United Nations is seriously threatened by the fact that its authority is limited to nations which consent to yield to moral force, while the more determined culprits treat its ukases with contempt. The United States will be in precarious position if its policy rests so heavily on the processes of the United Nations that we forget that national interest, or survival, cannot always wait on global approval.

Britain's Members of Parliament Would Appreciate a Small Increase in Salary

Members of the American House of Representatives, with their salaries of $22,500, plus secretaries, travel allowances and free postage, often talk poor. But if any of them have visited London and perhaps compared notes with members of the House of Commons, they will agree that they don't know what poverty is.

A British MP receives an annual stipend of £1000 ($2800) plus, in some cases, "sessional allowances" paid for actual attendance at the sessions, of about £250 ($700) at the maximum. The member is allowed nothing for secretarial help, although the tax authorities permit him to deduct £750 from his taxable income if it is actually used to pay a secretary. The rest of his salary is taxable at the standard rate of 43 per cent.

He is permitted a small amount of official stationery and a return ticket to and from his constituency when "on parliamentary business."

Last May the House of Commons passed a resolution calling upon the Eden Government to carry out a previous decision of the House to increase the stipend for members by £400, but the cabinet has refused to act, on the ground that members of the House should set a good example to the nation at a time when inflation is a serious danger to the economy. All appear to agree, however, that something should be done sometime to raise the pay of Members of Parliament at least enough to refute the statement of one member that "only lavatory attendants are below us today." But it looks as if the needy MP's must await the end of the inflationary cycle to obtain relief.

It was not until 1911 that Members of Parliament received any compensation at all—unless you want to go back to the reign of an early Edward when they got four shillings a day—in an era before, as a Labor debater sarcastically declared, "a Tory chancellor had tried to control the cost of living." The theory was, of course, that the quality and gentry got together and settled things in their spare time and could well afford to pay for the privilege. Things have changed, but it is still tough for a member of the Mother of Parliaments to survive if he is not a well-paid writer, company director, union official or member of the bar. With British prices rapidly rising, the member without outside income is in no position to look down on church mice.

According to the report of a select committee which investigated parliamentary expenses two years ago, "many members have not been able to afford lunch or dinner in the dining room of the House of Commons and use only the tea room." Many members bring their lunch. After a late sitting, Britain's legislators may walk unconscionable distances to their lodgings for lack of taxi fare. Members living a long way from London complain that they cannot afford telephone calls to their constituencies. And, according to Sir David Gammans, who addressed the House of Commons on the subject, several members have been forced to put up at Salvation Army shelters during the sessions.

Curiously enough, the heart-rending straits of the necessitous MP have not proved a popular cause with the British public, which greets their plaintive laments with raucous jeers. Sir David Gammans reports that his efforts to persuade the government to do something about members' pay earned him an almost unanimously hostile mail. Some of it came from pensioners who wrote: "I get 800 quid and manage to get along. What do you do with that extra two hundred?"

Sir David could reply that some of it goes for lunch for four hearty American visitors, followed by tea for three representatives of Japan's Moral Rearmament movement. But up to now it has proved difficult to sell Britain's masses the idea that an underpaid House of Commons will inevitably wind up with a majority of company directors and promoters, who can afford "public service," and whose interests will not be exactly proletarian.

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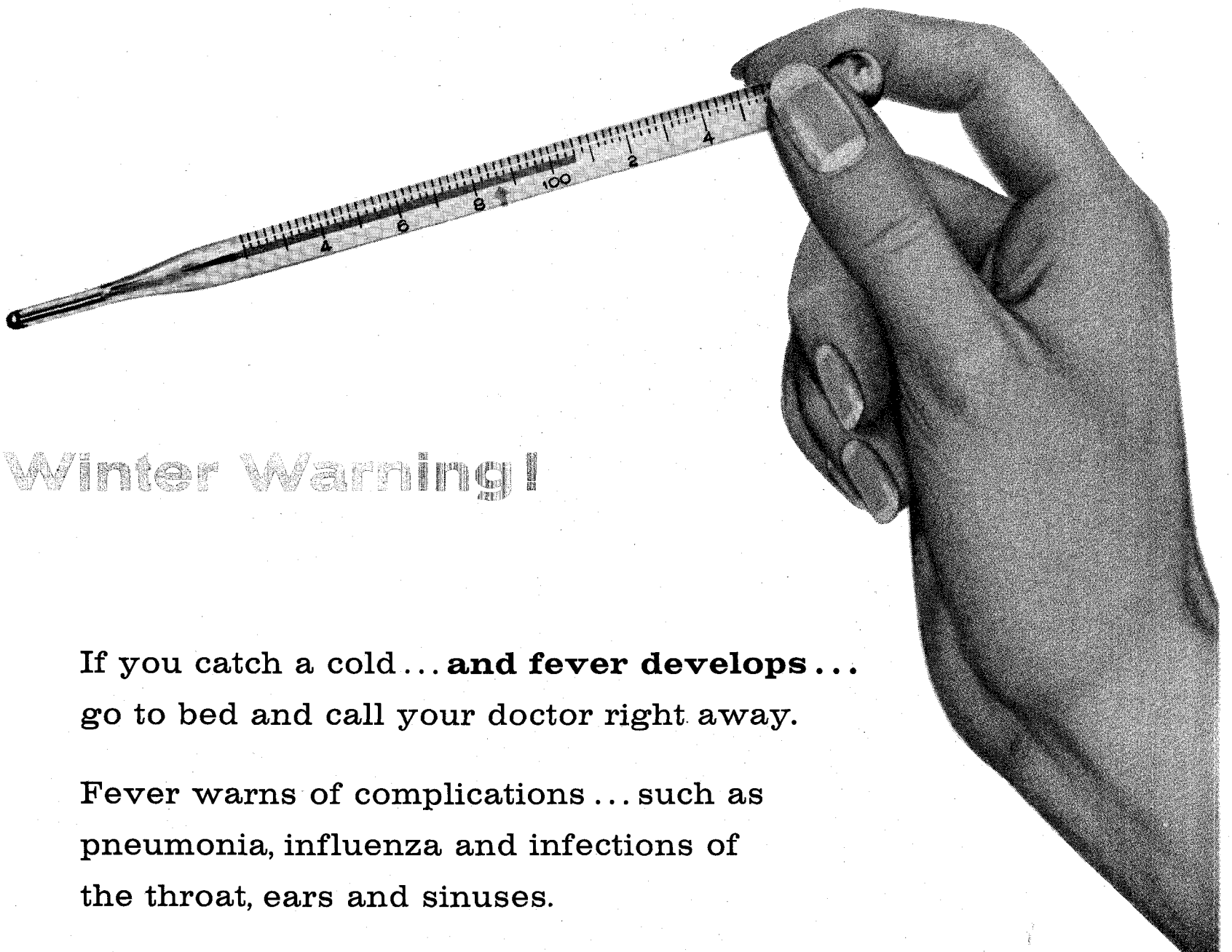

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To help prevent a cold, stay away as much as possible
from people who have colds; get plenty of sleep and rest;
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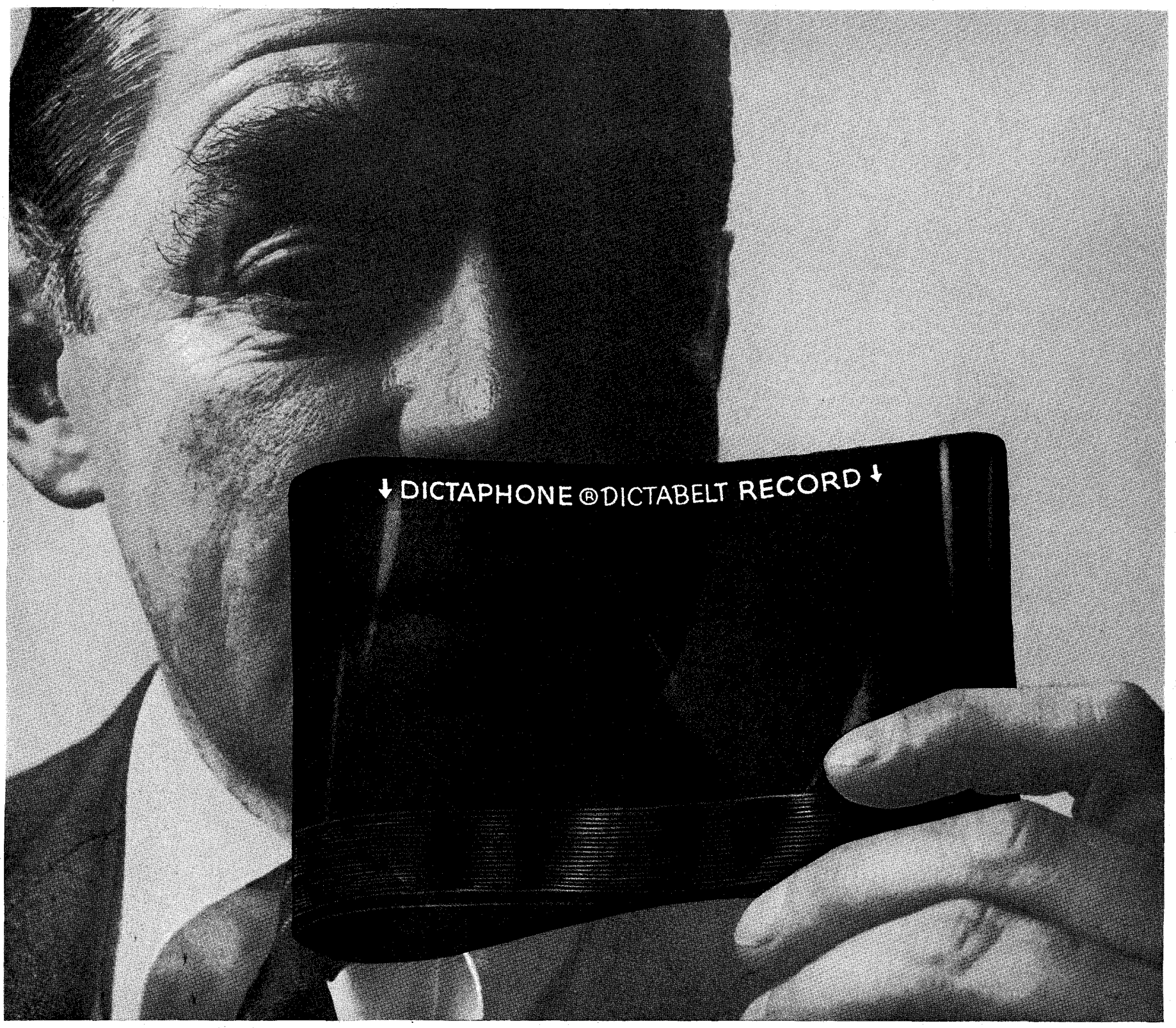

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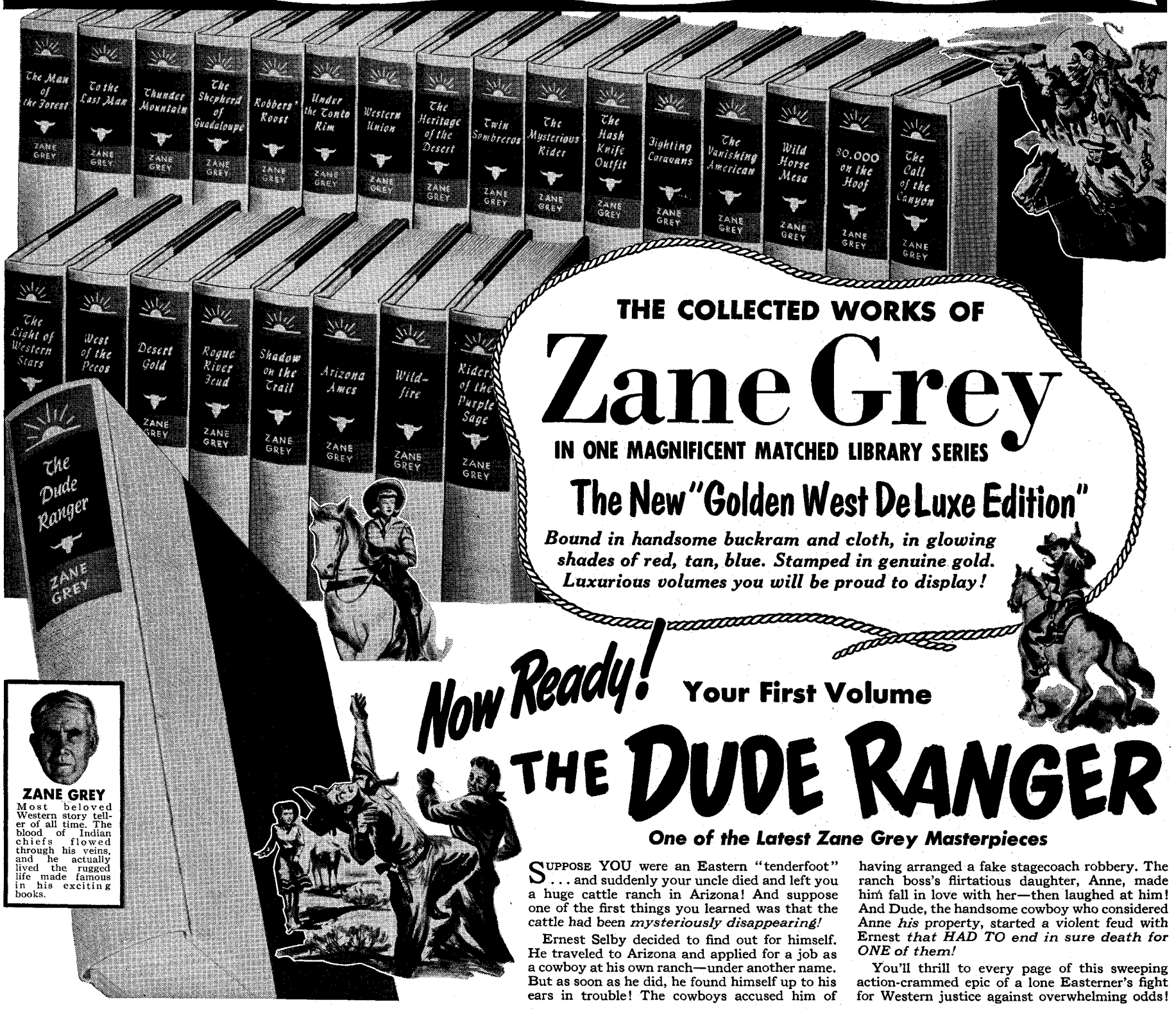

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1956 again showed... *Where you save*

More new savings... making the total more than $34 billion . . . are now entrusted to the nation's insured Savings and Loan Associations. This is "living money," too! It doesn't sit in a box but goes out to help folks finance their homes . . . works *hard* "for its living" – for *you!* As a result, these savings increased *fourfold* in 10 years, grew an estimated 16% last year alone, as more people placed more new savings dollars in insured Savings and Loan Associations than in any other type of savings institution.

More homes financed. 1 out of every 3 home mortgages was provided last year by insured Savings and Loan Associations. These loans not only make home ownership easier but also give a major boost to the nation's $46 billion construction industry. Insured Savings and Loan Associations made 70% more home loans than any other type of lending institution. And this is as it should be: for home financing is a full-time job at the insured Savings and Loan Associations throughout the country.

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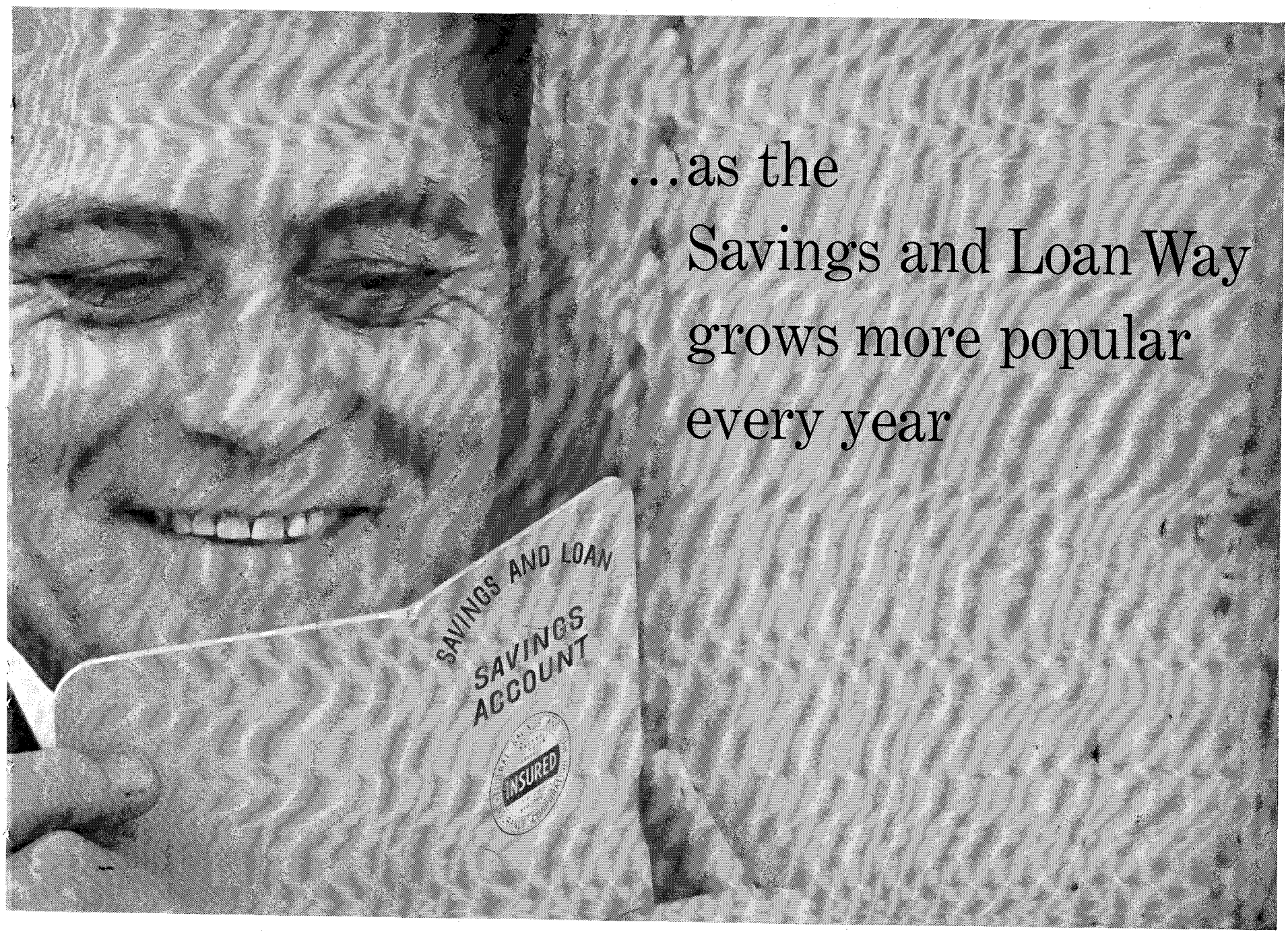
does make a difference...



...as the Savings and Loan Way grows more popular every year

A record reward to the thrifty! More than $900,000,000 in earnings went to the people who saved in 1956 at insured Savings and Loan Associations. These payments are proof that savings grow quickly—yet safely—for folks who save *regularly* the Savings and Loan Way! No wonder so many more people like America's *growing way* to save.

More dreams came true... as savings in insured Savings and Loan Associations grew last year to *18 million* accounts—increasing at the rate of 6,000 a day. What's more, when you save here, your money isn't subject to the ups and downs of "the bulls and bears." No charges to put your money in or get it out, either. And each account is insured up to $10,000 by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation. With the money in an insured Savings and Loan Association you won't have to go into debt for the things you want. In effect, you get "paid" for saving, instead!

Remember in 1957...

Where you save does make a difference...

MEMBER
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This message is sponsored by the Insured Savings and Loan, Building and Loan, and Homestead Associations in your community which display this sign

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New kind of baby for the Doctor

The whole town *knew* the "Doc" was going to like the new Ford we gave him . . .

For here was a new kind of car that was built for his kind of driving. One that was longer, lower and roomier than many higher priced cars. One whose "inner car" was built so solidly . . . with so many new ride advances that even those old back roads on the edge of town would seem like airstrips!

We knew he'd go for that Thunderbird V-8 engine we chose, too . . . because the kind of power plant that helped set 458 performance and endurance records at Bonneville would let him make emergency calls in stride.

We also knew how he would take to Ford's new hardtop look . . . those doors that close smoothly as a bank vault's . . . the quiet luxury of the spacious interior . . . as well as all the *other* surprises in Ford this year.

What we didn't know was that "Doc" had already ordered a new Ford Station Wagon!

(But—underestimate the power of a woman? Never! His missus made him keep *both!*)

This new Fairlane 500 Club Victoria is one of *two* new sizes that Fords come in this year. Like all Fairlane and Fairlane 500 models it stretches out over 17 feet long. Ford's Custom and Custom 300 models are distinctly *different*. And *they're* over 16 feet long! Your choice is not limited to extra chrome and trim. You choose between a *big* car and a still *bigger* one. Come in and see!

It's fun to go FORD

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SATURDAY EVENING POST

An ageless gentleman from Rhode Island takes over one of our country's toughest jobs in his ninetieth year. Rich, brainy, athletic and apparently indestructible is

The Incredible Senator Green

By BEVERLY SMITH

Washington Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Theodore Francis Green, new chairman of the powerful Senate Foreign Relations Committee, is a phenomenon—politically, geriatrically, athletically, aesthetically, and in several other ways.

Now in his ninetieth year, Senator Green, of Rhode Island, is the oldest member of either house of Congress in the history of the republic. He is also one of the hardest-working senators, and one of the most active, mentally, physically and socially. And he has a zest for life which is the envy of men half his age.

He is a linguist and scholar, Phi Beta Kappa, an alumnus of Brown, Harvard Law and the Universities of Berlin and Bonn. He has been nearsighted since childhood, and wears strong, tiny, old-fashioned pince-nez glasses; but he has an eagle eye for precision in meanings and grammar which is the dread of experts who draft bills within his purview. His knowledge of history and the world has booby-trapped many an overconfident witness before his committees.

(Continued on Page 76)

At a Washington ball, the sprightly senator—who has never married—twirls with Mrs. Abba Eban, wife of the Israeli ambassador.

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Thief In Tax Agent's Clothing

By JOHN KOBLER

The shocking story of how Tax Agent Mordecai Miller shook down taxpayers to the tune of tens of thousands of dollars.

"Maudie" Miller before the House investigating committee. The author says a "pathological craving for security" drove him to graft.

During the early years of rationing and price controls, a butcher named Louis Zeger operated a small shop in the Bronx. He found it difficult to prosper under OPA rules. One day in 1941 he was dismayed to receive a telephone call from a stranger identifying himself as Internal Revenue Agent Miller, who announced that Zeger's 1938 returns had been turned over to him for auditing. The butcher sent around his bookkeeper and waited unhappily to learn the worst. The news was reassuring. Miller had detected a discrepancy of only eighteen dollars. Relieved, Zeger forwarded a check.

Six months later, Miller telephoned again. This time he wanted to know whether Zeger had any meat in his refrigerator. Zeger did. Shortly, Miller dropped in; he was a burly, swarthy man in his late thirties, with a brusque and domineering air. He placed the first of a series of weekly orders. For a few weeks he met his bills promptly. Then he let them mount. He made some pointed observations about price ceilings.

"When I asked for payment," Zeger recalled recently, "the answer was, 'Don't be silly. What are you looking for, trouble?' He said he could save me a lot of trouble, that he knew people in the OPA. You bet I was afraid."

So afraid was Zeger, in fact, that almost every week for the next ten years he supplied the tax agent with free meat, five to ten dollars' worth at a time.

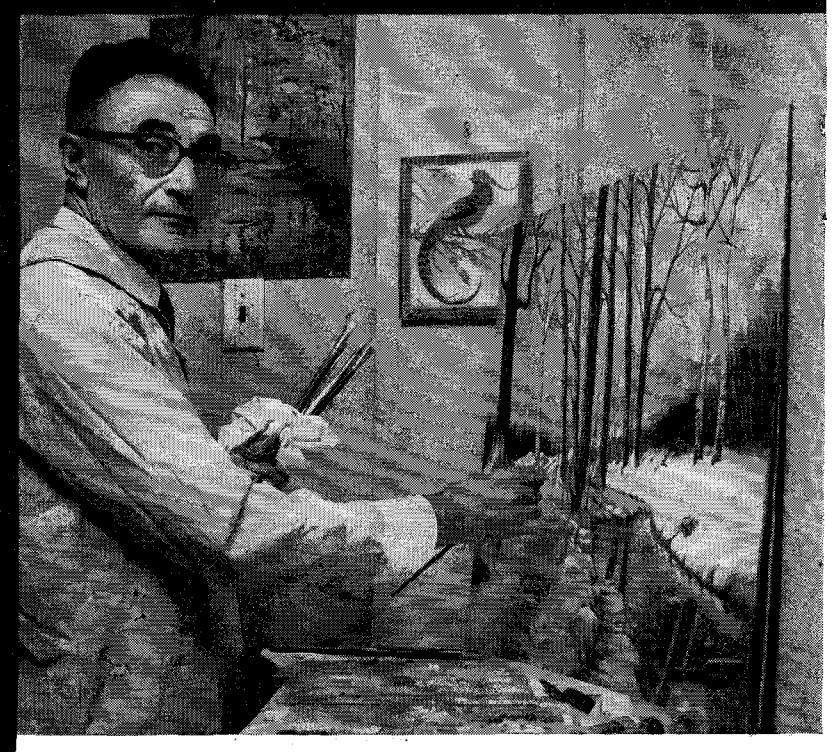
The harassed butcher was not alone in his terror. During the same decade, in various tax districts to which Mordecai Mortimer Miller, or Maudie, as his intimates call him, was assigned, scores of taxpayers, succumbing to blackmail, extortion or the promise of a favor-

The Case Against Maudie Began Slowly . . .

Internal Revenue Department
New York, N.Y.

Gentlemen,
You may be interested to know that you have on your payroll a revenue agent who commits holdups like any robber would do except that he doesnot use a rod. His name is M.Miller and he lives in the parkchester section of the Bronx. A few weeks ago he tried to demand $2 thousand and threatened to call out my uncles tax returns for the last ten years if he did not come across. It happens that an certified accountant made out

Anonymous tip-off: This unsigned letter denouncing Miller aroused suspicion, but the investigation didn't get started until a year later.



Key witness: Charles Hagopian refused to knuckle under to Miller's insatiable gouging, and angrily demanded justice.

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able audit, paid him tribute, usually in cash, sometimes in merchandise. He amassed a fortune.

Exactly how much he salted away only Miller can tell. The provable amount exceeded $125,000, but Assistant United States Attorney Gabriel B. Schwartz, who prosecuted him last July, reckons that figure to be only a fraction of the total haul. "Miller," he says, "was perhaps the most corrupt official ever to disgrace the Revenue Service."

To shatter his victims' nerves, Miller would pore over a return in stony silence, compelling the taxpayer to stand by all the while, stare at him fixedly, shake his head, finally mutter, "Looks like a fraud case to me." He set aside a room in his Bronx apartment as a kind of private tax-collection agency, with an American flag and a sign—U. S. INTERNAL REVENUE—perched on a desk. "When you're in this room," he would say ominously, "it's just like you're in the office downtown."

Mrs. Florence Cavaluzzo was a name already familiar to Miller through newspaper headlines, when the service directed him to find out why she filed no returns between 1944 and 1947, and he saw a golden opportunity. A practical nurse who worked for a ring of abortionists, she was arrested in 1947 and released under bond. Soon after, Miller confronted her in her flat. The taxes, she related, had been withheld by the doctors employing her. Noting some flashy furniture and a mink coat, Miller argued that they undoubtedly reflected illicit gain not covered by that withholding. She must, he told her, owe thousands more. But he was prepared to assess her only $373 and forget about fraud if she slipped him $2000. Mrs. Cavaluzzo wrote out a check for the smaller amount, payable to Internal Revenue. The rest she gave Miller in cash.

Miller's capacity to intimidate can be gauged by the fact that his threats were, in the main,

Joseph D. Nunan, Jr., Internal Revenue Commissioner 1945–48, was Miller's boss. A symbol of his bureau's corruption, Nunan was sentenced to five years in prison.

empty. With rare exceptions, his victims had committed neither fraud nor gross accounting errors. Nevertheless they surrendered to panic. No catastrophe befell the few who dared defy him. James Harris, a salesman and enthusiastic horse better, whose checks to bookies Miller pounced on as indicative of undisclosed wealth, refused to pay a bribe of $1000. Miller sicked the service's Fraud Bureau on him. The Fraud Bureau quickly exonerated Harris. Joseph Goldberg, a grocer, played along with Miller to the extent of not billing him for a couple of loads of provisions, but he balked at a levy of $2000. He incurred no grave penalties either.

One of the astonishing aspects of Miller's exploits is that they flourished so long without arousing suspicion within the service. They began almost from the day of his appointment. But his group chief made this notation in an analysis of his qualifications: "Personal habits appear to be good." From Deputy Collector at $1800 per year, Miller advanced in grade and salary to Internal Revenue Agent, CAF-9, at $4855.80.

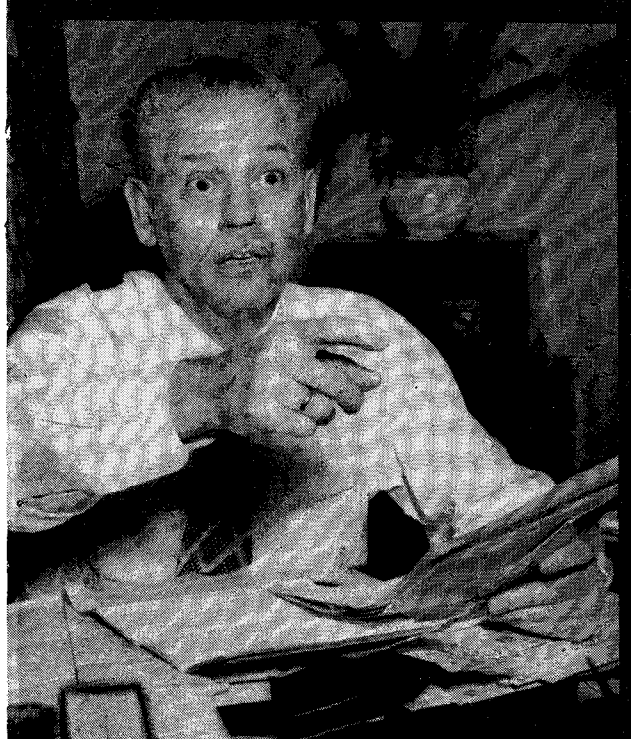
Beginning in 1948, the Upper New York Division received several anonymous communications denouncing Miller. Unsigned letters, of which even blameless tax agents are often a target, offer no grounds for an arraignment. But they do call for prompt and thorough investigation. The investigation of Maudie Miller was slow to get started.

Miller's phenomenal immunity can be partly attributed to the murky moral climate then prevailing throughout the service. Corruption was rampant. In one of the major scandals of the Truman Administration, nine high-ranking tax officials and some 200 smaller fry were implicated in charges ranging from simple incompetence to grand larceny.

The commissioner himself, Joseph Nunan, Jr., who held office from 1945 to 1948, was convicted of evading $91,000 in taxes and sentenced to five years' imprisonment and fined $15,000. His successor, George Schoeneman, resigned under fire, as did Chief Counsel Charles Oliphant upon being accused of belonging to a ring of shakedown operators. James B. E. Olson, former supervisor of the New York Alcoholic Tax Unit, was shown to be on the payroll of corporations beset by tax woes. Massachusetts Collector Denis Delaney served nine months for bribery; St. Louis Collector James

(Continued on Page 38)

But the Final Judgment Was Inevitable.



Congressional prober: Rep. Cecil R. King headed committee that broke open tax scandals.

Prosecutor: Assistant U.S. Attorney Gabriel Schwartz marshaled the crushing array of evidence.

Federal Judge Alexander Holtzoff sentenced Miller to five years in prison and levied a $20,000 fine.

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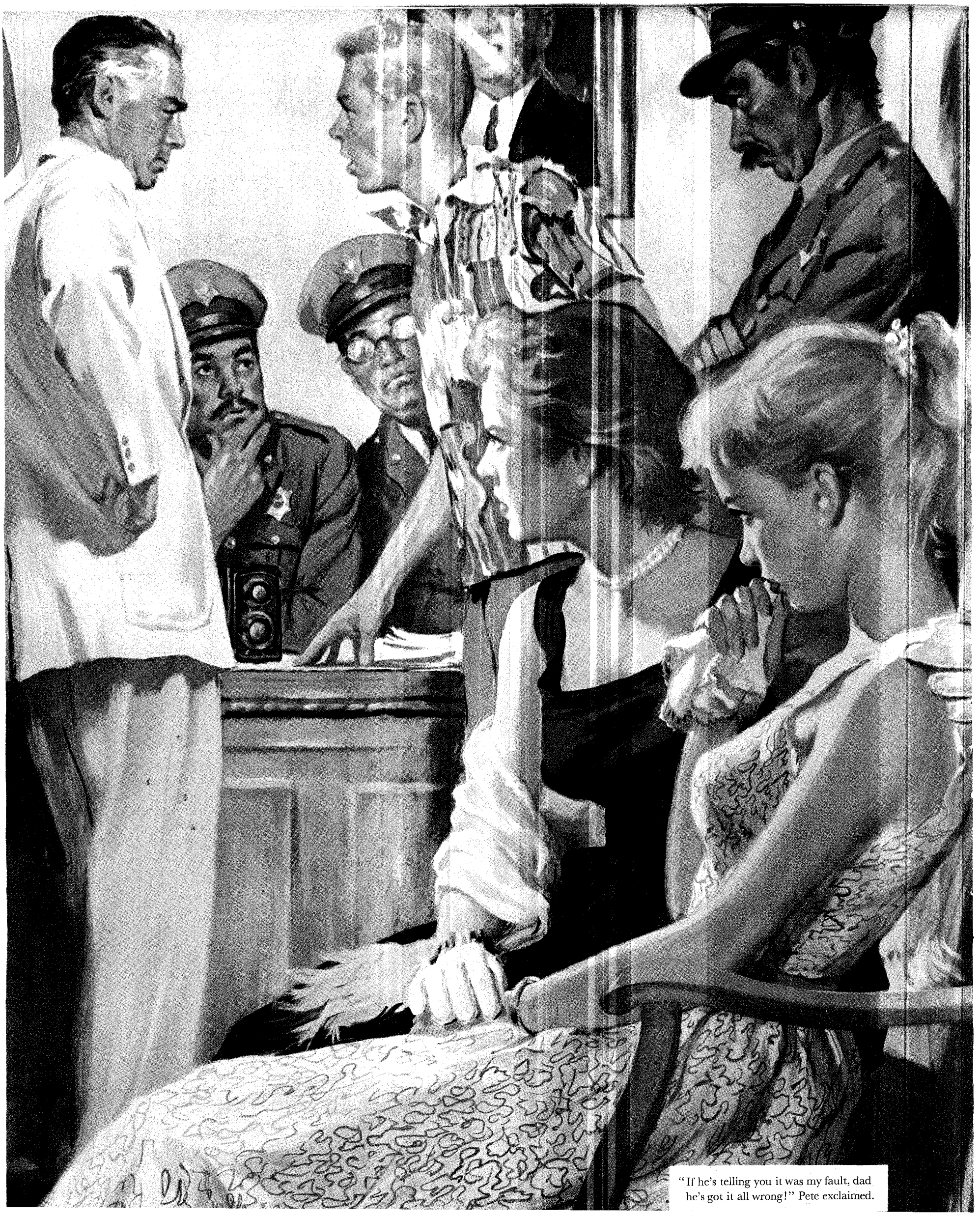

"If he's telling you it was my fault, dad he's got it all wrong!" Pete exclaimed.

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By HUGH B. CAVE
Illustrated by Ernest Chiriaka

The Unwelcome Tourists

What had the Americans done to rouse the town against them?

When he had showered and put on a change of clothes, Andrew Hollis went down to the hotel desk to see about putting the car away. It was not a good idea to leave one's car on the street at night in these small towns off the beaten tourist track. Certainly not when one had a son and daughter who carelessly left the seats cluttered with their possessions, practically inviting some destitute urchin to smash a window.

He was very tired. He had done all the driving that day, so Pete might concentrate on his picture taking, and he found these Mexican mountain roads a strain. It was inconsiderate of Pete, he reflected, to have run off this evening and left him with the car to look after. But then, Pete was a thoughtless young man. This trip had driven the fact home with a sledge hammer.

My own fault, I suppose, Andrew mused unhappily. *As principal of a high school, I ought to know how to bring my own kids up properly*. Then, remembering his wife's mother and her interference, he emptied himself of a sigh. It had been so damnably difficult for so long.

At the desk he spoke Spanish. The proprietor said, "There is a place just across the street, *señor*," and, walking with him to the door, pointed to an opening in the row of shops opposite.

It was not much of an opening, Andrew discovered. His attempts to thread the needle soon had him perspiring at the wheel, while traffic of various sorts piled up and a curious barefoot audience stopped to watch. Squeezing through at last, he found himself in an open courtyard surrounded by a wall of adobe with numbered doors in it. Clothes hung on a line. An odd place to park a car.

One of the doors opened. A small boy came across the court, halted before him and said solemnly in English, "Good ev-en-ing, sir."

Andrew blinked. "Why—good evening to you!"

"Per-haps I can help you?" The words were like a column of soldiers marching. Every syllable stood proud and straight.

"I was told at the hotel to leave the car here overnight." Andrew's interest was held by the proud dark eyes and sensitive mouth. "Can you tell me where to put it?"

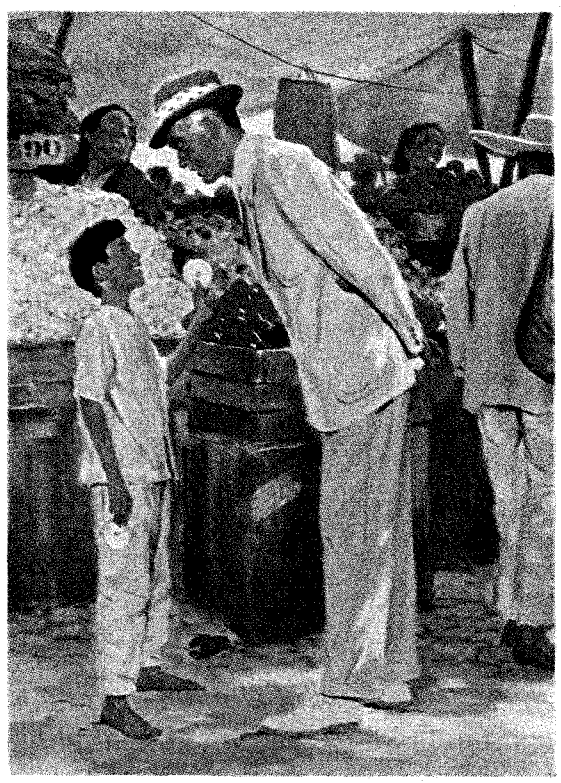
The boy showed him. He said then, "The car is very dirty, sir. Would you wish me to wash it?"

Andrew had to smile. The machine had been washed by small boys from Monterrey to Oaxaca—sometimes with bare hands and gutter water. Asking permission was a new twist, however; the urchins usually did the job unbidden and then held out their hands.

"What's your name?"

"Miguel Ochoa, sir."

"Where on earth did you learn to speak English, Miguel?"



"They are good, Mr. Hollis," said Miguel, offering him one of the pineapple slices.

"My teacher at school speaks English."

"And you live here?"

"In Number Five." He touched the car and frowned at his finger. "Your car is very dirty, sir."

"You may wash it, Miguel. Agreed?" Andrew held out his hand.

The door of No. 5 opened again at that moment and a dark-haired young woman padded across the court toward the clothesline, not without a curious glance in Andrew's direction.

Miguel halted her with a barrage of Spanish, "Mama! This man understands my English!"

The woman frowned.

"He does, mama! He understands every word!"

The woman called to someone in the house, and a man came from No. 5 to stand at her side—a man not old, but whose back was bent as though by a heavy load. Listening to the boy's bright babble, he looked at Andrew.

"This is true, *señor?*" he asked in Spanish.

"It is true. Your son speaks English very well." *I wish my own children spoke Spanish one tenth as well*, Andrew thought. Again he put out his hand. "My name is Andrew Hollis. How do you do?"

The man spoke quietly to his son, and the son stood soldier-straight, facing Andrew. "My father and mother would be honored if you would visit us, Mr. Hollis."

"Now, you mean?" Andrew hesitated. For some reason not altogether clear to him, he wanted very much to accept. But what about Edna at the hotel? What about Pete and Janet? He told himself that his children, out doing the town, were much too busy to be concerned about him. They always were. And his wife, tired from the day's drive, would probably sleep for an hour or more. Still ——

Hang it all, he thought suddenly. *Why shouldn't I?*

When he returned to the hotel he found his wife standing at (Continued on Page 40)

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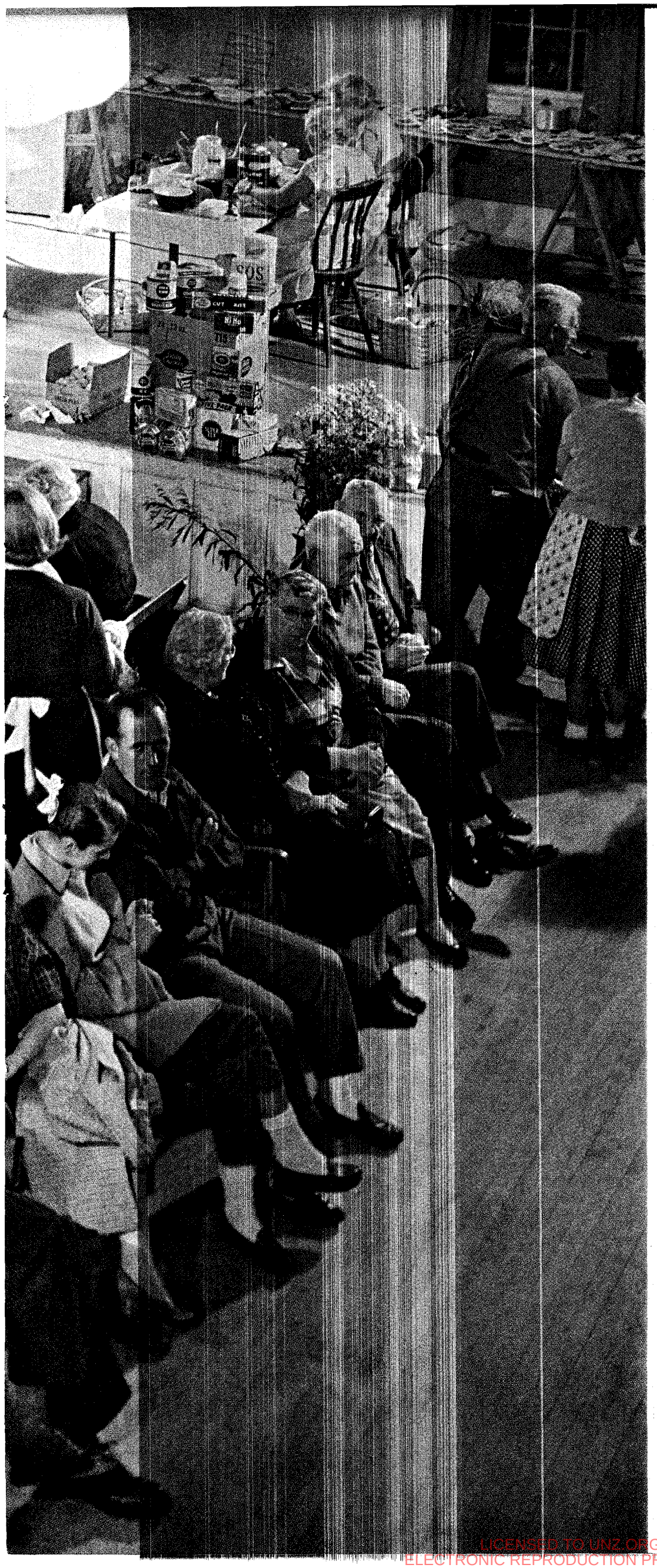

the heart of AMERICA

All You Can Eat

Once a year the people around Pomfret, Vermont, plunk down a dollar and a quarter to match their sturdy Yankee appetites against the old-fashioned abundance of this traditional turkey supper. At dusk on the day of the Vail Grange Fair, scores of families swarm into the old town hall for a place at these long, well-laden tables. Soon there's an overflow, and the latecomers begin a mouth-watering wait. The air warms with the full-flavored aroma of homemade turkey stuffing and the buzz of neighborly talk. On the stage, amidst a clutter of provisions, the women slice the mince pie and fill serving dishes of second helpings. In a few minutes the clatter of eating will give way to the scraping sound of benches as the diners rise. Then the ladies of the Grange must start the first of the clearings and resettings that will keep them bustling until late in the evening. And the latecomers on the bench will know it's their turn next. Photograph by Shelly Grossman

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Take Care of Your Sister

It was a tall order, minding a six-year-old whose favorite game was trouble.

By STUART CLOETE

To city folks a drought just means a good long spell of fine weather. They don't even know the word at its worst. Maybe it means less water for the gardens in the suburbs. But away from the towns, on the farms and in the bush, it's something else. It's the sun shining day after day out of a sky that's a kind of hot, dirty-white color, with the blue bled out of it. Day after day, the sun strikes down like the blows of a hammer and dries everything up. Sucks up the water from the ground and out of the green grass, and the leaves of the trees, and the blood of men and beasts.

That's the way it was in the Waterberg in Africa. Nine months with only one half-inch shower that hardly laid the dust. First the grass of the veld was burned, became brittle and broke off. Then the harvester ants came and sheared the remains in great mangy patches with the razors of their million mandibles.

The leaves of the trees hung sideways, offering no shade, in an endeavor to stop the transpiration of the moisture that was their green blood.

The river dried up into pools; then the pools dried up and became foul with the animals that died beside them or in them, stuck in the mud, too weak to get out again, their last drink drunk. The springs dried up, too, since they were unreplenished by rain in the mountains from which they sprang. All the springs were dry except one—the house spring—and there all the animals, wild and domestic, and the men, too, drank at this time. The birds came on thirsty wings. The doves and the hawks and the little singing birds that sang no longer.

Jappie van Breda looked out at the plain in front of him. He sat on a rock with the mountain behind him. It was so hot that it burned him through his trousers. It was February and still no rain. Pa had been gone a week with what was left of the cattle, and three boys, to find water and grazing in the north.

(Continued on Page 68)

Georgina sat swinging on a branch sixty feet above the ground. No one could see how she climbed the tree.

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Don't Call Us Freaks!

By BOB PETTIT,
as told to Stanley Frank

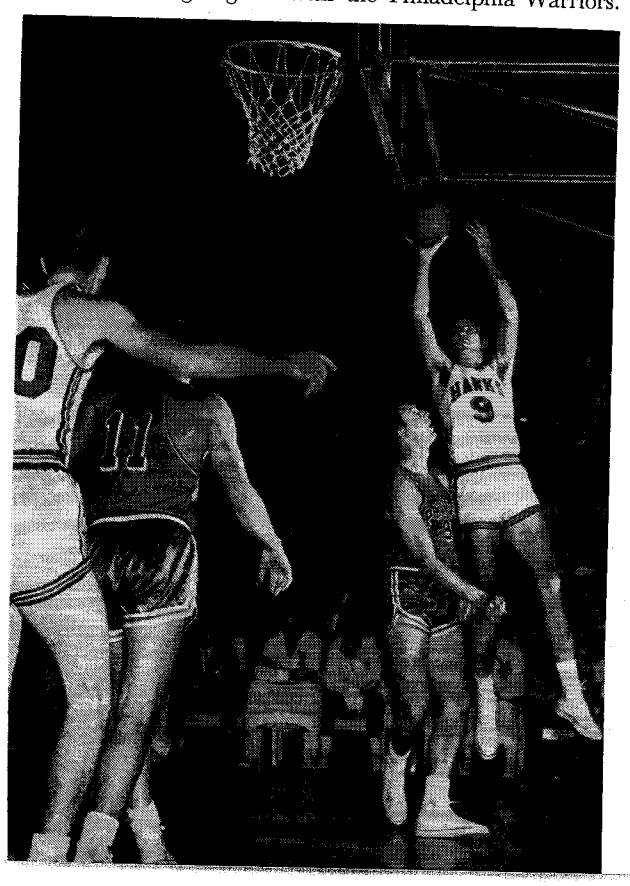
Pro basketball's most valuable player of 1956—who happens to be six feet nine—blasts the cynics who sneer at him and other court giants.

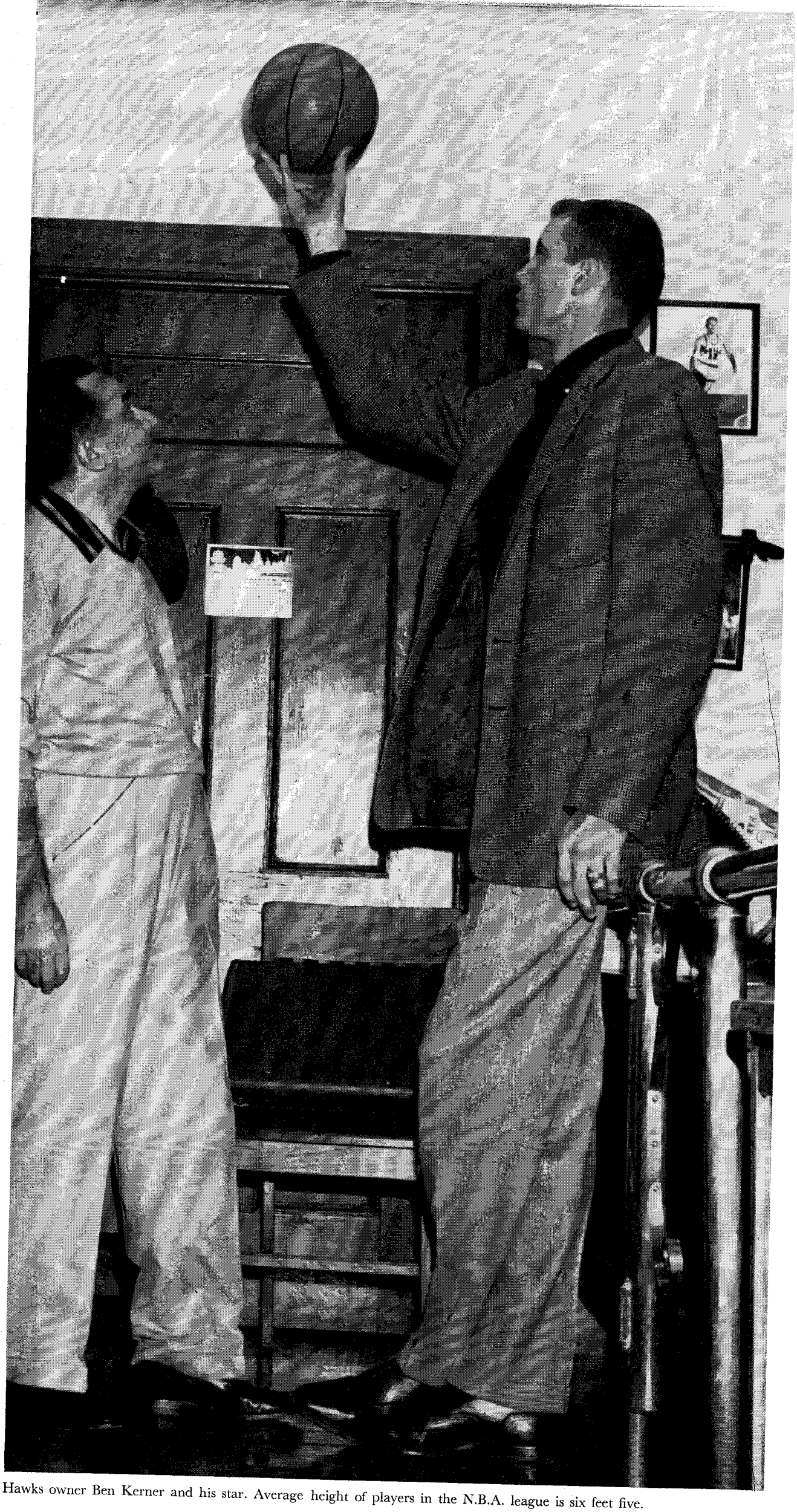
In your business, a fellow six feet, nine inches tall, like me, probably would be as conspicuous as a skyscraper, but there's nothing unusual about this height in my line. Forty per cent of us range from six-seven to seven feet, and most of the others make me look like somebody's anemic kid brother. We're professional basketball players. However, a lot of people pin another label on us. They call us "goons," a contemptuous term that means we're awkward, overgrown freaks using sheer height as a substitute for genuine athletic skill.

Maybe there was some basis for that criticism years ago, but it's nonsense now in the National Basketball Association, the top pro league. The

(Continued on Page 64)

Pettit shoots a goal over the head of six-foot-eight Joe Graboski during a game with the Philadelphia Warriors.





Hawks owner Ben Kerner and his star. Average height of players in the N.B.A. league is six feet five.

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Hungary's Terrible Ordeal PART ONE

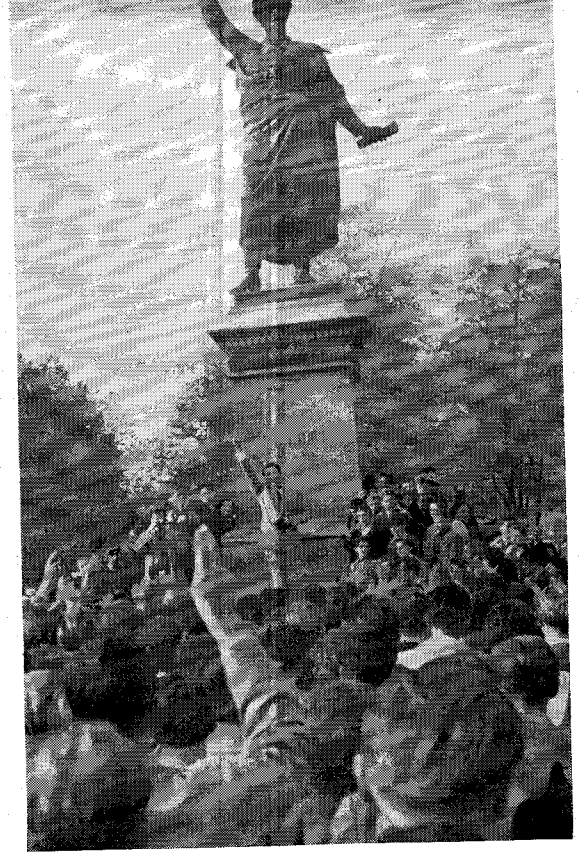
Here is the full inside story of the glorious, tragic Revolution of 1956, in which a desperate people proved that not even Soviet frightfulness can break the spirit of man.

By JUDITH LISTOWEL

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Judith Listowel was born in Hungary and, at the age of seventeen, served as hostess at the Hungarian Embassy in Rome, where her father was counselor. Ever since, she has known people who have made history and she also has had a distinguished career in journalism, both in her native country, before the communists took over, and in other lands. In London to cover the World Economic Conference in 1933, she became the wife of William Francis Hare, the Earl of Listowel. (This marriage was dissolved in 1945.) As this article indicates, Lady Listowel enjoyed unique opportunities for observing and interpreting the birth of this year's Hungarian revolution.

THE EDITORS



Inspired by the statue of a hero of 1848, spirited Hungarian youths take an oath to fight for freedom.

This is the authentic story, never told before, of the events which led to the Hungarian revolution of October, 1956. Their root cause was the imposition, by Soviet armed might, of the communist system, abhorrent to the Hungarian population. Revulsion against Soviet exploitation was first voiced by "the party-member intelligentsia"—the only people who, under the communist police terror, could express the feelings of the people. But by last spring discontent was so general in Hungary that the regime authorized "controlled discussions" in a communist literary circle. In no time, these "controlled discussions" degenerated into the expression of Hungarian national demands.

News of the statements made by writers and artists—until then pampered pets of the regime—spread across the country like wildfire. They fell on fertile ground among the stu-

Devastation in Budapest: Knocked-out Russian tanks are grim souvenirs of the battle that lightly armed Hungarian patriots waged against Soviet armored might.

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Savage gestures of revenge—like this partisan demonstration against the corpse of an AVO colonel—demonstrate the pent-up Hungarian hatred for secret-police terrorism.

dents, whose mass demonstration in Budapest on last October twenty-third was the curtain raiser to the revolution. But the revolution was actually triggered by the secret police, when they fired on the student delegation outside the Radio Building. When a Hungarian regiment, sent to discipline the students, fraternized with them instead, Stalinist Ernö Gerö called in the aid of the Soviet armed forces. By November third the unarmed population of Hungary had defeated the three Soviet divisions stationed in Hungary. Then, gaining time by faked negotiations, the Russians poured in eighteen divisions and drowned the Hungarian revolution in blood.

I am in a position to tell this story for three reasons. First, for ten years—from October, 1944, to October, 1954, in London—I published a weekly newspaper called East Europe and Soviet Russia, in which I personally reported the chronology of events in Hungary. Hence, I was aware not only of the feelings and sufferings of the Hungarian population but also of the disgust of many Communist Party members because of the ruthless exploitation of Hungary by the Soviets. Second, on November 3, 1956, the International News Service sent me to Vienna with the assignment to report on the situation in Hungary, thus giving me a chance to speak to the leaders of the insurgents. Third, being Hungarian by birth, I could speak to Hungarians in their own language—because I was familiar with the developments of the last eleven years, I understood the background of what they reported to me. The professor who organized the students' demonstration of October twenty-third knew me by name and reputation. On his arrival in Vienna on November eighth, he told me the details of what had happened at Hungary's universities.

Anyone who wants to understand the Hungarian revolution must make a great mental effort to put himself into the shoes of the average person in a communist police state. The secret police are all-powerful, and can, in the last resort, count on the support of Soviet bayonets. Any criticism of the regime, any indiscreet question, any loud complaint may lead to the disappearance of any individual. Almost every family in Hungary is related to somebody who has been in the clutches of the secret police. Except for a handful of artists, technicians and (Continued on Page 61)

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Walt has already sunk more than $15 million into Disneyland, but insists it "will never be finished." Here a studio-built river boat churns past a replica of Huck Finn's raft.

My Dad, Walt Disney Conclusion

By DIANE DISNEY MILLER, as told to Pete Martin

Small Boy's Dream Come True

In Disneyland Walt re-created the world of his boyhood. Here a child's happiest fantasies exist in real life . . .

During World War II, Dad's artists designed thousands of insignia for planes, tanks and shoulder patches; over 4000 designs in all. I collected them in scrapbooks, so I ought to know. Uncle Roy figured that each of those insignia cost the studio about twenty-five dollars, and the studio did the work for nothing. That is a pretty big giveaway—$100,000. "How could you turn them down?" Dad asks. "It meant a lot to the fighting men, and they didn't know where else to go."

There was nothing complicated about designing insignia. But often during the war Dad and Uncle Roy had to struggle with Government red tape. An admiral came to Dad one day and said, "There's something we need that's important. Can you start work right now? I'll see that you get authorization later." He wanted a film explaining a book with the catchy little title, The Rules of the Nautical Road as Applied to Ship Traffic in Harbors and Confined Areas.

"The idea was to keep our ships from colliding," Dad told me. "A Commander Farwell had written the book, and the admiral wanted me to work with him. 'It'll take me some time to get Farwell's traveling papers,' the admiral told me. 'Can you take care of him in the meanwhile?' I said, 'Yes.' When Farwell came down he had no allowance for living expenses, so I let him live in a little bedroom next to my office. He did his own laundry there."

(Continued on Page 80)

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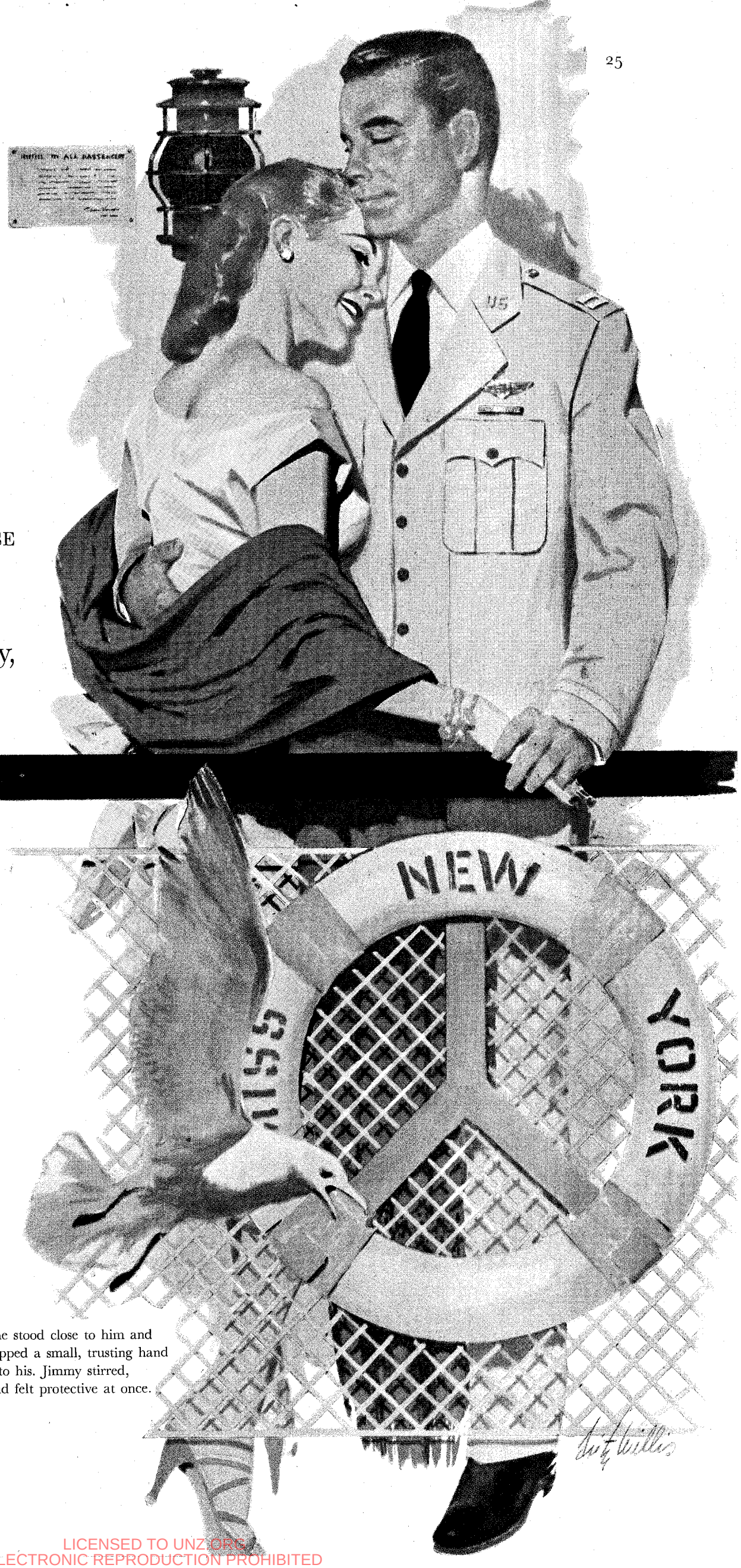
THE GIRL FROM PRAIRIE CREEK

By GEORGE MORSE

She was so sweet and innocent. Even Jimmy, the irresistible flyboy, was afraid to make a pass at her.



She stood close to him and slipped a small, trusting hand into his. Jimmy stirred, and felt protective at once.

Capt. James Wallin, a pink-cheeked young Military Air Transport pilot who was addicted to huge airplanes, pretty girls and the forthright pursuit of happiness, sat in the bedroom of his Manhattan apartment, busily feeding a goat. The goat had a pink ribbon around its neck, and it seemed to like cabbages. It was on its third when the door buzzer sounded; James strode out into the living room. He opened the door, and stared.

Girl. She was a tiny girl in a trim linen suit. She had honey-blond hair and blue eyes, and a sprinkling of freckles across her nose, and her figure was sheer poetry. She was plain, downright gorgeous. James gazed in open admiration, then swung the door wide.

"Well!" he said. "Come in, by all means!" He added soulfully, "Whatever you're selling, miss, I'll take some."

The girl stood still and inspected him, and looked amazed. "Well, for heaven's sake!" she cried. "Why, Jimmy Wallin, you don't even recognize me!"

Jimmy's jaw dropped. "I—don't?" he said blankly.

She stepped in and dropped pocketbook and gloves on a chair. She walked in a circle around him and ticked off things on her fingers. "Kind of clean-cut," she said happily. "Wind-burned. Nice gray eyes. Why, Jimmy, you're just purely handsome!" Then she stepped back and considered. "You certainly don't look all short of blood, like in that letter."

"I don't—what?"

The girl wandered about the room and looked at everything. "A fine thing!" she said bitterly. "Here I get splinters all my life sliding down his cellar door, and he doesn't even recognize me." She sighed. "Two

(Continued on Page 69)

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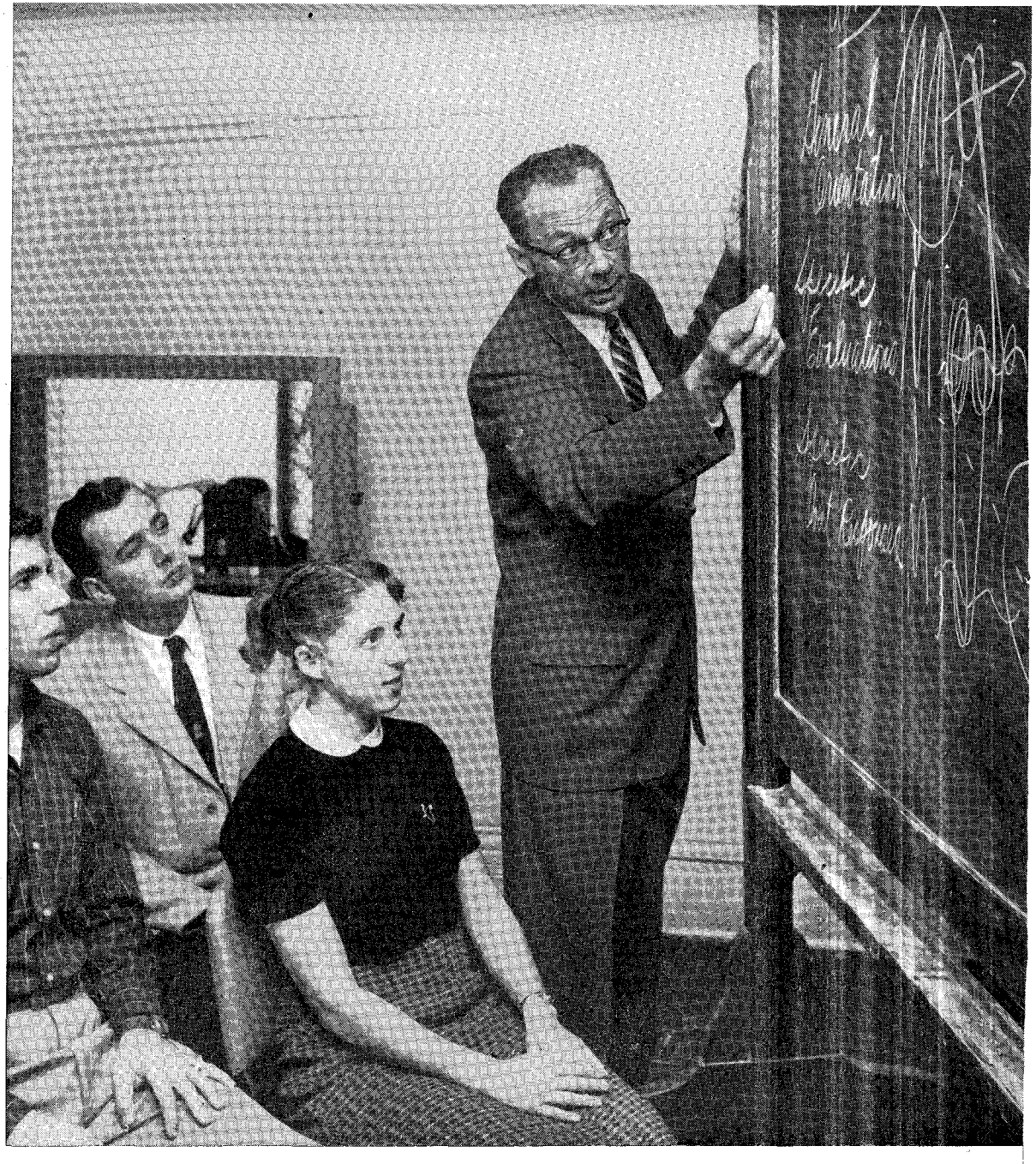
The author, now relatively fluent, instructs a class in speech pathology. He was a hopeless stutterer until he was past thirty and suffered all the attendant torments—grimacing, gasping and agonizing repetition.

I Was a Despairing Stutterer

By WENDELL JOHNSON, Ph.D.
Professor of Speech Pathology, University of Iowa
as told to
Jerome Ellison



A victim of an ancient, mysterious affliction tells how he learned to talk straight, and to help others do the same.

Little John McKusker, a young and cheerful stutterer, listens to a playback of his own speech. The University of Iowa experts will evaluate the recording.

Dr. Johnson interviews the McKusker family. To help a child speak plainly, the speech pathologist usually must first educate the parents.

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In my day I've stuttered about as severely as any human being is ever likely to. One time in Chicago a conductor held a crack train in the terminal for five minutes while trying to find out where I wanted to go. It took me five minutes to say "Milwaukee." Visualize the scene. Wait five minutes by your watch. See how infinitely long it can be, and you'll have a faint notion of the kind of torment a severe stutterer goes through daily.

When I first arrived at the University of Iowa, in the mid-1920's, I was a gangly undergraduate fresh off the Kansas prairies, grimly in search of the cat that had my tongue. On entering the famous Speech Clinic where so much of the fundamental research in stuttering has since been done, I could offer the receptionist no sound but a long gasp. I got in by showing her the letter her chief, Dr. Lee Edward Travis, had written me. Doctor Travis took me to his classroom, seated me in front of some forty students, gave me a book and asked me to read. I read for five minutes—and got out four words.

In the thirty years since then I've had a hand in studies which have lifted much of the mystery that has surrounded stuttering ever since the days of the fabled Greek, Demosthenes. I've known more than 2000 of America's 1,200,000 stutterers. I remember one whose "struggle reactions" threw him so far off balance that I had to give him a hand to keep him from falling.

For my own part, making my way from near speechlessness to my present situation of lecturer and clinical counselor has been a fascinating adventure. Why do some improve, while others stutter throughout life? For years we speech pathologists could only talk vaguely about "luck." Within the last ten years, however, important advances have been made in the understanding of stuttering, and today we can be more helpful. I have no patience with irresponsible peddlers of unfounded hope for serious human problems. So I measure my words when I say the number of children who stutter can be reduced by at least half within a generation, if knowledge now available is effectively presented to the world's parents. Adult stutterers can also be helped in today's clinics.

My own problem began in first grade, when my teacher got the idea that I was beginning to stutter. From that day on, my school life was plagued. The more my speech was made an issue, the harder it became to speak at all. I gasped endlessly when I intended good sense, and knew blank frustration because I couldn't talk like other boys and girls. The unnerving mysteriousness of the thing was worst of all. It spotted my childhood with sadness and bewilderment. I remember crying about it, and my mother comforting me.

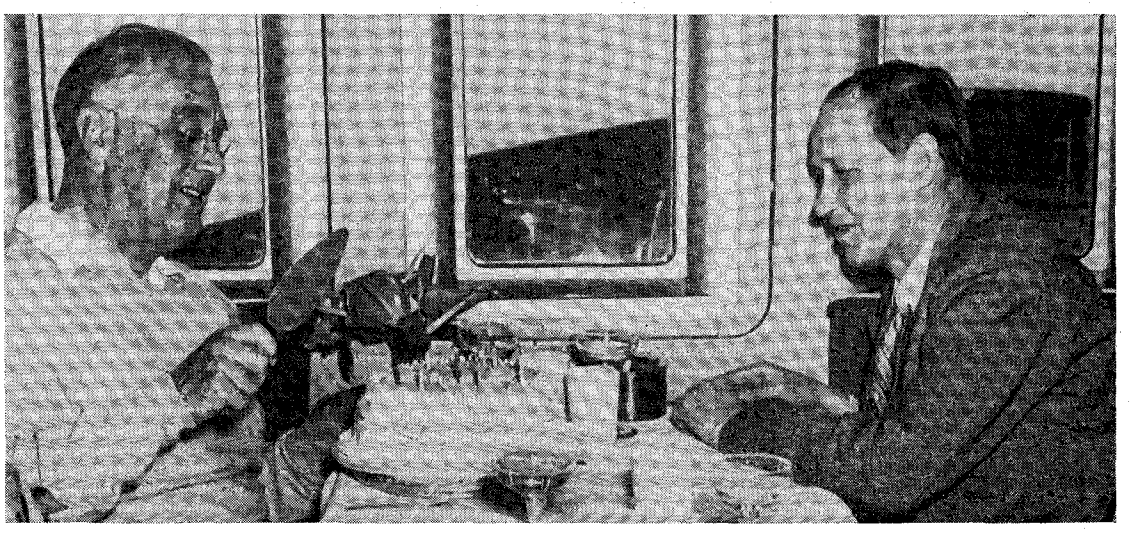
When I was seventeen I bundled all my hopes into one basket and took the train for a distant city where a certain "institute" was promising "sure cures" for stuttering. There I was encouraged to develop a superficially cocky attitude "in order to counteract self-consciousness." We did physical exercises daily, singing out slogans—"Little drops of water will wear away a rock"; "Have more backbone and less wishbone"—in rhythm with the swinging of our Indian clubs. A couple of times a week the director let fly with a vigorous lecture—"You can if you think you can!" or "Use your will power!" We had practice in drawling into the telephone and in acting out situations intended to resemble business transactions.

That was over thirty years ago. It was gravely demoralizing for me to have to go home and face my family and friends at the end of the "treatment" still stuttering, grimacing, blinking my eyes, gasping as badly as ever. Desperately I began writing to every source of help I could find out about. When I was twenty years old and ready for my junior year in college, I went to Iowa to "have my stuttering cured," as I naïvely put it in those days, and also to pursue my dream of becoming a writer. It never entered my head that I might become a speech pathologist just because I needed the help of one.

But Doctor Travis was just starting a program of research on stuttering and I proved useful as a laboratory case. As a student, I immersed myself in my studies, helped edit the Iowa literary magazine, and fell in love with a girl in my poetry class who could write better sonnets than I could. As a guinea-pig stutterer I had my reflexes charted, my voice recorded, my personality explored, my muscles, nerves and (Continued on Page 72)

Many Famous Men Have Overcome Stuttering

Band leader Horace Heidt (above), King George VI of England (right) and Harry Hopkins, FDR's confidant (below), all conquered their speech difficulties. Heidt became a radio star. The late king controlled his stuttering by deliberate pauses in his public addresses. Hopkins, once cured, became an eloquent and persuasive speaker.



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It was the blackest day in Pasadena history when the big parade turned into

THE COMEDY OF ROSES

By MANNIE MANHEIM

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham

BAILIFF: Everyone rise. Justice Herbert Eldred Robinson, presiding, Part Two, Municipal Court, City of Pasadena.

(Judge enters)

JUDGE: Call the first case.

BAILIFF: Everyone be seated. Call the case of the People of the City of Pasadena, County of Los Angeles, State of California, versus Todd Collins. Charges: Reckless driving, inciting a riot, attempting to commit mayhem, attempting to commit murder, driving while intoxicated, exceeding the speed limit, thereby endangering the lives of approximately two million people, and specifically injuring and wounding the persons of Judith Marshall, Lois Merrick, Della Scudder, Marla Garland, June Calvin, Marie Payne and Elma Murray.

JUDGE: The court, realizing the unusual public interest in this case and further taking cognizance of the limited seating capacity, has permitted the proceedings to be televised. All parties concerned having so given their consent.

BAILIFF: The defendant, Todd Collins, will rise.

JUDGE: You've heard the charges preferred against you, Mr. Collins. How do you plead?

COLLINS: Not guilty.

JUDGE: Are you represented by counsel, Mr. Collins?

COLLINS: No, your honor. You see, I didn't commit any of those crimes, therefore I am innocent—and I won't need any lawyer to convince you. I have decided to be my own attorney.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Your honor, I object to the defendant trying this case before it starts.

JUDGE: Mr. Collins, you will not make any statements as to your guilt or innocence until the proper time. The court wishes to welcome our distinguished district attorney, Mr. Henry Brackett, who appears for the prosecution in person.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY: This is a black day in Pasadena's history, your honor, and it is my duty to protect our people against such criminals as this defendant, who has brought dishonor to himself and our community.

JUDGE: Thank you, Mr. Brackett. . . . Now, Mr. Collins, you may have a jury trial if you so desire.

COLLINS: I didn't commit any crime, sir, and I am willing to place my fate in your hands. My family and friends assure me that you are fair and impartial.

JUDGE: Very well. The doors will be closed until recess. . . . You may proceed, Mr. Brackett.

BRACKETT: Your honor, just a few hours ago, on January first, the annual Tournament of Roses was held in our fair city. Over two million people lined our streets to witness the gorgeous, gigantic and spectacular parade which this year bore the theme of "Love thy neighbor." Through the medium of television, approximately thirty million people witnessed the festival and another ten million heard it described over radio. But, your honor and ladies and gentlemen, the Tournament of Roses parade this year—I regret to say—will go down in our history as an event of infamy. All because of one man—and that man is Todd Collins—a traitor to our community.

COLLINS: Excuse me, your honor. Am I being tried as a traitor?

JUDGE: No comments, Mr. Collins. The district attorney may proceed—without interruption.

BRACKETT: The people will prove that this defendant committed not one but all the crimes outlined in the prosecution's bill of particulars. What is there to prove? Did not the whole country see Todd Collins drive the beautiful float bearing the (Continued on Page 58)

When Todd capsized the Rose Queen's float, beautiful creatures were strewn all over the pavement.

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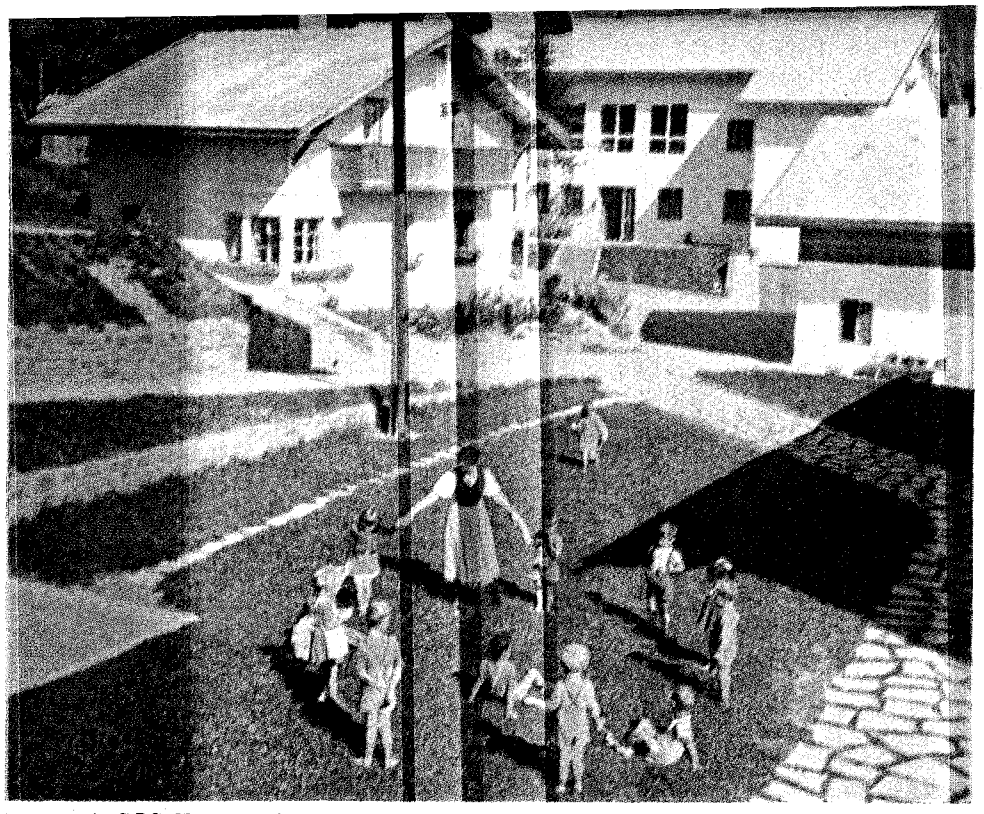


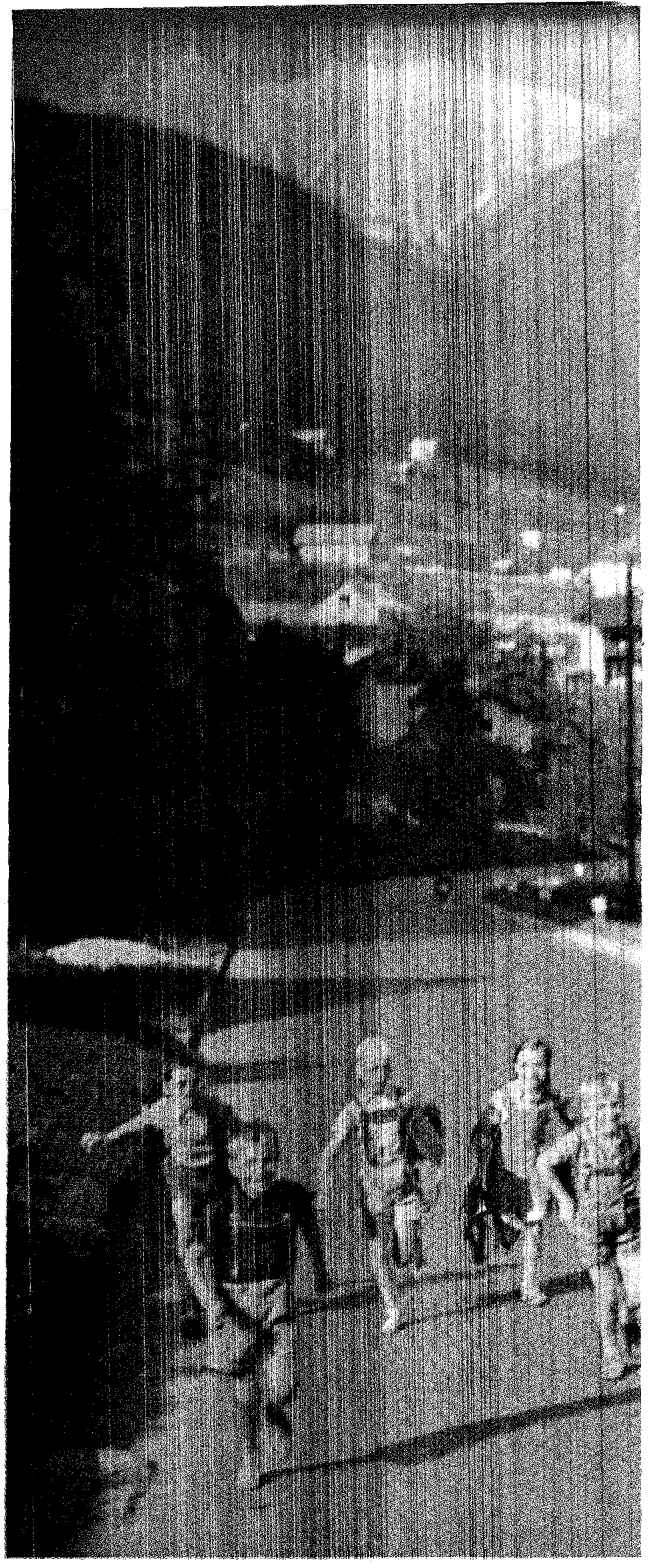
At SOS Children's Village, in the Austrian Alps, a housemother-in-training plays with her youngsters. SOS means help—the help the village offers the homeless.

They Learn To Smile Again

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

At this unique international settlement, war waifs and "occupation children" discover there are such things as hope, happiness and faith in the future.

Photographs by Claude Jacoby



Blond Gisela Pohler blows out candles on her seventh birthday. To left of Gisela is Andrea, an orphan of East Indian parentage.

You couldn't call Willie an orphan; his parents are alive. But Willie, a sturdy eleven-year-old Austrian boy, doesn't know them. His father was an American soldier on occupation duty who returned to the States in 1946, a year after Willie was born. His mother, an Austrian woman, never got over the shock of having been jilted. She had a mental breakdown and is now confined to an asylum.

At the age of four, Willie was alone. For a while he wandered on Europe's postwar highways with other lost children, begging and stealing food, sleeping in cellars. A state social-welfare worker found Willie and placed him with foster parents. They beat him often and gave him too little to eat. Willie ran away. Fortunately, he was picked up by a priest in a small town. The priest wrote a letter addressed

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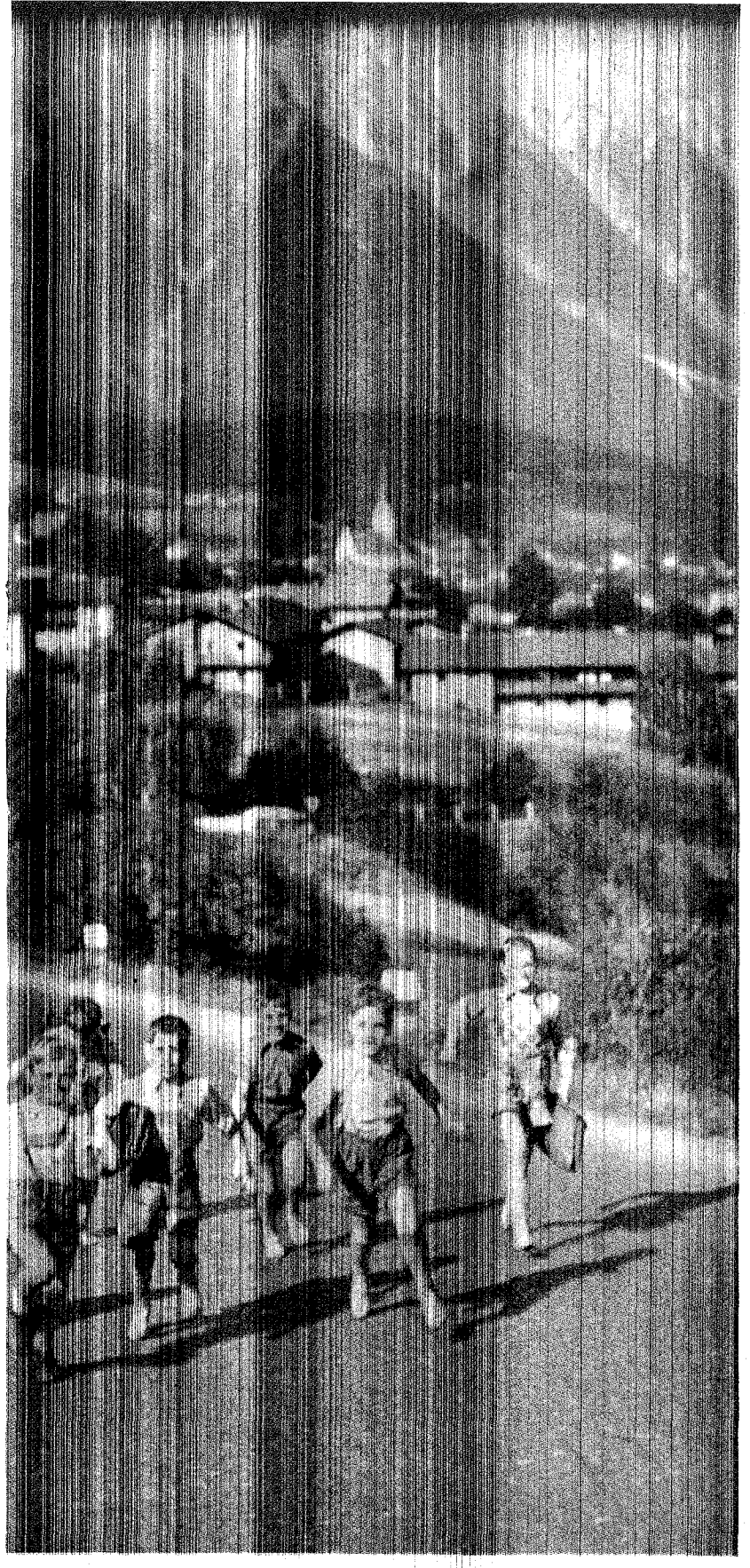
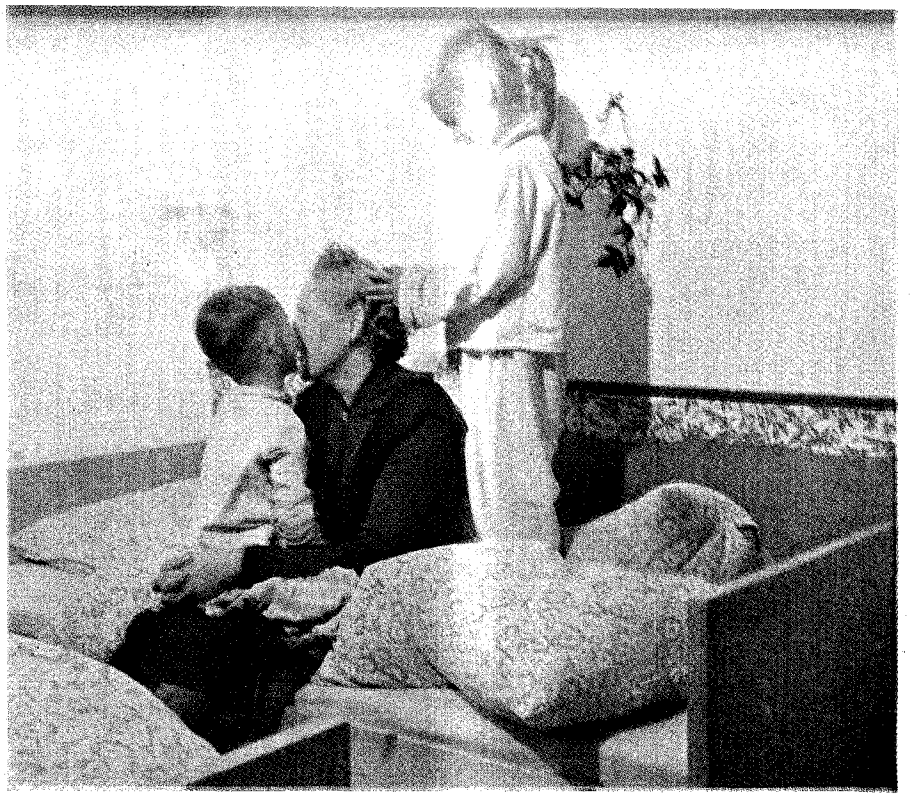
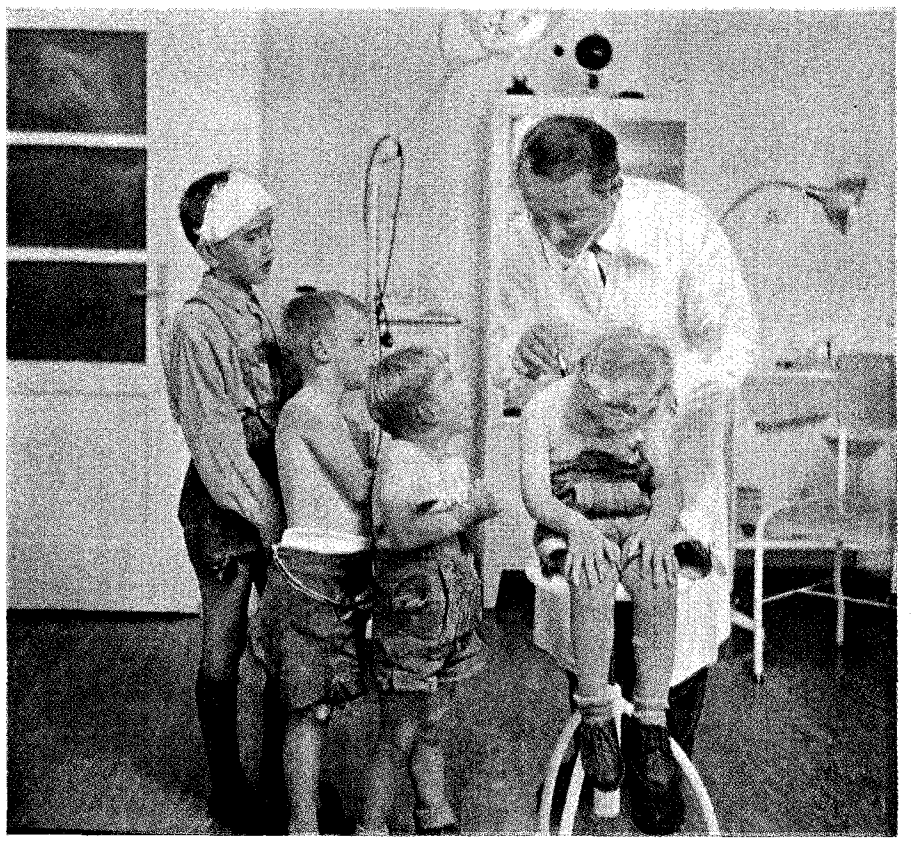


Coming home for lunch. Some thought the village children might create serious problems in the local schools, but most of them became star pupils.



Housemother Maria Weber tucks in Wolfgang, *5*, and Ernst, *6*. She has an allowance of eight dollars a month to provide for each of eight children.



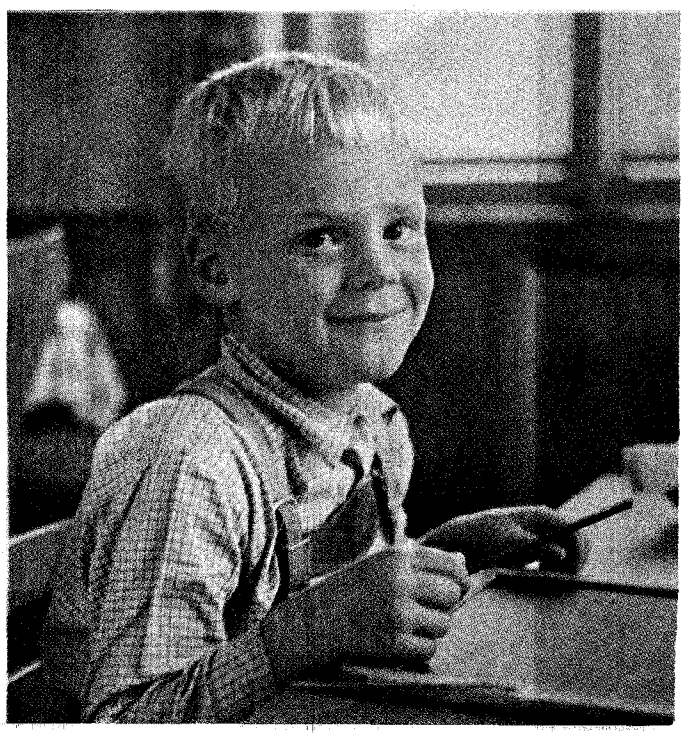
Once every week Dr. Karl Bubik, of Imst, comes to give the village's 150 children a physical checkup.

to "SOS Children's Village, Imst, Tyrol," and this letter changed the boy's life.

Today Willie has a real home where he lives with eight other children, whom he accepts as his "brothers and sisters." He has his "mamma" who cooks for him, washes and mends his clothes, helps him with his homework and cuts his hair to save money. Mamma loves Willie and worries when he gets sick, just as a real mother would. Willie knows that he belongs somewhere. One day he will find out the truth, but by then it probably won't hurt him.

From the balcony of his chaletlike home, Willie sees the Ötztal Alps and the Upper Inn Valley of Western Tyrol, and the 7000-foot-high Tschirgant—"our mountain." In front of the house is a flagstone terrace decked with flowers, and behind it are the fir trees which Willie loves. In the afternoon, he goes into the woods with the other children to gather mushrooms or strawberries for mamma. He wants to be a racing driver when he grows up, but mamma laughs and thinks he'll have to settle for garage mechanic.

On the outskirts of Imst, a small town thirty-five miles west of Innsbruck, a sign on the Vienna-Zurich highway shows two smiling children's faces and the words: SOS KINDERDORF (SOS Children's Village). A dirt road leads up to the wooded slope where thirteen one-family houses stand amid beautiful Alpine scenery. Each house has its name—Christmas, Easter, Vienna, Don Bosco, Beehive, Pestalozzi, and so on—and no two are alike. The village shelters (Continued on Page 74)



Ernst at his homework. Frau Weber's house will be home to him until he goes on to secondary school at 15.

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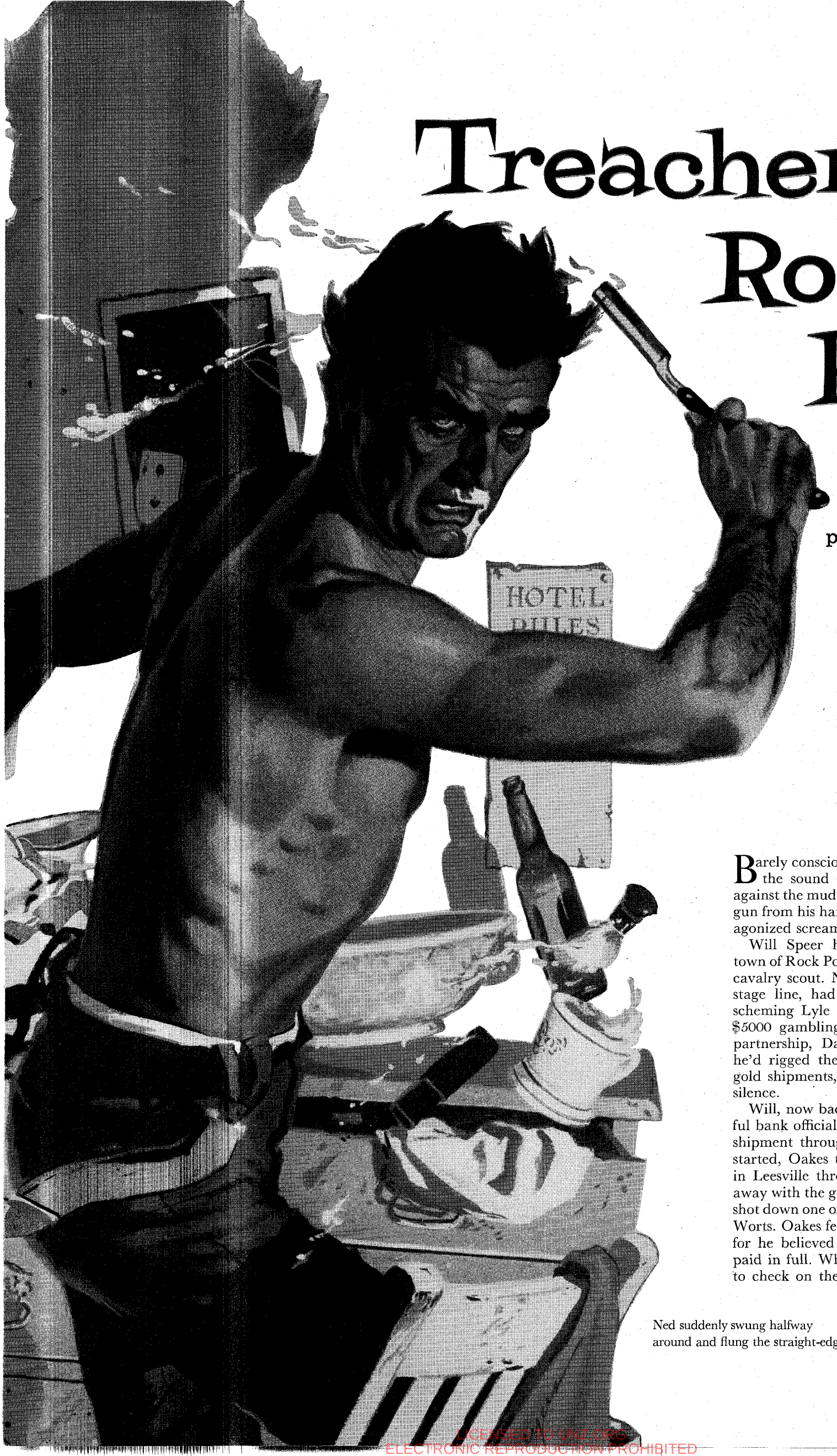
Treachery at Rock Point

Ned kept his part of the crooked bargain—but the blackmailer wanted more.

By PETER DAWSON



Ned suddenly swung halfway around and flung the straight-edge at the wall.

Barely conscious, Speer lined the shotgun at the sound of the man's boots churning against the mud. The thunderous blast tore the gun from his hand, and there sounded a shrill, agonized scream.

Will Speer had returned to the western town of Rock Point after two years as a civilian cavalry scout. Ned Oakes, his partner in the stage line, had been forced to take on the scheming Lyle Danbo because of an unpaid $5000 gambling debt. Asked to give up his partnership, Danbo revealed to Oakes that he'd rigged the recent holdups of the line's gold shipments, and blackmailed Oakes into silence.

Will, now back in business, convinced fearful bank officials he could get a half-size gold shipment through. But before he and Oakes started, Oakes tipped off Danbo. That night in Leesville three men slugged Will and got away with the gold. In a desperate effort, Will shot down one of the robbers, the hostler Clyde Worts. Oakes felt a secret relief at the holdup, for he believed his debt to Danbo was now paid in full. When the injured Will sent him to check on the whereabouts of Matt Kelso,

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the second hostler, Oakes' elation carried him instead to the Widow Drew, and a sordid part of his life. It was late when Ned left Leesville.

III

The blast of the shotgun pounding out the foot of the passageway had tightened Lyle Danbo's slight frame in instant alarm. Stark fear had clawed at him as he took in the jingle of harness chains and the snorting of the panicked stage teams blindly milling about in the alley above.

He had tried to saw his horse around and clear of the two others, but by the time he was clear of Worts' animal, he had heard someone slogging toward him through the mud. He had been sitting with gun in hand, and he lifted the weapon and lined it at the sound, tight-reining his fractious animal.

Then a moment later he lowered the weapon as Kelso's hoarse whisper sounded out of the blackness close at hand, "Damnation, they got Clyde."

"Did you get what you went after?" Danbo's tone was curt, clipped.

"Here, take the thing!"

Danbo had felt a heavy object strike his thigh, and he reached down and took the satchel. He said, "Hurry it!" and turned his horse out into the alley, hearing a creaking of leather behind him as Kelso hurriedly heaved his heavy bulk into the saddle.

They went down the alley at a slow, cautious jog. When they had passed the last house, Danbo let Kelso come abreast him, saying, "You better lead the way," for the country around Leesville was unfamiliar to him.

They covered the better part of five hard miles before Danbo abruptly called out, "Far enough. Now pick us a spot where we can have some light."

Kelso shortly swung sharply left down a brushy slope and led the way into a grove of dripping thin-leaf cottonwoods. "We're three miles from the road and not a house within another mile. Now what's on your mind with this light?"

"Want to give you your share, Matt."

"Can't we do that later?"

"No. Leaving Clyde back there changes a few things."

"What way?"

"If Speer —— What happened to Speer, by the way?"

"Clyde had to slug him. If he's done for, then it's nobody's ——"

Danbo swore angrily to cut the bigger man short. "Didn't I tell you to keep hands off Speer?"

"Sure. But how could we, him havin' the bag?"

"No matter," Danbo said grudgingly, after a moment's thought. "If he was able to cut Clyde down, he's alive."

"Damn him for what he did to Clyde! I hope he cashed in!"

"And I hope he didn't. Now you better get down and watch this."

Kelso stepped aground and stood alongside Danbo as the gambler went to one knee and, holding his slicker open, shielded a match he wiped alight across the buckle of his belt. By the match's flare, Kelso watched him open the satchel and take a sheet of paper from it.

This, Kelso knew, was the bill of lading the bank always sent along with a gold shipment to Wells-Fargo. He leaned down now and peered at it, saying in disgust, "Only fourteen thousand."

"Not too good. But not too bad either. After last week, they were playing it safe."

The match flared out, and as Danbo was reaching for another, Kelso asked, "What happens to Clyde's share?"

"It's yours, Matt. A full quarter share."

"That's white of you, Lyle."

"Ever know me to shortchange you when you did a job right?"

"Never did."

This gesture was typical of Danbo's long association with this man. He had Matt Kelso's loyalty for two reasons, one of which was his consistent generosity in dealing with underlings. The other was his knowledge of an incident in Kelso's past that, were he to go to the authorities with what he knew, would see the man hunted by every peace officer in this and adjoining territories. Years back a United States marshal had died mysteriously from a broken neck in a dark alley back in Bismarck.

"Let's see." Danbo had struck another match and spoke as casually as though he sat at the green-felted poker layout in his own home. "Thirty-five hundred. Not bad for an evening's work."

"Not bad," Kelso agreed.

By the light of several more matches they divided the gold, the numbers on the several sturdy cloth bags and the listings opposite those numbers on the bill of lading making it an easy chore.

The steady drizzle laid a whisper of sound through the trees as Kelso finally stepped over to stuff his share of the night's work into one of his saddle pouches. After he had buckled the pouch, he said, "Been thinkin' about what you said a while back, boss. About what happened to Clyde changin' things. I can't go back to the Point, can I?"

"No. Speer'll tie you in with Clyde after that ruckus yesterday. It'll take him about an hour of asking around town to know you weren't seen this afternoon."

"Then I've got to clear out?"

Danbo's answer was several moments in coming. "Don't think so, Matt. If you hole up on Rush's old homestead like you and Clyde did before I hired you, you'll be safe enough."

"Safe enough for what? I'm finished here."

"You're not, Matt. There's more in that bank safe, plenty more. They've got to ship it out. So I'll need your help again."

Caroline Knight left the house shortly after ten o'clock the next morning and hurried down to the horse corral, where one of the crew had left her saddled bay tied to the gatepost. She at once swung astride the animal and headed out the lane to the main road, a mile distant.

(Continued on Page 52)

With Grace Drew, he could forget his cares and think only of the pleasures of the moment.

Illustrated by Robert Meyers

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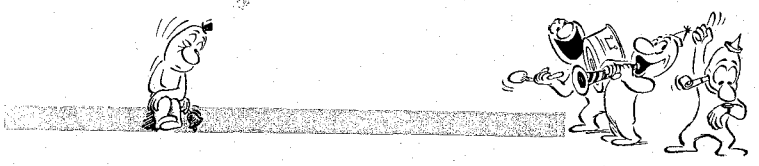
Post Scripts



Who Am I to Condemn?

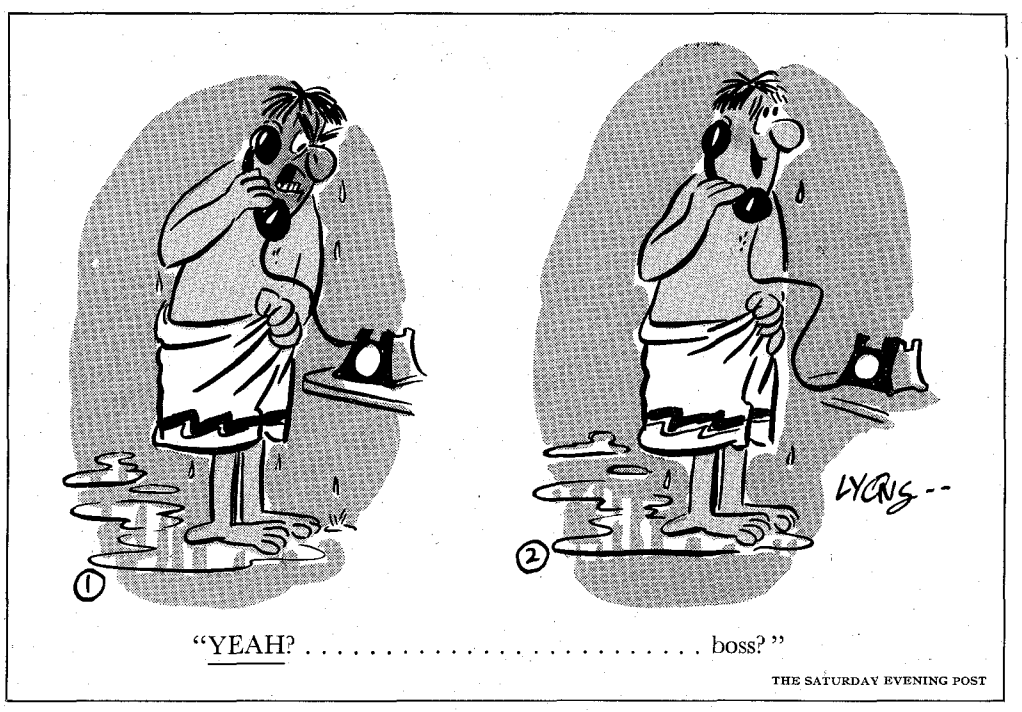
Everyone makes mistakes,
But judging them isn't my line.
I'm tolerant to a fault—
Especially if it's mine!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Proposals I Wish I Hadn't Proposed

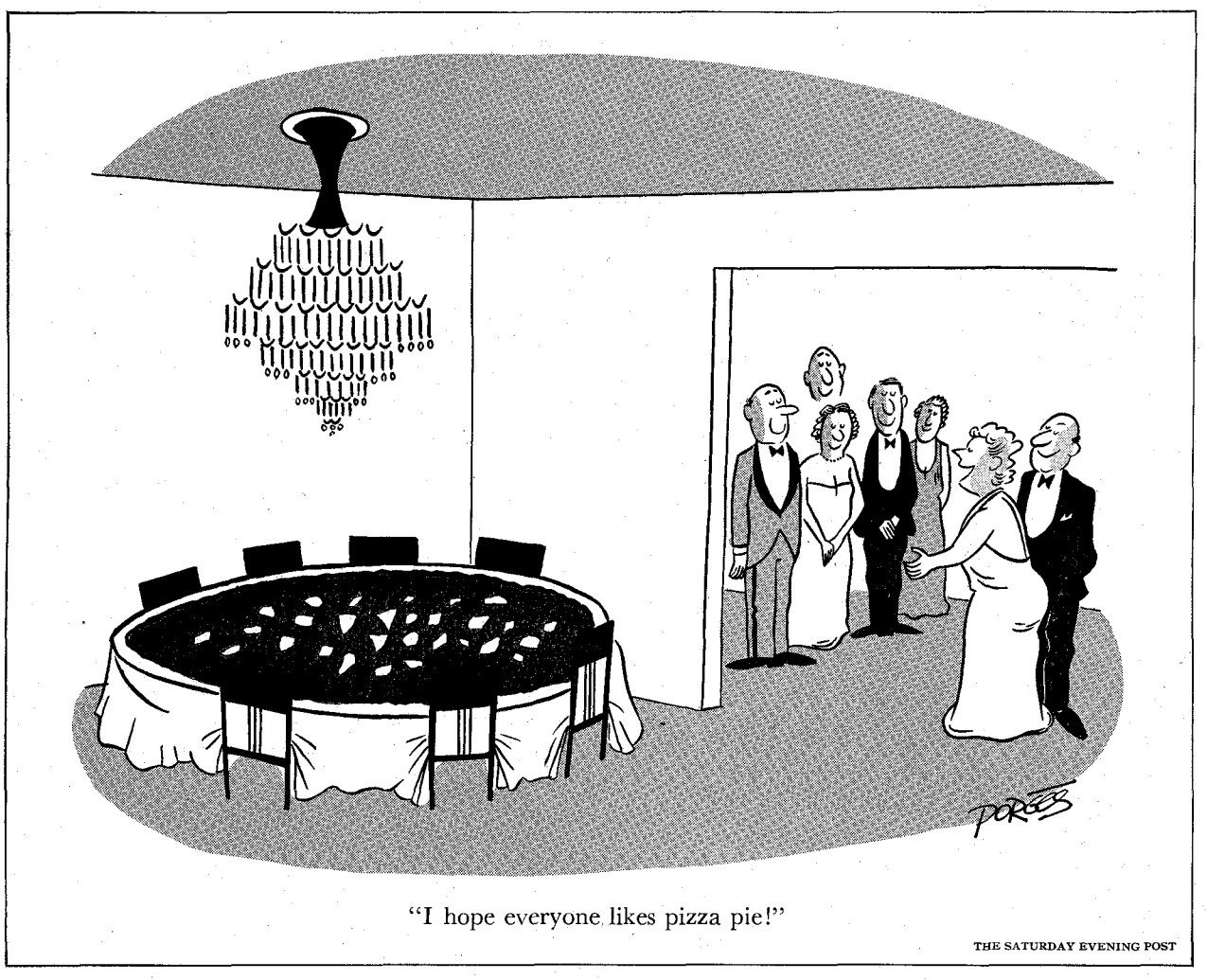
1. Would you kids like to have daddy show you a trick or two on your parallel bars?
2. What this office needs is to have its dead wood weeded out.
3. If you'll hold the ladder, I'll go up and straighten the TV antenna.
4. Would you like me to take care of your St. Bernard while you're away?
5. Anybody for a good old-fashioned snowball fight?
6. How about one more hand—winner take all?
7. What do you say I borrow the Oslers' churn and make some ice cream the way they did in the good old days?
8. If you fellows are looking for an expert to steer your toboggan ——
9. When that officer behind us catches up, let's pretend we don't speak English.
10. Why don't you show us some of those jujitsu holds they taught you in the service, Al?

DICK EMMONS



"YEAH? . . . . . boss?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"I hope everyone likes pizza pie!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Dinner Party

We had these new friends, people who'd just moved in, and they were having a dinner party, so here we were, my wife and I, outside their front door, all ready for a festive Saturday night.

I was all tired out, like everyone is on weekends, from doing all those chores your wife thinks up all week, like a new shelf in the cellar, and let's clean out the garage, why don't we make it a family project?

So I rang the bell at the new neighbors' house, but I heaved a big sigh first.

She answered the door, the hostess did, and I could see right away she was different. At least she looked different. Had on a dress, kind of plain, and not tight or missing. Nothing on her jangled. *Oh, well,* I thought to myself, *her velveteen leggings and her Turkish burnoose, they haven't come back from the cleaner or they got lost. Nice to see a hostess in a dress, though.*

Next thing I knew, I was in this comfortable chair, having a drink. Everybody was sitting down. There wasn't anyone sprawled on the floor, nobody milled, no background Bach. Just quiet conversation. H'm'm'm'm'm.

So I relaxed. Mellow, mellow, mellow, I felt.

And then dinner was ready, and I struggled up with a sigh again, out of my nice, comfortable chair. *Peace be ended,* I said to myself, and I flexed my juggling muscles, kind of underhanded.

Well, sir, they had a dining room. A separate room, and you should have seen it. There was a long table in the center of the room, and guess what was in the middle of it. No, not an old pumpkin, no driftwood of any kind. There was a bowl of real roses; low, so you could see. I heard my wife gasp. It was admiration and envy—I knew that gasp.

You know how they always have the plates in a pile, and the silverware looks as if it were marching off to war, all in rows, and the candles spit and sputter, and you don't know what's in those casseroles?

Well, this was different. Let's see if I can tell you. The plates were all separated, and were set around the edge of the table. Everybody had his own batch of knives and forks and spoons, set out right next to his own plate, and, by golly, there was a chair in front of each plate. You were supposed to sit down and eat. We did.

About the food, I only remember it was a whole piece of meat, a roast of something. Very good. The plates were warm, and they had these potatoes all mashed and with butter and cream mixed in. Never had them at a party before. No green salad. The coffee was in great big cups.

I started to tense up again after dinner. We wandered back to the living room. Pencil-and-paper games? Maybe they had a friend who played the flute, or what?

But you know what the hostess said?

"Now, please don't go home quite yet. John and I never go to bed till nine-thirty, so why don't you all sit down and have just one more drink before you leave?"

CHRIS BRITTON

Short Cut

In case you ask us
How to rear
A pert, provoking
Little dear
Who thinks creating
Scenes is sport,
Best way to bring him
Up is—SHORT!

HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

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NEARLY EVERYONE KNOWS BY NOW—

Pontiac's Got a Hit!*

*Seems like everybody's got an eye for this fresh and frisky beauty! And why not? It's a '57 Pontiac, the top crowd pleaser of the year, with over *6 dozen* "firsts" to its credit. There's the all-new "going places" look of Star Flight body design. There's years-ahead riding smoothness with new cradle-soft Level-Line suspension. There are new controls that command instant wheel obedience, PLUS a brand-new V-8 engine superior even to last year's world-record Strato-Streak! And when you take all these big-time changes and improvements and polish them to perfection in a rugged *100,000-mile Marathon Run*, you've really got something. You've got, in fact, America's No. 1 Road Car. Come in and try it. You'll be a Pontiac fan for life!

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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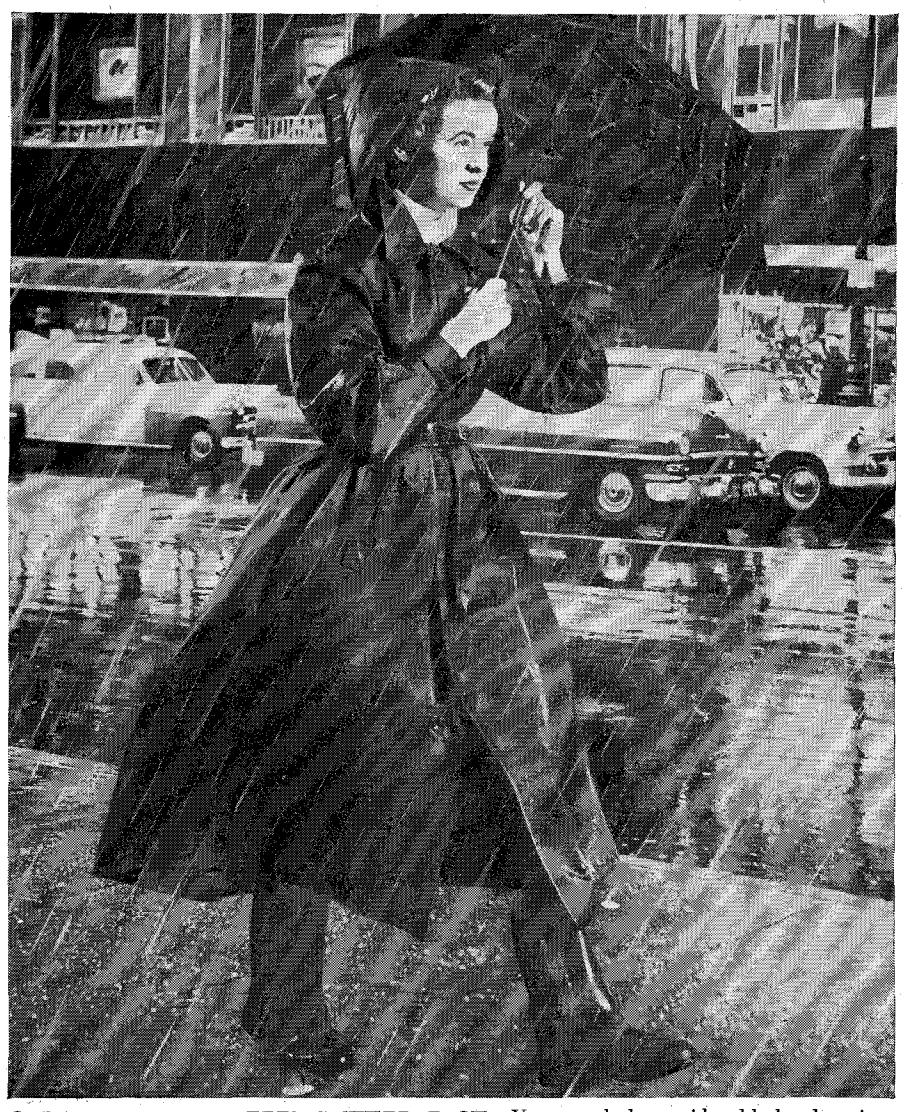
CATCHING COLD? ACHING MUSCLES? HEADACHE? MINOR ARTHRITIC PAIN?

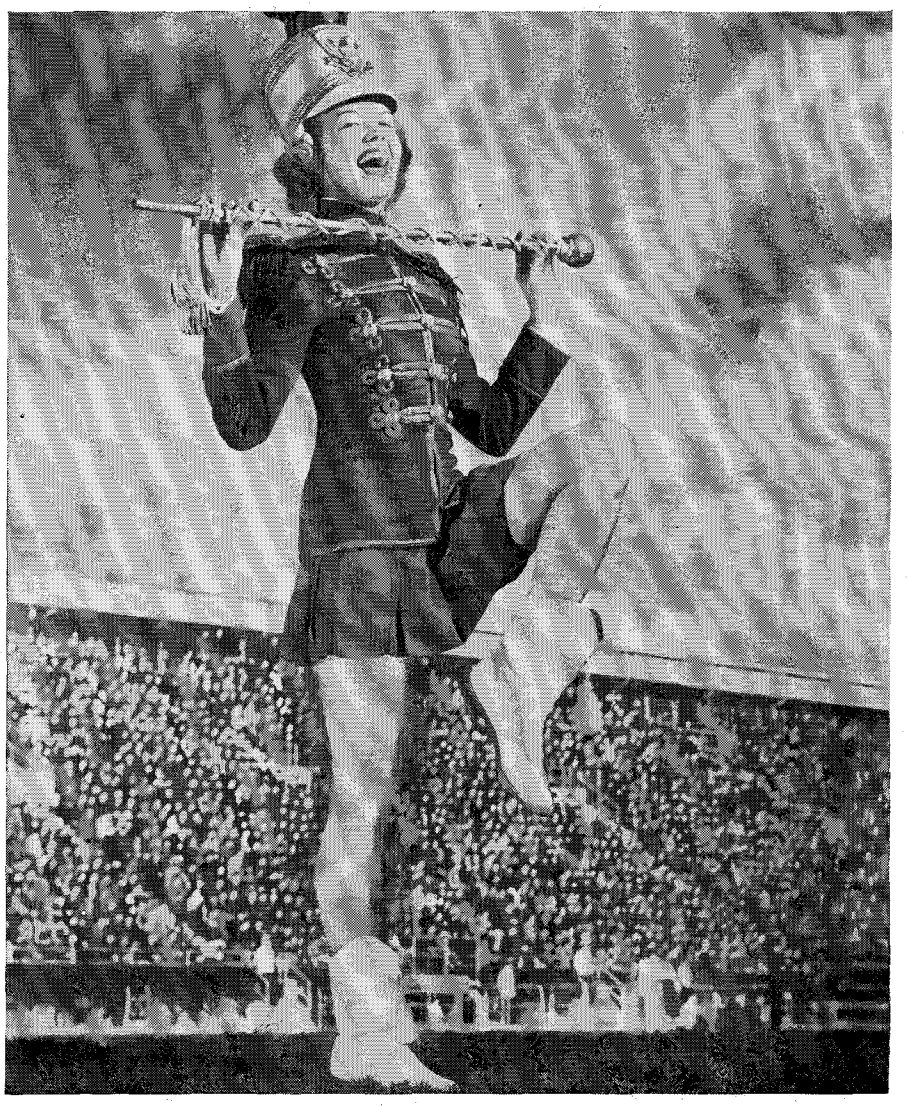
BAYER ASPIRIN MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER FAST!

BAYER®

And it's one thing most people can take any time—WITHOUT STOMACH UPSET!



CATCHING COLD? FEEL BETTER FAST—You can help avoid colds by dressing wisely for rainy weather. But if you *do* catch cold, the first thing to take is Bayer Aspirin. It quickly relieves painful cold discomforts and reduces fever, too! Bayer Aspirin gives you the *fast* relief you want . . . the *safe* relief you need.

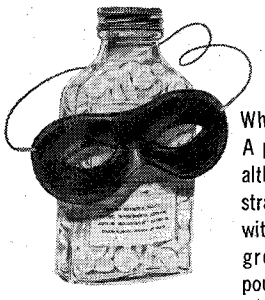


ACHING MUSCLES? FEEL BETTER FAST—You'll feel like high-stepping around in almost no time when you take Bayer Aspirin to relieve your aching muscles. Millions use it with complete confidence because it acts so quickly and safely to relieve aching muscles, backache, and the pains of neuritis and neuralgia.

HEADACHE? FEEL BETTER FAST—On the farm or in the city, you can always depend on Bayer Aspirin for amazingly fast headache relief. To see why, drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water. It starts to disintegrate *instantly*. The same thing happens in your stomach. That's one reason why Bayer Aspirin brings you such *fast* relief!

Don't Pay Twice The Price Of Bayer Aspirin For

ASPIRIN "IN DISGUISE"!



What is aspirin "in disguise"? A pain relieving product that, although it attempts to belittle straight aspirin, combines aspirin with such non-pain relieving ingredients as aluminum compounds, magnesium carbonate, or baking soda—and then charges you twice the price of Bayer Aspirin!

Why pay more for extra ingredients that can't relieve pain? Instead, get Bayer Aspirin. It's all pain reliever—100%—and medical science has never discovered a safer and more effective pain relieving agent!

MINOR ARTHRITIC PAIN? FEEL BETTER FAST—There's no need to let the happiness of later years be marred by minor pains of arthritis or rheumatism. For Bayer Aspirin quickly brings temporary relief. It not only works fast, but gently, too. The fact is it's so gentle doctors prescribe it even for small children. You can take Bayer Aspirin with *complete* confidence.

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RENDEZVOUS IN TOKYO

Would the cleverest spy in Japan fall for her shopworn trick?

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

Jack Rhyce leveled the barrel of his pistol at Mr. Moto. "Let's not you and me get overanxious," he told the Japanese. "I'm not Big Ben, and I didn't kill Bill Gibson. Frankly, he was my boss."

Bill Gibson was the chief United States undercover man in Tokyo. He had learned that the communists there were planning a political assassination to be followed by anti-American demonstrations.

A Russian named Skirov was the brain behind the plan, but the man charged with carrying it out was a turncoat American known as Ben Bushman. Jack Rhyce was assigned to help Gibson, with specific instructions to find Big Ben and put him out of the way.

Ruth Bogart was Jack's assistant. They traveled to Tokyo posing as members of the Asia Friendship League on a survey trip for the foundation. The couple were accepted unquestioningly even by Harry Pender, head of the league's Tokyo office. And Pender, Jack had learned, was a communist undercover man.

Gibson told Jack that it was too dangerous for them to meet in Tokyo. He arranged to see Jack and Ruth at a resort in the mountains. Jack had identified Big Ben, and the meeting was to decide what their next step should be.

Jack and Ruth were to meet Bill Gibson at his cottage near the hotel. When they arrived, they discovered Gibson had been killed. The job was obviously the work of Big Ben, who was at the hotel. Ben, however, did not suspect Jack or Ruth. He became very friendly with them, and had fallen for Ruth.

That night, Jack was arrested for Bill's murder, by Mr. Moto, a Japanese undercover agent. Moto believed that Jack was Big Ben. By the time this misunderstanding was straightened out, Big Ben had escaped. However, before leaving, he'd seen Ruth and given her his phone number. If necessary, she could be used to bait a trap for Big Ben.

VII

Jack Rhyce knew a great many stories about the business, and all of them, when one delved beneath their surfaces, had one thing in common—a universal element of simplicity. After all, the framework of an apparatus could not be complex, if only because too many links and convolutions threatened confusion, and communist techniques ordinarily left their own dreary signatures. Consequently, later, whenever Jack Rhyce reviewed his procedures in Japan, he was not surprised to find how little there was about them that was bizarre or even interesting. A series of coincidences had given him a lucky break, although the break had been complicated by the killing. As soon as he had spotted Mr. Pender and the Pen Pal room in the Asia Friendship office, most of the rest began to be routine.

There was only one unknown element that made him apprehensive, and this lay in Mr. Moto's remarks about political assassination. The balance of everything in the Orient was precarious. It was his duty to learn more, especially if it would have anti-American repercussions. The Japanese had their own network of agents, and, as Mr. Moto had said, they doubtless would turn up facts. However, there was every reason for him to do some thinking of his own.

After they had returned to the Imperial Hotel on Sunday afternoon, he had left Ruth Bogart in her room. The less she knew, the better off she was, and he had told her to sit quietly and to read a good book, but not to leave the room lest he telephoned, and that he would be back in an hour or two.

He and Mr. Moto left the hotel together in the limousine. He was the foreigner again who needed a guide, and anyone who was listening would only have heard him ask to be taken to the Meiji Museum. Although the ride was a short one, they were able to say a good deal by the time they had parked the car in front of the conventional European building that housed the pictures illustrating the reign of Japan's greatest emperor. The hour was late enough so that the place was closed, but under the circumstances, it was all the better.

"I know the guardians," Mr. Moto said. "They will put on the lights, and while I telephone, you may enjoy the pictures. I think I can do everything from here very safely."

It was only the question of getting the latest news, which was the province of the Japanese, not his (Continued on Page 46)

"Oh, Ben," Ruth said, "I'm sorry, but I couldn't call until I was alone."

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Thief in Tax Agent's Clothing

(Continued from Page 15)

Finnegan—not to be confused with James Finnegan, of Philadelphia, Adlai Stevenson's campaign manager—who had been getting legal retainers from firms holding Government contracts, served eighteen. Assistant Commissioner Daniel Bolich, California Deputy Collector Ernest M. Schino and Nevada Chief Field Deputy Patrick Mooney were all convicted of tax-fraud conspiracy.

Maudie Miller very likely benefited from a reluctance within the service to open any more Pandora's boxes. To Maudie's neighbors in the Bronx the revelation of his secret fortune came as a stunning surprise. They knew him as a man of frugal tastes who never smoked, drank, played cards, frequented theaters or night clubs. He enjoyed hearty food, though. Standing five feet, ten inches tall, he weighed a beefy 210 pounds. He drove used cars and wore cheap, ready-made suits of sober hues. The modestly furnished five-and-a-half-room apartment he shared with his wife, Violet, a bright and efficient former county-court clerk stenographer, and two children, rented at $109.25 a month.

A fond, if stern, husband and father, Miller spent most evenings at home. He entertained infrequently. In the winter he took his family to Miami for a week or two; summers he installed them on the Jersey shore, joining them on weekends—his sole extravagance. Part of the cost, however, was sometimes absorbed by hotel owners whose returns he threatened to have audited.

He liked to read Hebraic literature and was a fair Talmudic scholar. He figured prominently in the affairs of his synagogue and the PTA. He organized a Boy Scout troop. But he had few close friends. Most people found him bumptious, vain and truculent. His colleagues, to whom he continually bragged that he was the best agent in the service, did not cotton to him.

Miller disdained the little pleasures of life because he felt they wasted money. Investing his assets for a slow, sure profit gave him his deepest satisfaction, and he fancied himself a bit of a genius at it. What drove him to graft was apparently an almost pathological craving for security.

From early boyhood the horrors of penury were dinned into him by his father, a Russian immigrant, who peddled dairy products from a horse-drawn cart on the Lower East Side. Morris Miller would finger a little hoard of currency that he kept in a crock, and say, "This is forever money." An authoritarian of the Old World breed, he exacted absolute obedience from his children. There were seven of them, Maudie, born in 1904, being the next to youngest. When the first-born, Emanuel, the favorite of both parents, died of typhoid, Maudie replaced him in their affections. They urged him to pursue what seemed to be his natural bent—accounting and finance. After four years in the High School of Commerce, he was sent to New York University.

But his skills lay fallow after graduation. Poppa Miller bade him remain at his side, guaranteeing him greater security there than he could hope to achieve in the competitive world outside, and Maudie meekly complied. He fetched and carried for his parents, collected bills and helped with the bookkeeping. In return they provided his basic necessities. Now and then, they doled out a few dollars to him.

The abnormal situation lasted fifteen years, up to the moment poppa Miller died. Maudie struggled periodically to sever the chains. He worked as an accountant for seven successive employers. Invariably, he would scurry back to the paternal hearth. He was thirty-three when he fell in love with Violet Schultz, but he did not marry her during the lifetime of either parent. Miller, Sr., bequeathed his sparse assets to Maudie. They amounted to precious little security.

Independence, when he was finally faced with it, wrought profound changes in the future tax agent. He immediately assumed his father's role as family boss, and he proved equally imperious. Two sisters rebelled and contested the will—without success. The others acknowledged Maudie's leadership. Pretty soon he was striving to dominate everybody he dealt with.

Until his appointment to the Revenue service in January, 1941, he had been a model of probity. His former employers unanimously described him as loyal, conscientious, trustworthy. Within his first two years of duty he secretly banked $6000. It was only a warm-up.

Among the taxpayers Miller picked to shake down in 1947 was a toy designer named Charles Hagopian. Notified by the implacable extortioner that his 1944–46 returns were to be audited, Hagopian was anxiously awaiting him in his workshop at the appointed time. Miller turned up three hours late, swinging a bulky brief case. After cursorily perusing Hagopian's records, he remarked, "Things don't look good. It looks like you might be in jail."

Brushing aside Hagopian's objections, Miller paced the workshop, moodily poking at tools and merchandise. His eyes lit on a small heap of metal rings attached to hollow stems.

"Bubble pipes," said the anguished toy maker. "I can't sell them. I got to dump them."

Observing that he could therefore have no further use for them, Miller swept some into his brief case to take home to his children, and departed, assuring Hagopian of his renewed attention in the near future. The war of nerves was on.

During subsequent discussions, the tax agent kept conjuring up the specters of prosecution and prison. He professed to believe that the bubble pipes represented juicy profits. Undeclared income, he estimated, to Hagopian's wilting horror, came to more than $6000.

The climactic meeting occurred in Miller's car. Said Miller, "I'm going to tell you something that when you're married you're not even supposed to tell your wife. Promise?" Hagopian promised. "If you pay fifteen hundred dollars—of course, not for me; I don't care; I got enough money, but I got to take care of some of the boys—I'll try to help you." He would, he implied, report no additional income.

Hagopian gaped at him, dumfounded. "I'll think it over," he said finally.

For weeks Miller relentlessly badgered him. "I can't hold it up any longer," he warned. But this time he had misjudged his man, and the error was to undo him.

"If there's anything to pay," Hagopian decided in the end, "I'll pay Uncle Sam."

Serenely unconscious of danger, Miller delivered his report, recommending an assessment of $3068.91. Boiling mad, Hagopian stormed into the tax office, protested the assessment and repeated his conversations with Miller. He then wrote to the service's Intelligence Unit, clamoring for an investigation of Miller. (The assessment was eventually voided.)

It was the first signed complaint ever filed against Maudie, and it could scarcely be ignored. Three years elapsed, however, before he was called to account. During this period he continued to receive automatic pay increases, bringing his salary to $5225 by 1951. At the same time, though knowing he was under suspicion, he blithely persisted in his felonies. So unshakable was his self-confidence, so sublime his arrogance, that when he received an efficiency rating of "good" for 1949, he petitioned the rating committee to change it to "excellent." The committee met him halfway and rated him "very good." At that particular juncture he was terrorizing four taxpayers.

Amid these soaring triumphs Maudie was rudely grounded by a summons to appear before Intelligence Unit agents. Requested to submit a statement of his own assets, he refused, pleading constitutional privilege.

In Washington, meanwhile, a congressional sub-committee headed by Rep. Cecil R. King (D., Cal.) had opened long-overdue hearings on the Internal Revenue Bureau. It sent for Hagopian, who reiterated his charges, and for Miller, who hotly denied them and again took refuge behind the 5th Amendment rather than reveal his financial status.

Alas for Maudie, his photograph, widely circulated in the newspapers, was recognized by the manager of a New Jersey hotel, John Hough. He testified that Miller and his family had occupied one of the best suites in the summer of 1950, but at the insistence of the hotel owner, James Kiamie, Miller had never been billed. Hough's listeners were fascinated, because it so happened that Kiamie's returns were under examination, and who should be the agent on the job but doughty Maudie Miller.

In November, 1951, Miller's employment ended. The offenses listed included refusal to divulge assets and attempted extortion. The former was not subject to court action, and he could no longer be prosecuted for the latter because of a three-year statute of limitations. But one classic device remained to bring him to book. That was to prove income-tax evasion. The time allowed under the criminal code is six years from the date of filing; under the civil code, forever. A tax cheat, in other words, cannot be jailed after six years, but he can be billed for taxes however long delinquent. In Miller's case, the theory of guilt was simple. His returns showed no income beyond his salary. Yet it was evident that if he had pocketed bribes, additional income must exist.

His 1948 returns were the earliest open to criminal prosecution. As they had been filed in 1949, the Government had only three years left in which to obtain an indictment. But not for another year did an investigation get under way. It fell to Special Agent Edward M. Sharkey, a soft-spoken, studious young alumnus of Brooklyn's St. John's University. He had been a special agent barely eighteen months, and this was his most important case to date. The challenge it posed, of unearthing Miller's assets within the short period left, staggered him, for he knew that his quarry, as an accountant and tax agent of vast experience, was wise to every trick of concealment.

To skin such a cat, tax sleuths have a wide choice of techniques. In what they term the specific-item method, for example, they concentrate primarily on the suspected source of undeclared income. But if the source was wholesale extortion, the chances of establishing it through that method are apt to be remote. Every victim would have to be traced and persuaded to make admissions possibly damaging to himself. Sharkey chose to use the net-worth-expenditure method.

"When it appears," he explains, "that a man spent and invested more money than he reported, you subtract expenditure and investments from his declared income, leaving a balance to be accounted for. To do that, you first have to determine his net worth—the difference between his assets and liabilities—at the beginning and end of each year you're examining."

A common dodge of fiscal cheaters is to disperse money among numerous bank accounts. Sharkey started the hunt by querying banks near Miller's home. Several accounts in the name of Mordecai Miller and/or his wife came to light. The total sum, however, offered no basis for a strong case. Sharkey circularized brokerage houses, but uncovered only trifling transactions. He tried insurance companies. Miller held no policies. Land records showed no real-estate ownership, credit agencies no charge accounts. Few tax evaders ever left a trail so faint.

It was, ironically, from a statement by Miller himself, in his cagey testimony before the King subcommittee, that Sharkey got his first lead. Miller had admitted that his sister, Goldie, once set up a joint account with him in the Corn Exchange Bank, against which he drew checks only occasionally and always reimbursed her. "An accommodation," he said. "The funds weren't mine."

Fortunately, the Corn Exchange had adopted the comparatively new system of microfilming checks. Sharkey borrowed the films of the Miller checks. Thousands had piled up. With pencil, paper and adding machine, Sharkey spent brain-fagging weeks analyzing those checks. He lingered longest over two of them, totaling $2000, the first payable to the Penn Treaty Building Association, the second to the Home Building Association, both in Philadelphia. The checks, he learned upon inquiry, had arrived with covering letters of instruction to credit them to accounts maintained by a Mortimer Miller.

Two points immediately struck Sharkey as significant: that the checks by themselves gave no indication to whom they were to be credited; that the accounts were registered under the name of Mortimer instead of Mordecai Miller, his customary signature. The special character of Penn Treaty and Home Building afforded Sharkey another clue. They were among hundreds of savings-and-loan associations which then paid ½ to 2 per cent higher rates of interest than banks—an irresistible (*Continued on Page 40*)

Crude Reply to a Classic Question

By R. H. GRENVILLE

When bitter blows the
winter blast
And naked branches shiver;
When zero cold invades the
bones
And petrifies each river;
When fuel bills soar and
gardens wear
Their white and sterile dress,
Oh, say, can spring be far
behind?
Yes!

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LET'S MAKE A JELL-O MERRY-GO-ROUND!

For a children's party . . . or just for a special treat . . . what could be more fun to serve than a bright little Merry-Go-Round dessert!

Prepare your favorite Jell-O gelatin dessert flavor (children love red, so we chose strawberry). Pour into dessert glasses and chill. When the Jell-O is almost firm, arrange animal crackers around the edge—close to the glass so they'll be seen. Chill until firm.

Now put a colorful candy stick in the center, and trim with a swirl of whipped cream.

It's a bright young treat . . . full of fun, and full of energy, too. Surprise your children—tonight!

JELL-O
BRAND
GELATIN DESSERT
TEN DELICIOUS FLAVORS

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF GENERAL FOODS CORP.

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(*Continued from Page 38*) attraction, Sharkey surmised, to an investor of Miller's kidney, who loved to watch his dollars grow, but at minimum risk. He circularized a nationwide list of such associations for information about accounts under different variants of Miller's name. The dam broke, and he was engulfed by records pertaining to M., Mordecai M., Maudie and Morty Miller. Plowing through them month after month, he gradually reconstructed the intricate pattern of the extortioner's operations.

After bagging his game, Miller never put the cash to work in a single lump sum, but first broke it up and camouflaged it in various ways. His favorite ruse involved a curious arrangement with a Bronx bar-and-grill proprietor, Walter Secor, whose clientele numbered many truck drivers. To encourage their patronage, Secor would cash their pay checks. This sometimes left him short of change by the end of the week, and he was delighted to accept when Miller offered to drop in on Fridays and reconvert any checks in the till. The first Friday, Miller paid $1000 for some fifteen checks. He then posted each one to a different account. In three years he handled about $30,000 worth of such checks. As a safeguard he used for his business correspondence the addresses of his sisters, brother and father-in-law.

All together, Sharkey ferreted out 161 accounts in twenty states, showing that the Millers' joint net worth climbed from $3850, when he joined the service, to $129,147.98, when he left it. Their reported income never topped $5500.

But Sharkey's labors were not finished. He had to preclude the possibility that the excess was of nontaxable origin, such as inheritance, loans or gifts, which are exempt up to $3000 a year per giver. From what Miller had intimated at the King hearings, Sharkey anticipated that he would plead precisely that. For some twenty-five years, Miller attested, his doting father lavished cash gifts on him, though never more than tax-free $3000 chunks in one year. How could a lowly dairyman afford such generosity? Oh, but poppa Miller actually rose quite high in the world. He founded two wholesale-dairy-products stores, dabbled in real estate and the car-rental business. Mistrusting banks, he kept all his greenbacks around the house, and so, of course, there would be no records. Thus, said Maudie, he had a sizable sum at the time he entered the tax service.

Sharkey neatly disposed of that alibi by combing the city archives back to 1880. He found six inconsiderable parcels of heavily mortgaged property in poppa Miller's name, no substantial businesses. The dairyman never filed an income- or gift-tax return. He left an estate of less than $500. As to Maudie's capital in 1941, it was so scanty that when he tried to rent a forty-eight-dollar-a-month apartment, the landlord turned him down as a poor risk.

Having demonstrated what the source of Miller's lucre could not have been, Sharkey sought evidence of what it really was. With no hope of rounding up every taxpayer Miller threatened, he set out to find enough to establish a *modus operandi*. Hagopian he knew he could count on, and Harris, the horse-playing salesman, had volunteered his recollections. Who else? The special agent assembled all the returns Miller had examined. "He was a high producer," he wryly notes. "There were about a thousand." He selected thirty taxpayers whose financial history suggested that they might have been likely prey. Of those, three spilled the beans—Goldberg, Zeger and Mrs. Cavaluzzo, who was then serving twelve and a half to twenty-five years for manslaughter.

And what was Maudie up to as the trap closed slowly around him? Had he been chastened by his expulsion? Not noticeably. The year after the ax fell, his investments brought him interest of $4127.78. He failed to pay the $158 tax due.

Sharkey had yet to lay eyes on the object of his pursuit and, as it neared the end, he wrote offering him a chance to drop in and explain things. Miller dispatched a lawyer instead to enlarge upon the theme of his father's supposititious affluence. He had meanwhile recognized the signs of imminent disaster. Tax liens, he knew, would inevitably be slapped against his cherished savings accounts. In a frenzy to close them before the law could act, yet leery of the mails, he hopped into his car and sped up and down the country, withdrawing his deposits in person. The race was nip and tuck. But he beat the law to all but about $27,000.

In October, 1954, barely four months short of the deadline, Sharkey's documentation was delivered to the Department of Justice. "An outstanding piece of detective work," was Assistant United States Attorney Schwartz's comment when he dug into it. Indicted on five counts of tax evasion—roughly $60,000, including interest and penalties—Miller stood trial before Federal Judge Alexander Holtzoff and a jury.

Schwartz took seven days to complete the Government's case. There was no rebuttal. Crushed by the parade of witnesses and 500 exhibits, Miller changed his plea to guilty. Before passing sentence, Judge Holtzoff wanted to know more about the culprit's character, and he set a date five weeks ahead to allow ample time for a probation report. Upon Miller's entreaty to be permitted to wait at home, he imposed bail of $10,000. Mrs. Miller produced a fat roll of bills from her pocketbook, and dolefully peeled off the required amount.

When he reappeared in court, the terror of the taxpayers cut a piteous figure. The previous day he had shelled out $32,205, which, together with the $27,000-odd seized in liens, liquidated his tax debt. "Let that be my punishment, your honor," he sobbed. "I'm trying to clear my conscience." But in the same breath he disavowed ever shaking down a taxpayer. The payments he received, he swore, weeping copiously and near collapse, were gratuities thrust upon him. Granted, he erred in accepting them, but they came to only $5000.

His tears failed to move the judge, for, according to the probation report, Miller expressed no remorse outside of court, only despair over the dent in his forever money, and bewilderment as to how, despite his elaborate precautions, he could have been caught.

He drew five years on each count, the sentences to be served concurrently in a Federal penitentiary. Then, to force him to disgorge at least part of what was believed to be still-hidden plunder, Judge Holtzoff fined him $20,000.

Miller was led away, shrieking hysterically, "Maudie was poppa's darling! Maudie was a good boy! Maudie took care of poppa!"

The Unwelcome Tourists (Continued from Page 17)

a window, wearing a dress that made her look almost as young as her daughter. He gazed at her with affection. Almost gone now were the signs of fatigue and anxiety which had so long been part of her. He wondered if she realized how much she had needed this vacation—how much had been drained out of her by all these years of caring for her ailing mother.

"Been exploring?" she said. "I was beginning to think you'd got lost."

"I was arranging to have the car washed." He sat on the bed, eager to tell her what had happened, but afraid this was not a good time for it. "Where are the kids?"

"They haven't come back. I thought we might take a walk and look for them."

Andrew frowned. "They shouldn't wander off the way they do."

His wife went to the closet and put a light wool stole over her shoulders. It was cool here in the mountains. "We'll find them. Pete's hunting for pictures of Mexican night life for that contest. Jan will be shopping for silver."

"Shopping? At this hour?"

"Well, window shopping. You know how she is."

Yes, he thought, he knew how Jan was. With his impetuous daughter a hobby inevitably became an obsession. He knew how Pete was, too; hadn't he had a mild demonstration of the boy's thoughtlessness just this evening? But except for infrequent heart-to-heart talks which had little lasting effect, he had given up trying to change them. The fanatical partisanship of their grandmother was more than a man could cope with.

For years the old lady had taken their side in every crisis. "Must you act like a schoolmaster even at home, Andrew?" And because a family argument always sent her to bed with another of her attacks, he had been forced to keep silent. She was not well—he couldn't remember when she had been well—and it was Edna, burdened with the care of her, who always had to pay the piper.

"You arranged to have the car washed?" his wife asked as they went down the stairs. "You found a garage, you mean?"

"No. Only an ambitious youngster." The memory of the past hour came back and he smiled. "I wish you'd been with me. I met the lad's parents ——"

"I shouldn't have thought there was a garage in a town this size," she said absently. "You never know, do you?"

"I said I found a boy ——"

He glanced at her and let it drop. Her thoughts were on the children, obviously. Perhaps she was remembering Cuernavaca, where Pete, strolling from the hotel to take a few snapshots, had discovered an American movie at the theater and disappeared for four hours.

"I don't see them," she said. They had reached the plaza. The shops that would interest Jan were here, but Andrew saw no sign of her. Nor any of Pete.

"They'll be here somewhere." *Though probably not together*, he added mentally, searching the crowd. "We'll walk about. Perhaps they'll see us."

Young couples hand in hand, kids with their bright wooden tops, oldsters sipping soft drinks at sidewalk tables—it was for this he had come to Mexico, not for the guided tours and thundering traffic of the capital. But it was difficult to capture the mood this evening, even with the smell of tortillas and sound of guitars in the air. One needed peace of mind.

"People are staring at us," Edna said.

True. People were. As he moved with her past the sidewalk tables and along the paths of the miniature park, he felt a kind of vacuum forming about him, almost as though the people of this town resented strangers. But why?

He heard quick footsteps behind him and a hand brushed his sleeve as he swung about. It was the hotel fellow. At his side, frowning, loomed a larger man in an ill-fitting uniform.

"Señor Hollis, one moment, please." The hotel man seemed frightened. "This man from the police wishes to speak to you."

"You are Señor Hollis?" the large man asked needlessly.

"Yes."

"I must ask you to accompany me."

Edna's fingers tightened on Andrew's arm. "What is he saying? What's wrong?"

"I don't know. He wants us to go with him." He put his hand over hers to calm her, and frowned at the policeman again. "Where, please?"

"To the police station."

Andrew had no time for questions. The big man had a long stride, and the hotel fellow had disappeared. Something to do with the car, was it? He didn't think so. The kids, more likely. Some foolish infraction of a local ordinance. They were so thoughtless sometimes.

The moment he stepped into the small, yellow-walled room on the far side of the plaza and saw his children on the bench, he knew it was more. Pete's gaudy shirt was torn, the side of his mouth swollen. Janet was white and trembling.

Andrew laid a restraining hand on his wife's arm and went forward slowly, the big policeman and two others behind the desk watching him in silence. Gazing down at his son and daughter, he hoped his smile was reassuring. At least his children were facing the ordeal together, not fighting with each other.

"Trouble?" he said lightly. There had been times when such a tone of voice had worked miracles of understanding. Temporarily, at least.

Not this time. Edna, giving him no chance, was past him with a cry of anguish before he could stop her. He stepped back, biting his lip.

When he had listened for a moment to his wife's frantic questions and the frightened, angry replies of his son and daughter, he turned to the desk. "Tell me what happened, please."

"Your son was taking pictures, *señor*."

With relief, Andrew gazed at the camera on the desk. So it was only that. "What did he do wrong?"

"Some pictures one may take without the formality of asking permission. Others ——"

"He broke some rule, you mean?"

"Only the rule of common courtesy, *señor*."

Andrew felt his hands tighten on the edge of the desk.

"You appear to be a reasonable man." The officer shrugged slightly but gazed at him like a judge. "If you were sitting on a secluded bench in the plaza of your town, embracing your wife or sweetheart, and a stranger suddenly exploded a flash bulb in your face ——" He shifted his gaze and fell silent. Pete, six feet tall, had come to the desk and was glaring at him.

"If he's telling you it was my fault, dad, he's got it all wrong!" There was defiance in the boy's voice. "I was taking pictures, that's all. All of a sudden some character

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jumped up and grabbed for the camera. I tried to save it and a fight started." He turned back to the bench. "Ask Jan. She saw it."

"It wasn't his fault!" Jan shrilled in a voice that made Andrew wince. "He didn't do a thing!"

"I see." Andrew, with a sigh, looked at the officer. "And the man whose picture was taken. He is here now?"

"We had no reason to bring him here, *señor*."

"What is the charge then, exactly?"

"There is no charge. Your son was brought here for his own protection. The crowd was angry."

"Then—we may go?"

"I will send a man with you to the hotel." The officer leaned forward. "Your son's camera, *señor*. And if next time he would have the courtesy to ask ——"

"Thank you. I'm sorry this happened." Feeling old and tired, Andrew handed the camera to Pete and turned to his wife, who sat on the bench with her arm about his daughter. "We can go," he said.

On the way back to the hotel he was silent. It seemed a long walk.

"Daddy, you haven't said what you think," Jan remarked accusingly an hour later. "You haven't spoken ten words."

"What is there to say?"

His children gazed at him as though he were some hostile stranger against whom they had to unite in self-defense. "Now wait a minute, dad!" Pete was on his feet. "If you're siding with those stupid cops ——"

"You're name-calling, Pete. Let's be fair."

"Then you do side with them!" Jan's eyes widened with astonishment. "You think they had a right!"

"I think ——"

Andrew looked at his wife and saw in her eyes a silent plea for him to desist. How well he knew that plea—the same here as it had been at home, with her mother in the room. He sighed. He had thought the death of her mother might make a difference, but he knew better now. The habit was too strong.

"I don't know what to think," he finished lamely. "All I know is that I'm ready for bed." Crossing the room, he touched his lips to his wife's cheek, noting with alarm how tired she looked. "Why don't you and Jan run along, Edna?" He was sleeping with Pete tonight; the hotel was short of rooms. "All this will be forgotten in the morning."

He desperately hoped it would be. If they kept at it, they would eventually back him into a corner and he would say what he thought. And then the children would go behind a wall of silence, hating him, and the fatigue in his wife's face would deepen and linger, reproaching him.

He lay in bed waiting for Pete to stop thumping around, and then there was a moment of soothing stillness, broken only by the soft clatter of a donkey's feet on the cobblestones outside. The room was dark.

"Dad?"

"Yes, Pete?"

"I'm sorry I gave you and mother such a rough time. I'll make it up to you."

"Forget it," Andrew said wearily.

He found himself alone after breakfast. Pete had gone off with his camera; Janet was shopping; Edna had returned to her room to write letters. They were angry with him, he supposed. But he rather enjoyed the feeling of freedom as he went across the street to see about the car. One so seldom had a chance to be alone on a trip of this sort.

The car had been washed. He waited a moment for Miguel to appear, then knocked at the door of No. 5. The man with the invisible load on his shoulders opened the door.

"I want to pay Miguel for his work," Andrew said, smiling.

"He has gone to the market with his mother, *señor*."

"Well"—Andrew made no attempt to conceal his disappointment—"I can leave the money with you."

He reached for his billfold. At that moment the boy and his mother came through the tunnel into the courtyard. They insisted he come in for coffee, and while sitting with them in their little whitewashed parlor, he had an idea.

"I thought I'd walk about the town. If Miguel is free and would like to come with me ——" He gazed at the boy and waited, and it was a kind of test, for he had not mentioned payment nor had he yet paid for the car wash.

"I would like to," Miguel said promptly. . . . "May I, papa? I can do my work later."

"You have my permission."

Andrew opened his billfold. "I owe you for washing the car. How much?"

The boy hesitated. "I—I never washed a car before. I do not know."

"Small boys usually ask a peso and are given a tip."

"Yes, sir."

"But tips are for strangers. To a friend one simply says 'Thank you.'"

Miguel solemnly nodded.

"On the other hand, a garage in the city would have charged five pesos for the kind of job you did. So ——" Andrew placed a five-peso note in the boy's hand. "Come along now. Let's see the town."

As they walked out of the courtyard together, he glanced across the street and hoped Edna was looking out the hotel window.

Miguel showed him the church and the walled homes of important people, the back-street shops of the silver artisans and tile makers; even the school, which, today being Saturday, was closed.

"What are you going to be when you grow up, Miguel?" Andrew asked.

"A schoolteacher, sir."

"Small world." Andrew chuckled. "I'm a teacher myself."

"You, Mr. Hollis?"

"I'm the head of a high school." Andrew chuckled at the boy's astonishment. "Rather a big high school, in fact."

Miguel looked at him as though he were a god, and with an odd tightness in his throat, Andrew thought of how Pete and Janet sometimes looked at him.

"What work does your father do, Miguel?" he asked as they went on toward the market.

"He makes furniture."

"And yet you want to be a schoolteacher? How is that?"

"I would be proud to learn furniture making, but he says no, it is better to be a teacher. He is older than I and he is my father. He knows best."

Heaven be praised, Andrew thought. *Here's youth admitting that age and experience may count for something. What a backward country this Mexico is!*

They entered a winding lane haphazardly roofed with sheets of cloth, and went more slowly now, for the market was crowded.

He halted frequently and priced things to hear the soft musical speech of the Indian women. With Miguel at his side, there was no feeling of strangeness in him.

"These are good, Mr. Hollis." Miguel had exchanged a copper coin for two golden slices of pineapple, and was offering him one with all the poise of an adult companion offering a cigarette. Andrew accepted without hesitation, indifferent to what the guide books said about eating such things.

Suddenly, picking his way between piles of red and green peppers, he found himself face to face with Pete. His son was picture hunting.

"Good grief, dad!" The boy looked at him in dismay. "Are you out of your mind?"

"What's wrong now?"

"Eating that stuff! Do you want to be sick?"

Andrew looked at the half slice of fruit left in his fingers. "Don't be silly. It's the best pineapple I've ever tasted." He laid a hand on Miguel's shoulder. "Peter, I want you to meet ——"

"I tell you it's pure poison!" his son insisted loudly. "Just look at these stalls, the flies on everything, these women handling the stuff! Of all the pestholes ——"

Andrew spoke sharply, "Pete!"

"Huh?"

"I said I want you to meet ——" He saw the look on Miguel's face and faltered, and suddenly was so angry he could have slapped Pete's face in front of the whole staring crowd. "Never mind. Take your pictures. I'll see you at the hotel."

"Now what have I ——"

But Andrew had caught hold of Miguel's hand and begun walking, and when he stopped walking they had lost Pete in the crowd and he was no longer shaking. He halted by a stall filled with hanging baskets and faced his small companion.

"You must understand, Miguel—in the United States we do not have markets like this. Perhaps you have seen pictures of our supermarkets." He spoke in Spanish.

The boy gazed at the ground. "*Sí, señor.*"

"We're so modern." Andrew felt himself trembling again. "Oh, yes, we're so modern and so proud of it. Yet we wear our shoes into the house, and some people consider that barbarous." He tried to smile. "It's all in where you live, eh? And in what you know about how other people live."

He waited, hoping he had healed the hurt. But Miguel was silent.

"Well, let's go back to the plaza." Andrew sighed. "My feet hurt."

They sat on a stone bench in the plaza garden to rest awhile. Jan, crossing the park, found them there.

He introduced Miguel and Jan smiled at the boy with her eyes. She had beautiful eyes, Andrew realized. She was a very beautiful girl. There was so much that was fine about his children, if only ——

"See the bargain I found." Opening her purse, she handed him a silver bracelet set with semiprecious stones.

"Bargain?" Andrew knew little about jewelry. "How much?"

"They wanted forty dollars. I got it for thirty."

He was startled. "I thought you were out of money."

"Mother put me back in business this morning." She dropped the bracelet into her purse. "I've got to run, daddy. I have more shopping to do." Her smile included Miguel. "'By now!"

Andrew watched her go down the path, then turned to the boy at his side. "Miguel ——"

"Yes, Mr. Hollis?"

"How much was that bracelet worth?"

Miguel hesitated. "I—I don't think I know."

"Of course you do. You took me through shops this morning where those things are made."

"No, Mr. Hollis. The men we watched—the work we saw was for the best stores in the capital. Other people make things to be sold on the street." Miguel would not look at him.

"I see." With a shake of his head Andrew stood up. "Well, it's time I got back." He tucked a ten-peso note into Miguel's shirt pocket. "You've been a first-rate guide."

"You don't have to pay me, Mr. Hollis," Miguel protested.

"I know I don't. I want to."

It was after five when the hotel proprietor came upstairs to say that Señor Ochoa, in the lobby, wished to speak to Mr. Hollis. Andrew was lying on the bed, wishing he had said nothing about the bracelet or Pete's conduct in the market, and trying to forget the unpleasantness his remarks had precipitated. He had said too much or too little—he was not sure which. In any case, he had waited too long before speaking at all. Following the proprietor downstairs, he found the man with the bent shoulders waiting at the desk.

"I have come to ask a favor, *señor*. My son, Miguel, has told his teacher about you—how you, too, are a teacher. Señor Ruiz is so very anxious to meet you."

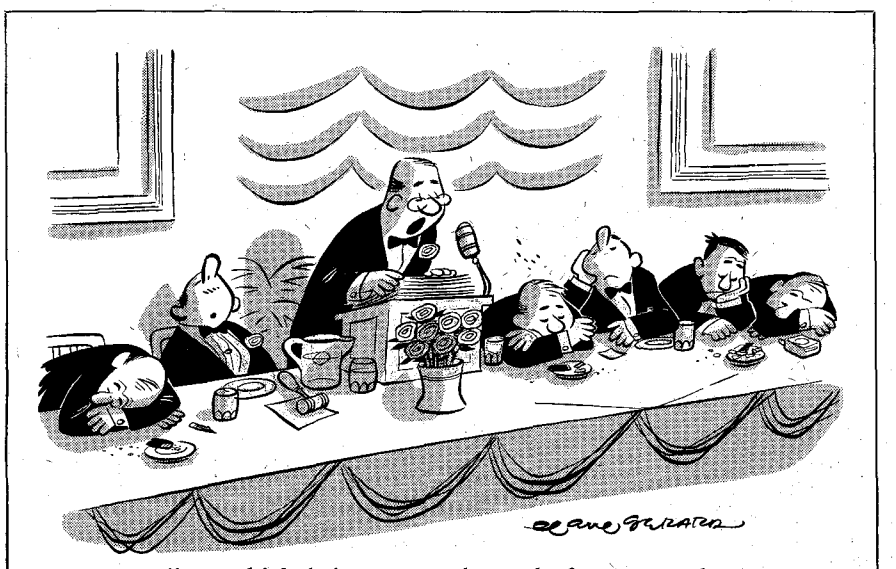
"I should like to meet him," Andrew said.

"This evening he will be at my house. If you would honor us with a visit, you and your family ——"

"My children are not much interested in school affairs, I'm afraid." Andrew's smile was apologetic. "But for my wife and myself I accept with thanks."

"Then we shall expect you about eight, *señor*, for dinner."

Climbing the stairs, Andrew wondered if he had (*Continued on Page 44*)



". . . which brings us to the end of 1947—and I hear you asking yourself—how about 1948?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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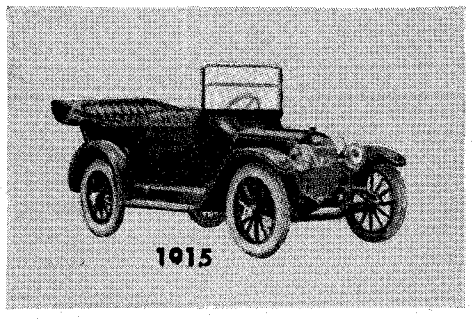
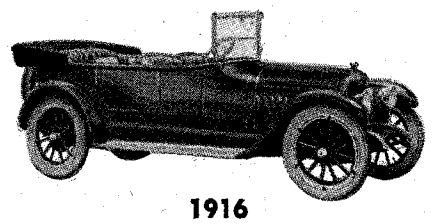
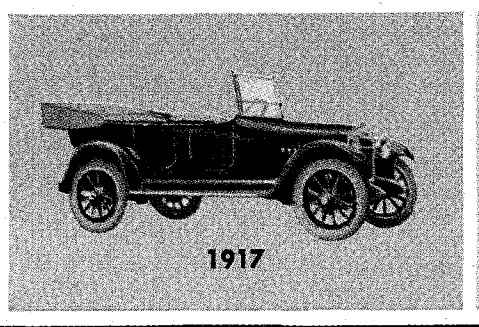
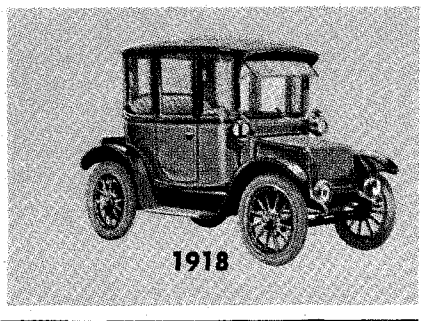
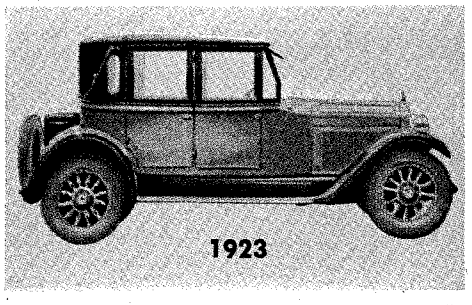
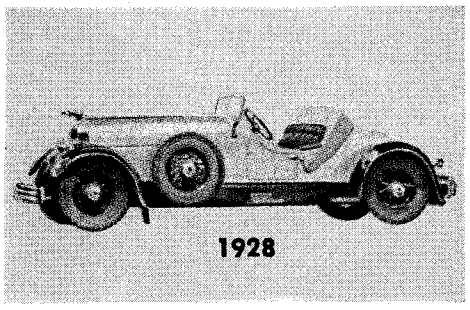




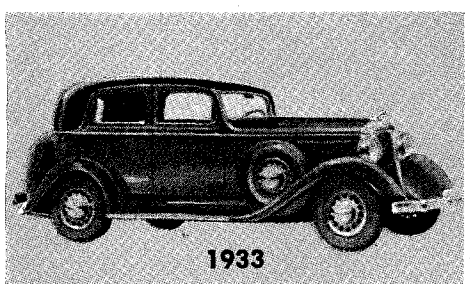


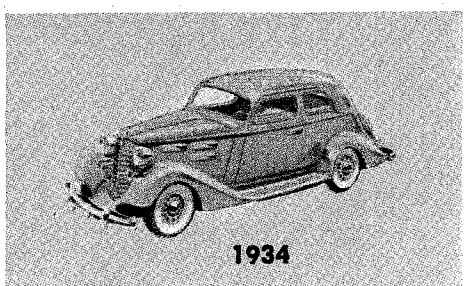


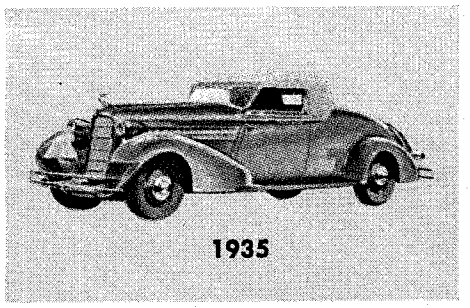


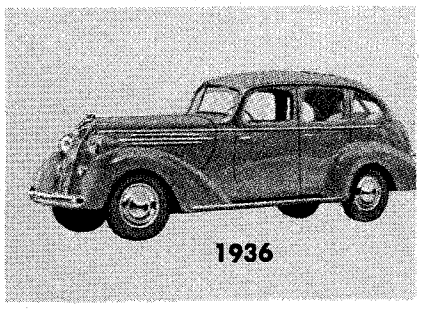


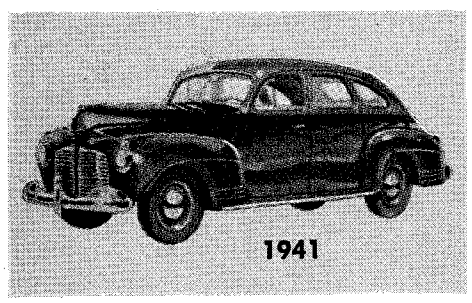
Again...
one of the most remarkable votes of public confidence in the history of American industry

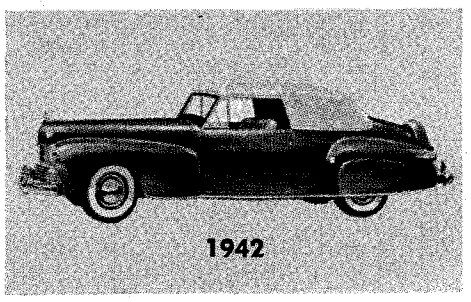


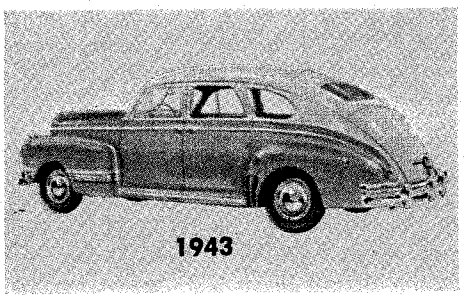


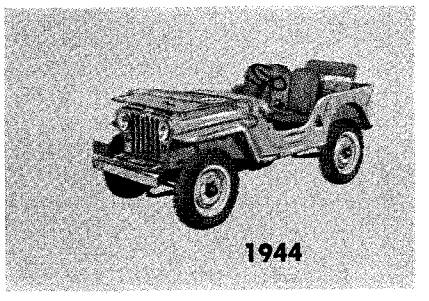


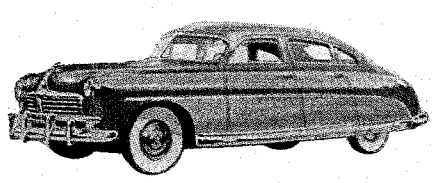


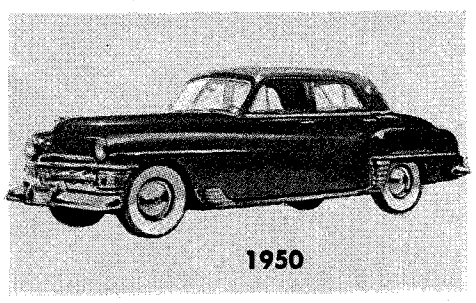


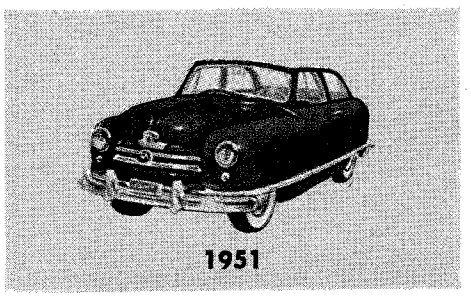


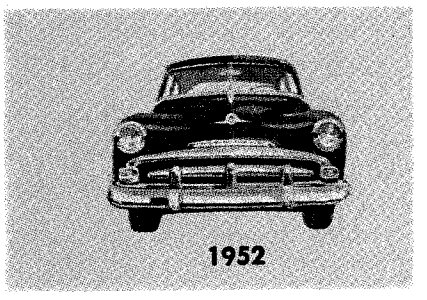












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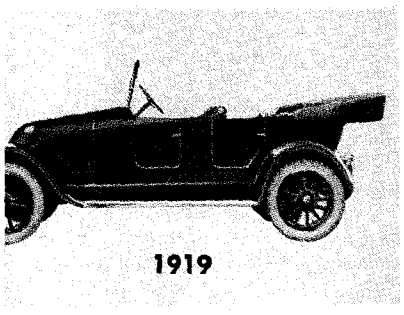
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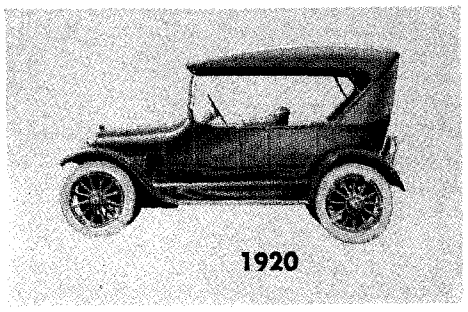
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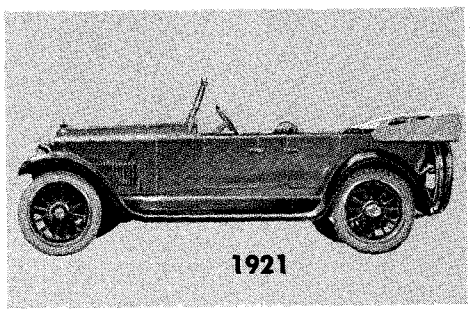
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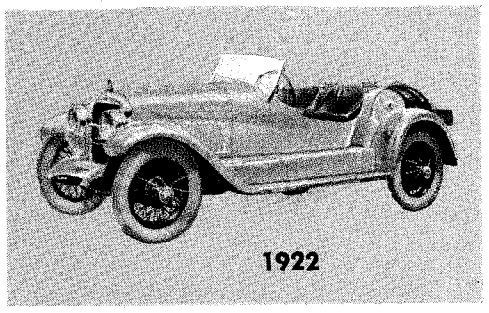
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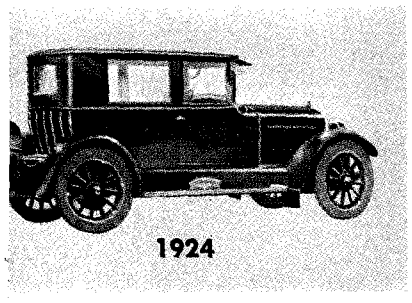
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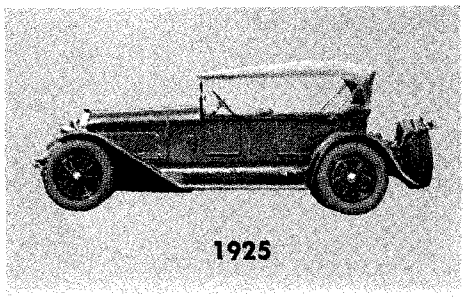
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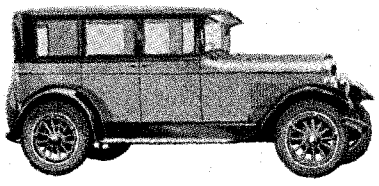
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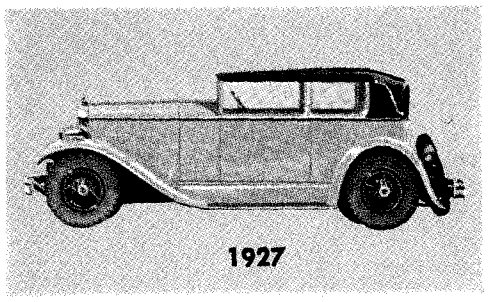
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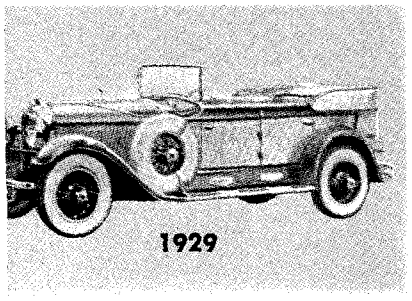
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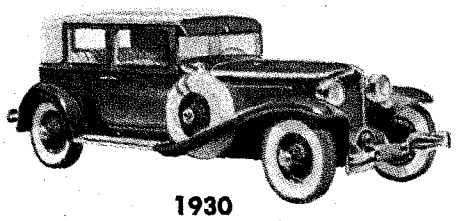
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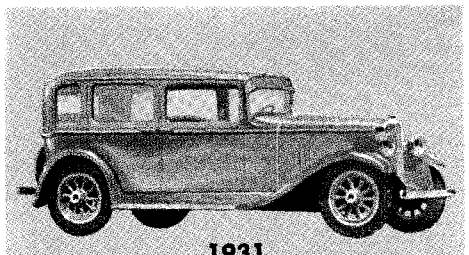
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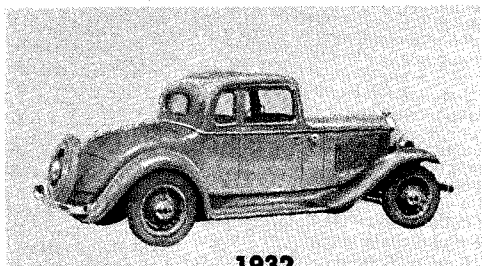
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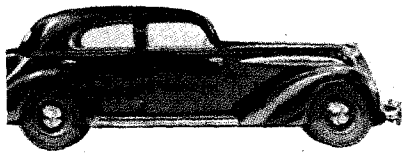
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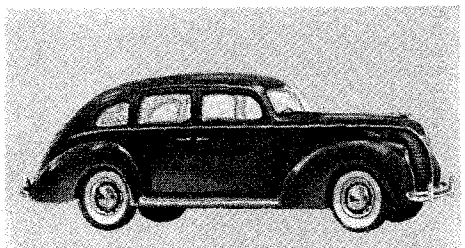
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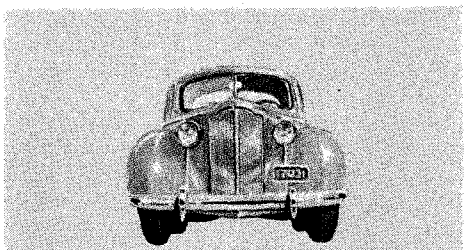
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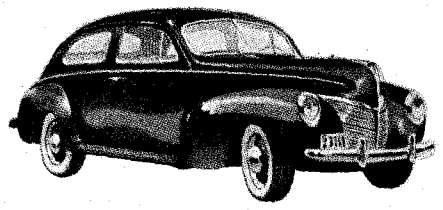
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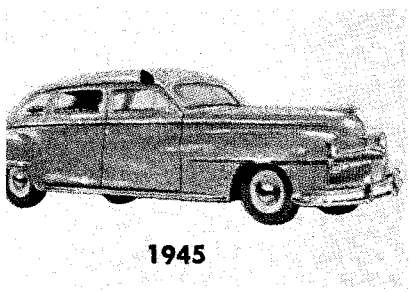
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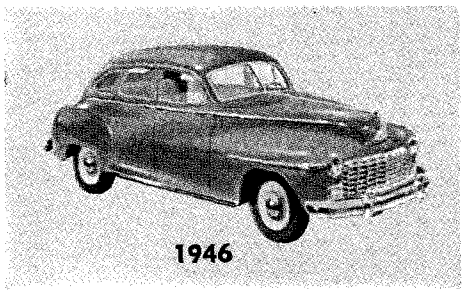
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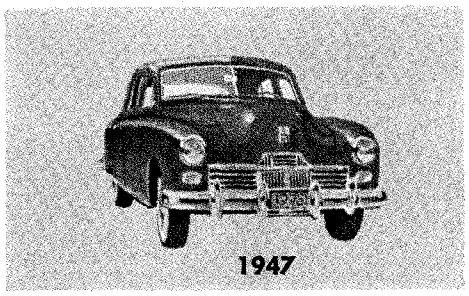
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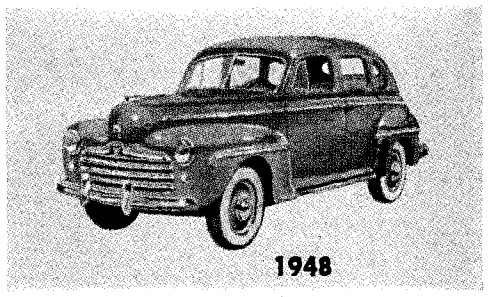
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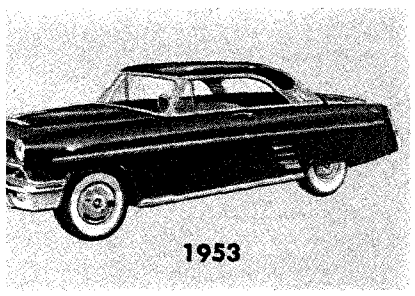
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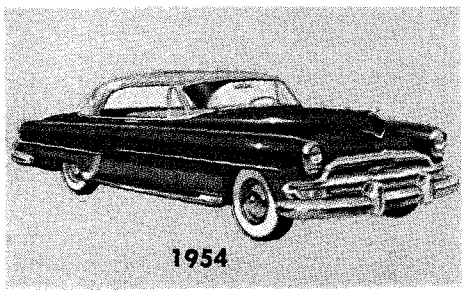
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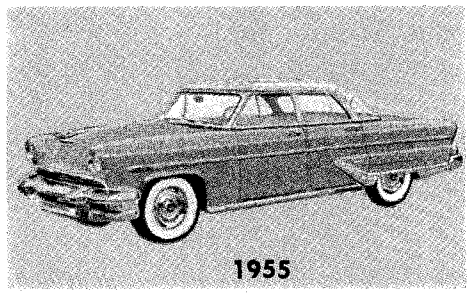
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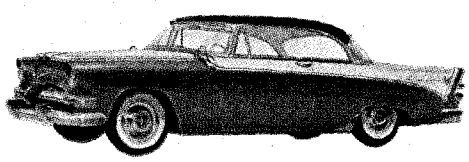
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(*Continued from Page 41*) taken too much for granted in accepting for Edna. These family upsets always distressed her so. "You don't have to go, of course, but I hope you will," he told her. "This Ruiz must be a remarkable fellow."

"What about the children?" she asked.

Pete emphatically wagged his head. "Count us out. We'll eat here and take in the movie."

Miguel's mother must have spent hours at her stove. The table in the little white-washed room was heaped high with Mexican dishes of which Andrew could not even guess the names.

The furniture maker with the invisible weight on his shoulders had become the most gracious of hosts. His wife was a charming and attractive lady with just a hint of anxiety in her smile. Little Miguel, dressed as for church, was bright-eyed with excitement.

There were polite introductions, and Andrew shook the hand of a man about his own age, but taller, and matchstick thin. It gave him a start. He had expected the schoolteacher in a town this size to be someone younger, working up—not a man whose career was already at or past its peak. "My compliments on your course in English," he said. "If Miguel is an example of what you accomplish ——"

"I have no course in English, *señor*."

"But Miguel ——"

"He and a few others come to my house for a half hour every evening. That is all."

Andrew thought of his own nightly efforts to induce his children to do their homework. He shook his head in wonderment.

The dinner was a leisurely affair, with enough of the conversation in English so that Edna was not left out of it. Andrew felt a warmth creeping through him that had nothing to do with the food. Wondering if his wife, too, might be experiencing it, he sought to catch her eye. When he did, she smiled.

"This is the nicest thing that has happened to us in Mexico," she said to Ruiz.

The schoolteacher repeated the compliment to Miguel's parents in Spanish. They beamed. Andrew was content.

They talked of school and furniture making. Of Miguel's plans to become a teacher. Of Mexican cooking. "Let me have your pen, Andrew," Edna said, and with little Miguel translating, wrote down some of Señora Ochoa's recipes and gave the Mexican woman some of her own, while the men looked on in amusement. All too soon the meal was finished.

"We should have coffee in the courtyard," Miguel's mother said. "It is more pleasant there."

Andrew helped carry out the chairs. Ochoa produced an unopened bottle of brandy.

"I thought your national drink was tequila," Andrew said.

Pleased, the furniture maker brought out a half-full bottle of tequila. The men touched glasses, bowed to the women and drank. The liquor burned slowly in Andrew's stomach and completed his sense of well being.

Perhaps it was the liquor, more likely the evening as a whole, but when he saw Janet and Pete come into the courtyard he was not apprehensive. He rose to introduce them, proud that he could present such a lovely young woman as his daughter and such a handsome young man as his son. The movie was over, they said. They had glanced into the courtyard on their way back to the hotel and seen the little group sitting outside No. 5. They hoped they were not intruding.

Ruiz, the schoolteacher, drew them into the conversation with questions about the movie. Suddenly Jan leaned forward.

"That pin you are wearing, Mrs. Ochoa; I've never seen one like it."

Ruiz translated for the woman's benefit. She removed the silver pin from her dress and passed it to the girl. A small bell of warning rang in Andrew's brain.

"It's so different," Jan said.

"The design is Aztec," Ruiz explained. "It has been in Señora Ochoa's family a long time."

Jan studied the pin. The schoolteacher talked to Andrew—a joke some of his pupils had played on him once. Andrew missed the joke. The warning bell rang louder as he watched his daughter's face.

He heard Ochoa tell young Miguel to bring more coffee, and Miguel, talking to Pete, got up at once to obey. Pete rose and followed the boy into the house. Then Jan leaned forward to return the pin, and Andrew felt the tension go out of him. His moist hands lost their stiffness. He glanced at Edna. She seemed not to have noticed.

Relaxed again, he welcomed the slow return of the warm glow inside him. Miguel came with the coffee and poured it.

The schoolteacher, frowning, said, "Do you know it is past your bedtime, young fellow?"

"Tonight is special," Miguel retorted with a grin.

"Perhaps. But I think your father has forgotten what time it is."

Miguel made a face to go with his grin, and passed on with the coffeepot. "A good boy," Ruiz said to Andrew, "but no different from the rest. Give them an inch ——"

Jan was standing beside him. "Mr. Ruiz," she interrupted.

"—— and they take a yard," the thin man finished deliberately. He smiled up at her. "Yes, Miss Hollis?"

"Will you do me a great favor, please? I want to talk to Mrs. Ochoa about her pin."

Andrew felt his hands go rigid again.

"Of course," Ruiz said, his gaze still on her face. "What is it you wish to know?"

"If she will sell it to me."

"Jan!" Andrew found himself on his feet, his whole body shaking.

"But, daddy, I can borrow the money from mother. And it's the chance of a lifetime to get a real Aztec ——"

"Sit down," Andrew said. The sound of his own voice startled him. It was like sandpaper.

"But, daddy, I'm sure she'd sell it to me. . . . Wouldn't she, Mr. Ruiz?"

The thin man turned his head slowly to glance at Señora Ochoa, who was paying no attention. "She would not sell it. If I inform her you want it, she will give it to you."

"Give it! . . . Daddy, did you hear that?"

"Yes." Andrew had himself under control again, though he suspected his face was the hue of chalk. "But apparently you didn't hear what I said to you. I said 'Sit down!'"

"Oh, daddy, you're impossible." She flung herself away from him. "I'm going to ask mother."

"You are going to sit down." His hand closed on her arm and forced her to her chair. With his back to the others, he could not know whether they were aware of what was happening or not, nor did he care. Standing over his daughter, he looked into her startled face and said, "You are not to ask Señora Ochoa for her pin. Is that understood?" Then he saw Pete.

He had not noticed the boy's departure from the courtyard, but obviously Pete had slipped out and gone to the hotel. He was burdened now with photographic paraphernalia. Andrew blocked his way as he headed for the door of No. 5.

"Where are you going with that?"

Pete could not hide a fleeting expression of guilt. "Why, just to take some pictures inside the house, dad. Miguel said it was O.K."

"It is not O.K. The boy was only being polite."

"But, dad, I need some shots of real Mexican life for the contest! This is the very sort of thing ——"

"Take your camera back to the hotel." Andrew sensed a movement behind him and saw an expression of relief leap onto Pete's puzzled face. He turned to find Edna at his side.

"What is it?" his wife asked anxiously. "Andrew, what's the trouble?"

"There is no trouble."

"But what ——"

"Good grief, mom!" Pete complained. "All I want is to take a few pictures!"

"I've told you what to do," Andrew said. "Go back to the hotel. Take your sister with you." He put a hand on his wife's arm. "Come away, Edna. This is important to all of us. Don't interfere."

He saw the familiar look of distress leap to his wife's face, but when he turned her away and led her back to the group, she yielded without protest. They sat down. Seemingly oblivious of the others, she fixed him with a curious stare that puzzled him. He had expected her to be angry, and she was not. The look was not even one of pleading. She seemed awed.

The silence was a bit awkward for a moment. Then the man with the bent shoulders leaned from his chair to refill the tequila glasses, and his glance fell, seemingly by accident, on young Miguel. He straightened with a scowl.

"Oho! It's past your bedtime, isn't it?" he said. "Off with you now!"

"But, papa, this is a special occasion ——"

"To bed!" Ochoa thundered.

Miguel, pouting, shook hands and said good night. With dragging feet, he departed. His father watched with a frown until he was gone, then smiled.

"They need a firm hand, all of them," Ochoa said.

Ruiz, the schoolteacher, gravely nodded. "It is our job to teach them."

They looked at Andrew and smiled, and their smiles were like the tequila, warming him. He felt his tension slip away. They understood. They approved. This father and this teacher who, each in his own role, had done such a fine job with Miguel—they accepted him as an equal.

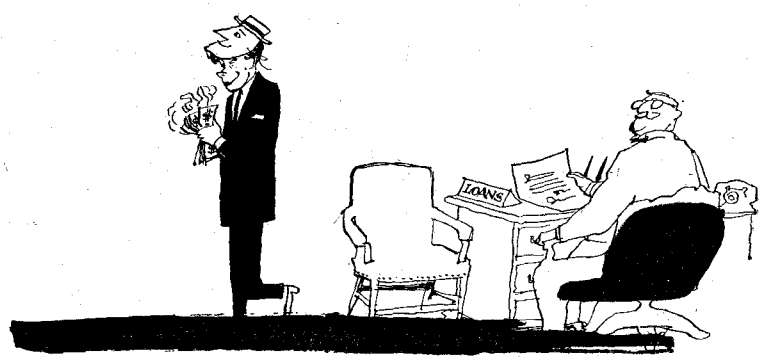
He glanced at his wife. Her smile was warm and her hand found his and squeezed it, as though this moment was something she had secretly hoped for—with dread, perhaps, because habit was such a relentless thing, but with longing too. Ruiz, the schoolteacher, was already talking of something else.

But it was not over. Turning to make sure his children had obeyed him, Andrew saw them coming toward him, and the tightness gripped his stomach again. If they were determined to defy him ——

In a kind of daze he heard them thanking the Ochoas for their kindness and saying good night just as though, a moment ago, he had not denied them the things they thought they wanted most in the whole world. He saw his daughter tenderly kiss her mother good night and heard his son saying, with a new kind of warmth and respect. "See you in the morning, dad. O.K.?"

"O.K.," he said.

For the first time in years, Andrew Hollis looked forward eagerly to tomorrow. THE END



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Lewis, not yet twenty-one, was big, bright and unscrupulous. In borrowing $6000 from the bank to expand his used-car business, he asserted that he was of age. When his note came due, however, he revealed that he was a minor and refused to pay up. The bank thereupon took the money in his account. Lewis sued to get it back.

"What if I did make a contract with the bank?" Lewis argued. "The law says plainly that no minor shall be held liable for debts he contracts, so the bank had no right to seize my money."

"That law was passed to protect minors from adults, not to give minors a means of robbing their elders," the bank attorney replied. "Lewis lied about his age and virtually stole the money from us."

If you were the judge, would you let the bank keep the money?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The bank kept the money. The court said that while a minor cannot be held to a contract, he can be held liable for a fraud. As Lewis defrauded the bank through his deceit, he had to pay up.

Based upon a 1955 Missouri decision.

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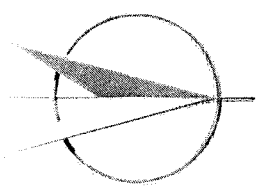

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Rendezvous in Tokyo

(Continued from Page 37)

own, and so he walked alone up the great marble staircase to the two great galleries. He must have examined the pictures for more than half an hour before Mr. Moto joined him.

"Skirov is believed to be here, but cannot be traced," Mr. Moto said. "There is much activity. Large quantities of banners have been made already, saying, 'Down with American Imperialism' and 'Avenge the People's Martyr.'"

In view of what he had seen in other parts of the world, the news was normal and not surprising. The Rosenbergs not so long ago had been the people's martyrs.

"We will have more definite news by tomorrow, I hope," Mr. Moto said. "Some of our best people are working tonight. I shall be out myself. I should also tell you that they have found the lodging of your Mr. Ben, but he has not returned."

"Miss Bogart can get him, if necessary," Jack Rhyce said.

Mr. Moto shook his head slowly. "It will not be necessary if he is not hiding."

"You can reach me at the hotel tonight," Jack Rhyce said, "and tomorrow at ten-thirty I will be there at the Friendship League, talking to Mr. Pender."

"I'll drive you to the hotel. It will look better."

They did not speak again until they were in the car, but both of them were thinking.

"Is it only your idea or is it straight information," Jack Rhyce asked, "that there is going to be a killing?"

"There are the signs. Our people have seen them. 'Avenge the People's Martyr.' They are meant to be out on the streets, Mr. Rhyce."

"Will it be a large demonstration?"

Mr. Moto nodded.

"It's funny, isn't it," Jack Rhyce said, "to know that riots are being planned, without knowing what's going to set them off?"

"Yes. These people understand my country." He cleared his throat in a nervous way. "You do not, perhaps, remember the Army officers' uprising in 1936 which cost the lives of so many very nice people in the government? A very unpleasant time. Ha-ha. So many of us were so busy. A great deal can be accomplished by assassination."

"Depending on whom you assassinate," Jack Rhyce said.

"Exactly. I am afraid they will pick out someone very good."

"From the slogans on the banners, it sounds as though they were going to take out a left-wing Liberal."

"Yes; yes, I think."

"Can you name some prospects?"

"Oh, yes, there are several possibilities. Eight, perhaps ten, I have considered. I wish so very much your Mr. Gibson were alive. Are you sure you only knew him and no one else in his apparatus?"

"I told you once I didn't. Don't you trust me?"

"Oh, please." Mr. Moto drew in his breath carefully. "Yes, as much as you trust me, I'm very much afraid."

"I'm working with you. As long as we both want the same thing, we can keep our cards face up."

"May I ask what you intend to do about this Big Ben?"

"It depends on what he's up to."

Mr. Moto cleared his throat and sucked in another breath. "Would you object if my people were to question him?"

"Not if it's necessary, but I'd rather have him followed. He can lead us to what we want just as easily that way as going to work on him."

"If we cannot trace him tonight, I am very afraid we should use Miss Bogart to find him."

"All right. You can use your own judgment. Maybe we shouldn't leave him loose too long."

"From now on there will be a car and driver in your name outside of your hotel. He will take you to me at any hour. I am so sorry that I am so busy."

"Are you sure you wouldn't like me to go out with you and help?"

"So very sure," Mr. Moto answered quickly. "You would only be conspicuous, Mr. Rhyce. And please take care of Miss Bogart. She may be so very useful tomorrow. You understand?"

Jack Rhyce nodded. It was easy enough to understand when everything was lapsing into ordinary routine. Emotion had no value in the business. He and Mr. Moto and Big Ben were all expendable pieces on the squares of Intelligence. The number of Big Ben was nearly up. He was paying the price of stupidity. That was the only way he could assess his having given the telephone number to Ruth Bogart.

She was sitting quietly in her room when he returned, and the adjoining door was open.

"Is everything all right?" he asked.

"Yes. Everything's very dull. Have they picked up Big Ben?"

"No, not yet."

She smiled at him. "Isn't it lucky that I'm here? Do you want me to try that number?"

"No, not yet."

"Then suppose I put on an evening dress and we go out for dinner."

"Only in the hotel. I don't want us to be buzzing around too much right now."

He arrived at the Asia Friendship League offices at half past ten next morning to find that Mr. Harry Pender was already seated in his private office, wearing a fresh Aloha shirt. The light from the window glinted cheerfully on his spectacles as he waved a welcoming hand.

"Come in, Jack," he said. "Come in. Are you ready to pick my brains?"

"I'm all set and raring to go, Harry," Jack Rhyce said, "if you honestly have time to give me some more fill-in on the foundation picture."

"Why, all the time in the world, Jack. Sit down. Have a cigarette?"

"No, thanks. I never use them," Jack Rhyce said, and he seated himself in a comfortable modernistic chair.

He was embarrassed that he had not placed Harry Pender until Mr. Moto had explained him, but, after all, he had seen the face only in a group photograph, and never in the flesh. Very little doubt remained with Jack Rhyce now. The man before him was certainly the individual who was known as Harry Wise and who had recently been placed on the doubtful list at the office, a former American college instructor who had been holding a card since the late '30's.

"It sure is nice to see you safe back from that place," Harry Pender said. "I see in the Japan Times that one of our fellow countrymen took too many sleeping pills up there. I hope it didn't spoil your fun."

"Sleeping pills?" Jack Rhyce said. "Why, I never heard a word about it. We left yesterday morning, you see, and drove around and saw the sights. I sort of wanted to get oriented a little—you know, get the feel of the country."

"That's a very wise thing to do. A first impression has a lot of value. By the way, where's our girl friend? Ruth Bogart, I mean."

"She's back at the hotel," Jack Rhyce answered, and he believed that the question had indicated an unnecessary curiosity. "She wasn't feeling so well this morning—a little Japanese stomach, but nothing serious."

"Too bad. I hope you've given her something for it. Do you want me to send one of my girls over?"

"Oh, no. She's going to be all right. I just told her to take it easy. Well, let's get down to business. I want to read up on all the social studies you're making—every one of them."

Harry Pender took off his horn-rimmed spectacles and held them between his thumb and middle finger.

"Don't read too much, Jack, or you won't see the forest for the trees."

"I know exactly what you mean. But gosh, I've got to begin somewhere. You must have some pretty big policy problems."

Mr. Pender allowed his glasses to swing like a pendulum between his fingers and raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"I mean, for instance, problems of personnel. You were mentioning this on Friday, I think."

"Oh, it takes time making selections, but, on the whole, we have a fine team all the way down the line."

"Oh, I never meant to say you didn't," Jack said quickly. "I was just wondering—well, whether you had any trouble with communists or anything like that." He had intended to bring out the subject with flat-footed innocence, and from the tolerant way Mr. Pender laughed, he was rather sure he had.

"Excuse me for laughing, Jack, but that question of yours is completely characteristic of the point of view that everyone brings here from the States. Why, there's hardly a communist in Japan, in the sinister sense of the word. From my observation, democracy has a permanent foothold in Japan."

"Well, it's mighty nice to hear you say so, Harry. It's the sort of reaction I hope to fit in my report."

He watched the horn-rimmed spectacles moving in a slow, thoughtful arc, and he was happy to notice that Mr. Pender was giving him his smiling approval.

"You'll find Liberalism here in the best sense of the word," he said, "and the leaders are highly dedicated people. I want you to get to know some, Jack. I want you to get this communism bias thoroughly washed out of your hair."

"It's curious," Jack Rhyce said, "how distance distorts facts. Back in the States we hardly hear about Japanese Progressives, let alone learning their names. Who are some of them, Harry?"

He hoped that his interest appeared fatuously genuine. Mr. Pender's thoughtful brown eyes were fixed on him, but he could not detect a glint of suspicion or of any diminution in the current rapport between them.

"I think I can help you there, because the league is just doing a pamphlet on the subject, with thumbnail biographies of eight or ten of the topflight Liberal politicians. There's Hata, for instance; and there's Iwara, and Yamashita and Nishiwara. I'll be delighted to show you the copy we're preparing."

"Gosh, Harry, I'd sure like to see it. Who's the best of them, would you say?"

"Oh," Harry Pender said, and as far as Jack Rhyce could see, he was taking the question casually, "every one of them has quite a following, but Hata is head and shoulders above the rest. Noshimura Hata. I'll see you meet him sometime."

"Can you arrange it? It would be a real pleasure if you could, provided he lives around here."

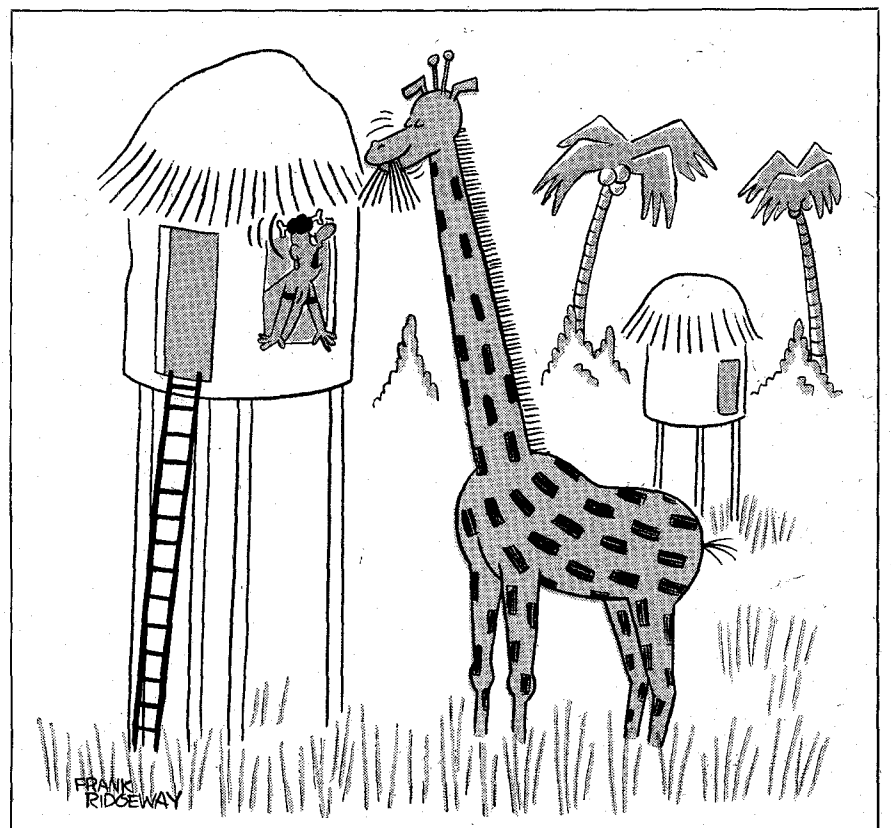
"He does, as a matter of fact; in an attractive house with a beautiful garden. His collection of dwarf trees is very widely known."

"I didn't know Liberal intellectuals had large homes and gardens."

"Hata is an educated Liberal," Harry Pender answered, and the swing of the spectacles in his fingers accelerated slightly. "An Oxford graduate, a member of a wealthy family, but a philanthropist."

"Oh. Then he can speak English, can't he?"

Granted that he had picked up the information he had wanted, had the cost been too great? Perhaps he should not have pursued the subject so long after



"All right, knock it off!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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the name of Noshimura Hata had been mentioned, and yet there had been the danger of dropping the thing too suddenly. His attention was riveted on the swinging glasses in the right hand of Mr. Pender. There was no doubt that the motion had been accelerated, and there was always betrayal in unconscious gesture. It was time to drop all show of interest, to move on to something else.

"All you say," Jack Rhyce said, "goes to prove that preconceived opinions are always off the beam, aren't they? I had no idea that the Japanese would be so enthusiastic about sports, for instance. Now, if you've got the time, I'd love to hear whether you're dovetailing a good sports program in with your other projects."

"Sports has a leading priority with us. Nothing pulls people together so much as meeting on a playing field."

At least they were away from liberalism and embarked on a sea of verbiage which ought, to keep the cover right, demand most of the morning for a crossing. Talking with Harry Pender was both real and unreal. It was ironic to think that each was talking only for the other's benefit. Did Mr. Pender believe he was impressing him? And did his own artificial guilelessness seem real to Mr. Pender? He knew only that they both were artists, each concealing any impatience or boredom he might feel while they discussed the Asia Friendship League.

It was quarter of twelve when he ventured to push back his chair.

"Harry," he said, "it's been swell of you to give me so much of your time. I guess I'd better take the rest of the day just sitting in the hotel room boning up on the material."

"It's been a good morning for me, too, Jack," Mr. Pender answered. "How about a bite of lunch before you start reading reports?"

"There's nothing I'd like better, Harry. But please give me a rain check on that offer. Right now I'd honestly better go back to the hotel and see how Ruth is. How would lunch tomorrow be, instead? Because I'll be right back here tomorrow morning, making a nuisance of myself with another batch of questions."

She was in her room, reading Terry's Japanese Empire. She looked up inquiringly when he came in.

"Has anything happened here?" he asked.

"Yes. One thing. Big Ben telephoned."

He tried to forget about her as a person, when she told that news. Nothing must interfere with the business, and she must have felt the same way, from the excitement in her eyes.

"What did he want?"

"He wanted to make a date for five this afternoon. I told him I wasn't sure that I could get away. I said I'd call back at three."

"That's the girl. I think the time has come to pick him up, Ruth. It's a good thing you're along, all right."

"Thank you, sir. How did you get on with Pender?"

"I wish I knew. He worries me a little. He's in the business all right. I think I'd better see the Japs again, right off. I'll be back in about an hour."

Frankly, he wished he felt more assured. He was not under the hotel portecochere for half a minute before the car and the driver that Mr. Moto had indicated the day before appeared. The meeting place was the back room of a curio store. Mr. Moto, still in his blue suit, sat at a table with a telephone in front of him, drinking a cup of tea.

"No more news than yesterday," he said. "So sorry."

"I'm sorry too," Jack answered.

"And how is Mr. Pender? Did you see him?"

Jack Rhyce nodded. "You were right about him," he said. "We have his photograph, but he looks ten years older. He knows a lot about Liberal politicians. I've been doing some thinking this morning."

"I am so glad to hear it and I hope so much that you will tell me the results."

"We don't seem to know what's going to happen, do we? You only know that they're making plans for an organized demonstration, and you guess that there's going to be a political killing. We had the same word in Washington. But it's only a guess, isn't it?"

"That is true. Our people are working but they have come on nothing new."

"Then I think we'd better pick up Big Ben," Jack Rhyce said. "I'm sorry. I hate to break up an apparatus."

Mr. Moto nodded. "No one has seen him. He is hiding very carefully."

"Not so carefully," Jack said. "I think maybe we're overrating our boy. He called up Miss Bogart this morning. He wants to make a date with her this afternoon. She said she wasn't sure that she could do it. She'll call him back at three."

Mr. Moto stared at the teacup, and his forehead wrinkled and he shook his head. "I do not like it," he said. "It does not sound correct."

"Meaning it doesn't sound like the first team?" Jack said.

Mr. Moto's gold teeth flashed when he answered. "I am so glad you use the expression. I wish that Miss Bogart would give us the telephone number. We could have traced it by this time."

"I told you she wouldn't, and I decided not to put further pressure on her. The fact is she may be highly useful in picking up Big Ben, and she was sent over here to be useful. She'll call him any time we want."

"She does not want to leave you," Mr. Moto said. "That is very proper, Mr. Rhyce, but I do not like it. I do not like it."

"I agree. A lot of angles in this situation worry me. You can trace the number when she calls him. We may need it if anything goes wrong, but I don't believe much in tracing numbers."

"May I ask why?"

"Because it's too obvious. They always use a public telephone in some public place—a bar or a railroad station."

"If we knew the telephone, we could be watching, and take him when he makes the call."

"Yes, but I don't think our chances would be good. He's a professional—he would be on the lookout for strangers. We're safer to let Miss Bogart call him. It's better not to be too busy when we're closing in."

Mr. Moto was silent for a moment, and then he nodded slowly. "I think I am inclined to agree with you, Mr. Rhyce. I realize that Miss Bogart is a very intelligent girl who has had training in handling these matters. I shall call on you at the hotel at a quarter before three."

"And I'll go along with you later," Jack Rhyce said. "Trace the call then, if you want, but let's catch him where he's waiting for Miss Bogart. It will be safer and surer that way. And I want to be along when you pick him up—just out of interest, Mr. Moto."

Jack Rhyce had played a part in several similar actions in America and Europe, the details of which seldom varied. Find your man and keep him at a given spot. Get the group distributed. Have the car ready. Close in simultaneously from all sides. Often pedestrians ten feet away did not notice the group around the victim, trussed and pinioned in the approved style, being half pushed, half carried to the waiting car. Even if things did not move quite as planned, a well-placed blow at the back of the skull could solve the difficulty. Big Ben was a big man, but he could be handled, given the proper group. Jack Rhyce was certain that there would be no trouble if he was in the party.

The obviousness of the operation was a sufficient explanation as to why Mr. Moto did not like it, since the use of a woman to lure a man was among the most shopworn in the sordid bag of tricks which everyone knew backwards in the business. Yet it was a trick that worked the most frequently of them all. Jack only had to remind himself that he had fallen in love with Ruth Bogart himself, freely to accept the motives of Big Ben.

By the time he and Mr. Moto reached the hotel, the preliminary preparations were all in hand and the equipment immediately necessary was packed in Mr. Moto's brief case. When Ruth Bogart saw the brief case she smiled a thin, Mona Lisa smile, and Jack had never seen her looking prettier. The excitement and the exacting demands which would be made of her in the next few minutes had added to the delicacy of her features and the luster of her hair. Even her voice had a new seductive quality.

"So you boys need me, do you?" she said. "All right, rig up the telephone."

When Mr. Moto took out of his brief case and methodically arranged the instruments, Jack watched him with approval.

"I suggest that we both listen, Mr. Rhyce," he said, as he handed Jack Rhyce a pair of earphones of Japanese manufacture.

"Are you sure this won't be too big a load?" Jack Rhyce asked.

"Don't be silly, Jack," Ruth Bogart said. "He knows his stuff." She smiled her brightest smile. "I couldn't have set this up better myself, and now it is three o'clock, I think. Perhaps if you are ready, I'd better make the call."

"No," Jack Rhyce said. "Let him wonder. Let him sweat it out for ten minutes."

He never forgot that interval of waiting or how happy Ruth Bogart looked.

"Excuse the question," Mr. Moto said. "Do you carry a blackjack with you, Mr. Rhyce?"

"Funny you should ask that," Jack Rhyce answered, "because I was thinking of it myself. No, I haven't one with me."

Mr. Moto reached inside his brief case. "If you will permit, it will be a pleasure to present you with this one. It may be useful, and—ha-ha—it will be easier for you to reach him, if needed."

Jack balanced the instrument expertly in his hand before he slipped it into his back pocket.

"Thanks. I'll do my best to be neat and clean, if necessary."

"I'm sure," Mr. Moto said. "So very sure you will be. And now perhaps Miss Bogart should make the call. Let us not have the gentleman too discouraged."

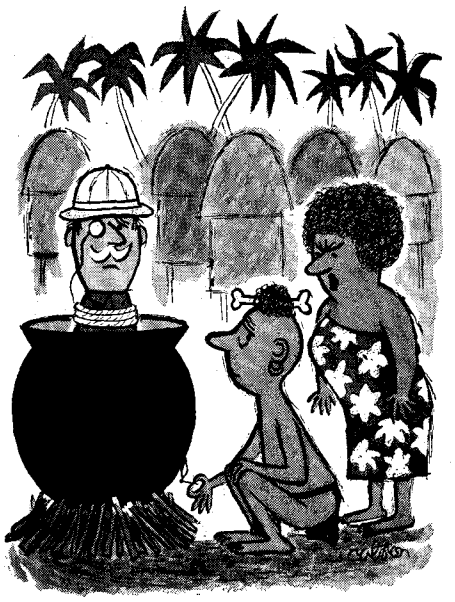
They sat silent while Ruth Bogart gave the number, and there followed, of course a moment of suspense until they heard the answering voice. The connection was very clear. There was no doubt in the world that it was Big Ben.

"Gosh, honey," he said, and his voice was plaintive, "I've been settin' here. I mighty near thought it was a brush-off."

"Oh, Ben," she said, "I'm sorry, but I couldn't call until I was alone."

"Well, don't forget you're my girl now, honey. How about say around six tonight?"

"Why, that would be lovely, Ben. Will you call for me here at the hotel?"



"I'm tired of eating at home. Why don't you ever take me out to eat?"

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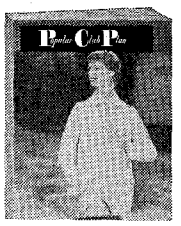

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"Why, honey, I had some trouble there, last time I was in Tokyo, and the folks there maybe don't like me too much. How about going down to the Ginza and meeting me outside the Cimaroon beer hall? I'll be waiting by the front entrance, come six o'clock."

"But, Ben dear, I don't know this town."

"I'm going to see personally that you're going to know it and love it before you're through, honey," he said. "It's no trouble to get there. Any taxi driver can take you to the Cimaroon."

"Well, then you be right outside. It's spooky alone in a place where you don't know the language or anything. Are you sure you'll be there, Ben dear?"

"Sure as hell isn't freezing. Just you don't worry. Take a cab."

"All right; but it makes me a little frightened, Ben."

"Aw, now, there's nothing to be scared of, honey. Wear something cute and fluffy. I only wish it was six already. Don't forget, the Cimaroon. You got it, honey?"

They all had it—the Cimaroon—and the conversation was over, and each sat for a moment in a questioning sort of silence.

"How did I do?" she asked.

Jack had been analyzing every pause and change of tone in the speeches. A voice over the telephone, without features or personalities to support it, was a disembodied thing. Although he had no doubt that the voice had belonged to Big Ben, there was a doubt as to whether it had been wholly credulous. Even Ruth Bogart's voice had exhibited strain, and the same had been true with Big Ben, but there had been so little deviation that he could safely attribute it to the medium of communication.

"You did fine, I think," he said. . . . "Don't you think so, Moto?"

Mr. Moto was dismantling the wiretap device. "It is not for me to analyze the European mind, but, on the whole, he gave me the impression that he wanted so very greatly to see Miss Bogart."

Mr. Moto snapped his brief case shut.

"The Cimaroon is a beer hall and night club frequented by American soldiers and sailors, a suitable place for him to select," he said. "It should not be difficult to take him very quickly if he is waiting on the sidewalk. I must be leaving now to make arrangements. The car and driver will be waiting to take you there, Mr. Rhyce. May I ask you to arrive in front of the Cimaroon at half past five?"

"Let's make it five-fifteen, if it's all the same with you."

"Thank you, I quite agree with five-fifteen."

"And what about me?" Ruth Bogart asked. "Am I going with you or not?"

"Certainly not," Jack Rhyce said quickly. "There won't be any need, Ruth."

"If he doesn't see me, he may not show," she said. "I've known it to happen, Jack."

As things stood then, it seemed safe to discount the possibility. As far as he could see, the Japan assignment was drawing to a close. If the ending was not wholly satisfactory, it was effective, and with the way things were going, they could not beat about the bush forever. His main mission had been Big Ben.

"No, it won't be necessary, Ruth," he said. "You'll only be in the way if there's any kind of hassle. He's a big boy and he may muss things up."

"I think Mr. Rhyce is correct," Mr. Moto said. "I am most grateful to you, Miss Bogart, and it would be so nice if I could pay you my respects when this is over. Perhaps a Japanese supper tonight, but—ha-ha—not at the Cimaroon, and just with me and Mr. Rhyce. But—ha-ha—not with Mr. Ben. . . . At five-fifteen, then, Mr. Rhyce, and thank you very much."

The feeling that everything was over still persisted after Mr. Moto had gone. It was true that he was hedging his bets, but it was better to hedge than lose, and they were winning enough. At least they were crippling the apparatus by taking out Big Ben.

"You know, I feel pretty good, on the whole," he said to her. "When we get him we can move the hell out of here and head for home."

Her expression had brightened too. "It can't be soon enough for me," she said. "And why can't we start being ourselves when we get on that plane?"

"I don't see why we can't from there on in."

"What do you mean? From there on in?"

"A lot of things, and we ought to be able to start discussing them as soon as I get back here."

"Do you mean you still love me?"

"It's unprofessional, but I do, and a lot of other things. Come to think of it, I wouldn't have missed any of this."

"Even being unprofessional?"

"Yes, even being unprofessional."

"Jack," she said, "what's going to happen to him?"

"He's not our problem. The Japs will take him over. It's the best we could do under the circumstances, Ruth." He turned and strode across the room and back. "We might have gone further into this if Bill Gibson hadn't died, but I think it's time now to stop this show. I really do."

"It's sticky, letting the Japs take him. I wish you and I weren't in it."

"We're in it all right."

"You're too nice for it; and maybe I am too."

"I wouldn't be surprised, but let's put our minds on pulling out of here tomorrow, Ruth."

The interval before his departure for the Cimaroon always remained in his memory as a domestic sort of scene.

"I don't suppose we'd better inquire about plane reservations yet," he said. "No reason for anyone to know that we're checking out, but if you want something to do while I'm out, you might start packing your suitcases. There might be space on something tomorrow."

"Jack, don't you think you ought to wear something heavier and darker than that seersucker coat?"

"Oh, I don't think so. This won't be night work, and it's awfully hot outside."

"I wish you were carrying a gun, just in case. Wouldn't you like to borrow my fountain-pen gadget? It doesn't look as though I'm going to need it."

"I can do fine with this 'jack," he said. He was feeling almost jovial now that everything was set. "I'm really pretty good at controlling one of these."

"Jack, if you do hit him, follow through. Let him have it all. He's an awfully big man, you know. Now you'd better kiss me good-by. I don't want you to be late."

"Don't forget Moto's coming to take us out to dinner when we get back," he said. "I wish we were going alone. We haven't had much fun here, what with one thing and another."

"Oh, there'll be lots of other times. Take care, Jack. Please take care."

He remembered those last words most distinctly. In fact, they echoed in his memory all the way out of the hotel. He had a final glimpse of her before he closed the door. She was standing, smiling, very straight and neat, and looking very happy.

Although it was only five-fifteen, the Cimaroon was already full. The brash notes of the orchestra, the high voice of the singer, the chatter of the patrons over their drinks and the rattle of glass and crockery rose to a considerable intensity. It occurred to him that the noise would be an excellent background for a shot, and it could easily be minutes before anyone would know just what had happened. You had to consider seriously such contingencies in a place like the Cimaroon, as well as check the entrances and exits. These were limited, so far as he could observe, to a wide entrance on the street and to two doors in back leading to service quarters.

Mr. Moto was waiting at a wall table facing the door—a conventional position under the circumstances. He waved a welcome to Jack Rhyce in an exaggeratedly European manner.

"Beer, of course?" Mr. Moto said. "It is so cool and comfortable here."

Jack took only a sip or two of beer because he disapproved of drinking before any such event as the one they were approaching.

"Everyone is posted," Mr. Moto said. "Ha-ha—we will use the same car in which I drove you."

"Have you looked for him all through this building?"

"Oh, yes. No sign. Are you thinking of something, Mr. Rhyce?"

"I'm just wondering whether he will be hiding until he sees her," Jack Rhyce said. "Maybe we were wrong in not having her drive up."

Mr. Moto thought for a few moments. "I very much approve your thoroughness, Mr. Rhyce. It is not too late. We might call her from the manager's office."

The office was only a cubbyhole of a room, a few paces from where they were sitting, and it was startlingly silent, once they had closed the door. She answered almost immediately.

"Ruth, we've got a second thought," he said. "Maybe you'd better take a taxi and come here at six o'clock. Get out and stand by the main entrance."

"O.K.," she said. "It's nice that great minds think alike sometimes. I'll be there."

He felt a momentary qualm as they returned to the table, simply because he disliked revising a plan on such short notice. Yet he had not the slightest premonition that he had made an error until it was six o'clock. It was six and there was no sign of any American girl, let alone Ruth Bogart, outside the Cimaroon.

"There is traffic," Mr. Moto said. "She may have misjudged the time. Do not let it upset you for five more minutes, Mr. Rhyce."

"I'd better telephone and see if she's left," he said.

When he reached the manager's office and gave the number, he noticed that his hands shook. He had never in his life wished for anything so vehemently as that he might hear her voice answer, but there was no answer. She had gone. Outside the office he was startled at the sight of his own face, reflected from one of the wall mirrors.

"I think they've double-crossed us," he said.

Mr. Moto looked very grave and glanced at his wrist watch. "If so, I share your feelings," he said. "But wait. We gain nothing by hurrying, Mr. Rhyce. Remember that you yourself made her wait ten minutes, only not to appear too prompt. She may be doing this, too—and remember one thing more."

"What's that?" Jack Rhyce answered.

"I am to blame as much as you are, Mr. Rhyce. And what is it they say in America? The show must go on in any case, Mr. Rhyce."

That was the old saying in the business. He did not like the appraising look in Mr. Moto's eyes. After all, he was representing the Intelligence of his country.

Jack Rhyce stood up. "I'm going now," he said.

"Where, please?" Mr. Moto asked.

"Back to the hotel," he said. "It's the place to start from, isn't it?"

"Yes, that will be the proper procedure," Mr. Moto said. "I shall go with you. They have won this game. He was brighter than we thought him."

TO BE CONCLUDED

"How do you like it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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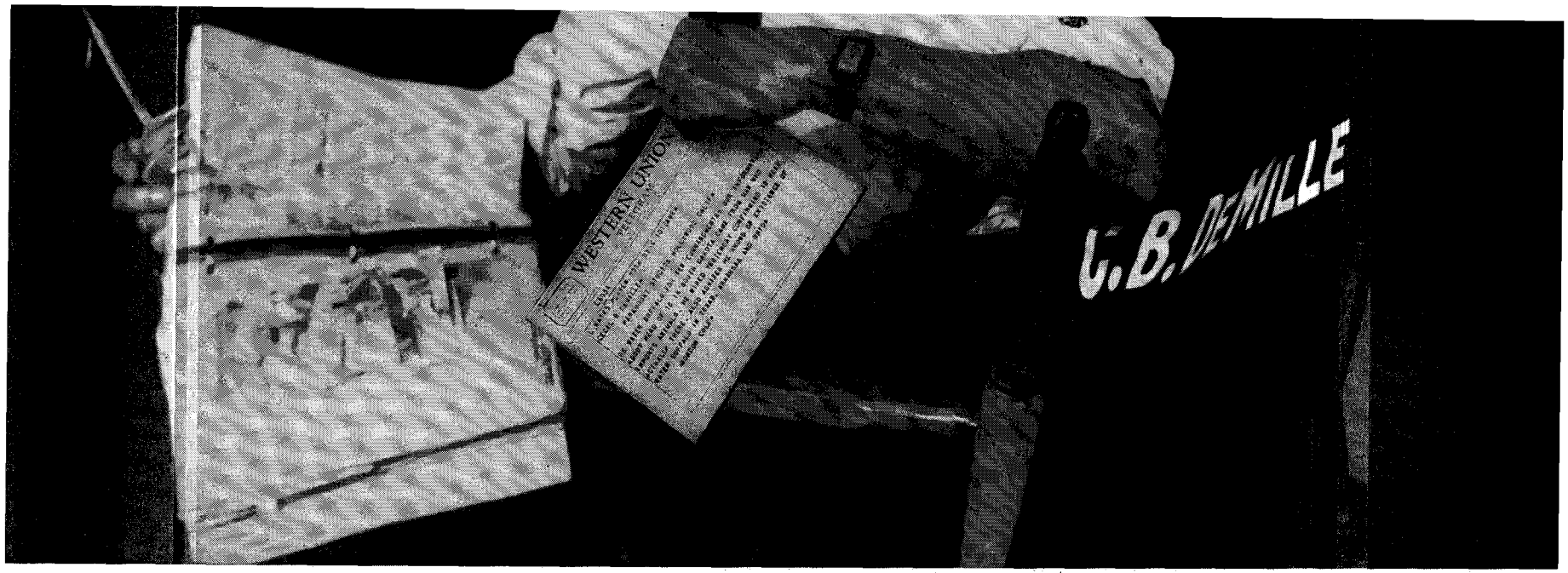

Cecil B. DeMille, Producer-Director of The Ten Commandments, a Paramount Picture in VistaVision

Lights, camera, telegrams—DeMille stages his greatest production

When Cecil B. DeMille films a Technicolor screen achievement like *THE TEN COMMANDMENTS,* the telegram is very much in the picture. In situations where, for example, a day lost in shooting can cost many thousands of dollars, the telegram gets things done *fast*—prevents misunderstandings. It would be impossible for Mr. DeMille to sum up all the things the telegram has done for him during his 44 years in movie making.

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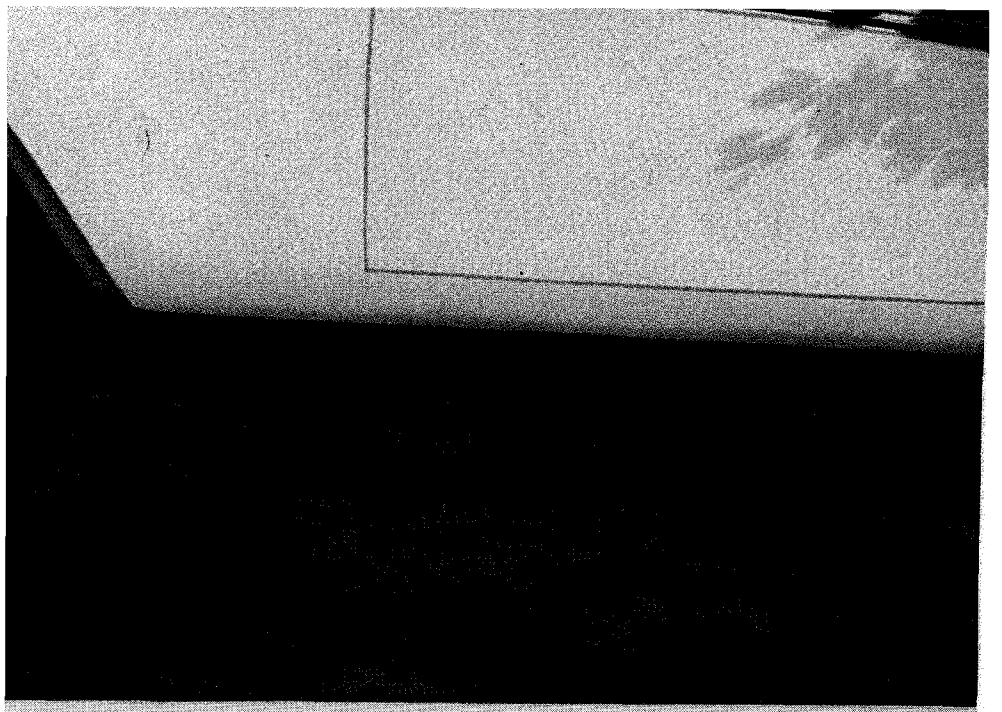

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inside while it drops outside height two and a half inches or more. It gives the Buick ride a new low center of gravity for better roadability—yet without sacrificing road clearance.

There's a mighty V8 engine that's brand-new from the crankshaft up—more compact on the outside—bigger on the inside to boost horsepower and compression ratios to all-time Buick highs.

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It's so quick, so responsive, so powerful in "Drive" even *before*

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NEW Wide-Frame Chassis with brawnier, quieter rear axle—provides deep-set cradling of car body for extra rigidity and ruggedness, gives '57 Buick new low center of gravity for safer, surer roadability.

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Big Thrills Buick

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Treachery at Rock Point (Continued from Page 33)

The bay had carried her a good three miles before she briefly glimpsed the stage far ahead as it rounded one of the switchbacks low along the face of Lodgepole Grade. When the stage presently drew even with her, its locked rear wheels making its tail end slew around in the drying mud, she looked up at Will Speer with a glad smile, saying, "The man with the hard head! Let's see that lump."

Will smiled ruefully, taking off his hat and cocking his head, drawling, "It's a beaut, Carrie."

She caught her breath at sight of the swelling at the side of his head. "Now I know what Ned meant when he said Worts must have bent the barrel of his gun. Does it still hurt?" At his shake of the head, she told him, "What happened to you was bad enough. If it had been anything worse, I don't know what I ——"

She had said more than she intended, had shown him too much of her feelings. And now, embarrassed at having let her tongue slip, she looked away, glancing into the coach.

Her eyes widened in surprise then, and she said, "No passengers! How come?"

"The storm. Washouts all along the narrow gauge. They hadn't totted up all the damage when I pulled out. But the trestle over Sparrow Gulch is gone. So's the one off south below Baldy."

"No!" she breathed incredulously. "Then that means ——"

"Means the line'll be closed for a month anyway, maybe longer."

"Why, that—that's awful, Will!" She sat a long moment considering the implications of what he had told her, then abruptly looked up at him to say, "Move over. I'll ride along with you."

"It'll cost you half fare."

"Try and collect it."

He reached down to take her arm as she stepped from the saddle to the wheel hub, then climbed up alongside him. He took her reins and stepped on back across the coach's roof to tie the bay's leathers to the rear luggage rail. Easing down onto the seat alongside the girl then, he booted off the brake and lazily swung the whip to put the two teams in motion.

"I can hear Tom swearing already," Carrie said. "This is serious, Will."

He shrugged. "The town can make out. The stores'll jack their prices and make a killin', of course. Food's been scarce before."

"I don't mean that. I'm thinking about the bank." She looked around at him, very much aware of his bigness and solidness as her shoulder came against his with a sudden lurching of the coach. "The news Ned brought us last night was bad enough. Mainly because of you. But this makes things twice as bad. What's the bank going to do, with the mines bringing more in every day?"

"The sheriff thought of that. He says he's willing to swear in enough deputies to keep a day-and-night guard on the place."

"But what happens when the month is up, when the trains start running again?" Carrie took in his skeptical shake of the head and went on, "After last night it'd take a detail of cavalry to guarantee that gold getting safely to Leesville and aboard a train. Even then it won't be safe. They rob trains, you know."

Will was staring thoughtfully ahead, elbows on knees, the reins sagging in his hands. "There's got to be a way, Carrie."

"Find one and they'll make you mayor, Will."

He straightened then and snapped the leathers to send the teams on at a faster trot. "Did Ned make it before you folks had turned in last night?"

"Hardly. We don't often stay up till ten. It was later than that, come to think of it."

He gave her a frowning, puzzled glance, obviously surprised by what she had told him. But she didn't notice, and a moment later she was saying, "Tom rode in this morning to see what Ned had found out about Kelso."

"Ten to one he's skipped the country."

"What I can't understand is why Ned would hire men like Worts and Kelso."

"According to Ned, he couldn't be too choosy about who he hired."

"According to Ned," the girl dryly echoed.

He looked sharply around at her. "Meaning what, Carrie?"

"Meaning nothing in particular, I guess."

They rode on without speaking for an appreciable interval, until Carrie all at once reached over and laid a hand on his arm. "That wasn't a kind thing to say, was it?"

When he only shrugged, she told him, "I could see it again in him last night, Will."

"See what?"

... ...

Meteor Shower

Upon the ancient
manuscripts of night
We try to read the
messages they write.

Daniel Smythe

... ...

"What we were talking about yesterday morning. He was—well, high-strung, nervous. Something's eating the boy."

"Something like having one of his stages robbed?"

His blunt sarcasm made her wince. "All right, I had that coming. But last night after Ned had gone, Tom mentioned the same thing. He said he'd noticed it when you were all at the bank yesterday."

Will's every instinct was to keep strictly clear of any discussion of Ned's relations with Carrie. Yet Tom Knight having found fault with his partner was something entirely different, and he drawled, "Go on, let's have it. What did Tom notice?"

"Only that Ned didn't seem to have his heart in it when the two of you were trying to change Baker's mind about sending the gold across."

"He didn't." Will smiled relievedly. "If I'd listened to him yesterday instead of arguing him into it, the bank wouldn't be out its fourteen thousand."

"Then what would you do? Call it quits? You can keep on hauling feed and trade goods and such, sure. But do you leave the bank and the mines high and dry to haul the gold out themselves?"

"Not so long as I have any say in the matter."

"You've only got half the say, Will. Which is what I'm getting at. Ned's lost his nerve." She shook her head almost viciously, sighing her exasperation. "All I'm hoping for now is that the trip down the river on the Belle will smooth things and let Ned get a hold on himself."

When he made no comment, she eyed him speculatively for several moments, at length saying, "Why don't you come with us? On the Belle. It'd be like old times, the three of us together, with nothing on our minds but enjoying ourselves. Tom could use an extra hand. He's taking a wagonload of truck down to the ranch, and a fourth man would come in handy driving those horses back. You could—we could take the shotguns and do some bird hunting. Or if you're like you used to be, you could pack along one of Tom's rods and fish that swift water on the Humming Bird."

"And just who would run the yard while all this was going on?" Will asked. "Couldn't do it, Carrie. You three go on and have your fun. By the time you're back home, I'm going to have my teeth in the business again. And with any luck I'll have some of the old crew hired back."

"Better think it over."

Carrie just then noticed the line of the lane leading to Crow Track a quarter mile ahead and felt a stab of keen disappointment. She had planned on riding the stage only this far, but now found herself strangely reluctant to part with Will, for their talk had been a much-needed tonic to her.

So, on sudden impulse, she announced, "I'm meeting Tom in town. Which will give me another half hour to try and change your mind."

Fred Hargutt, captain and owner of the Belle, had sent his wood crew ashore with lanterns at four o'clock this morning. Yesterday's storm had already meant a fifteen-inch rise in the river and he was impatient to be finished with the loading of the firewood so as to take advantage of the high water in crossing the tricky, ever-shifting mud bar that fanned out from the mouth of Cat Creek.

By nine o'clock the crew was hauling the donkey engine with its circular saw up the gangplank. In another twenty minutes the sweating roustabouts were stacking the last of the cordwood on the main deck, the engineer had signaled that pressure was up in the boilers and Hargutt left the wheelhouse to walk to the edge of the hurricane and bawl an order to the mate to cast off the lines.

The mouth of Cat Creek, around a bend along the south bank, slid abreast the stern-wheeler with alarming suddenness. Hargutt wasn't quite satisfied with the Belle's position and pulled the big wheel hard over, trying to cross the main channel to the slower water along the north bank. He almost made it. All at once the Belle slowed gradually when she should have been gathering speed. Hargutt heard the timbers creak, heard the paddle wheel churning the muddy water to a froth.

"Damn!" he roared. "Damn and hellation!"

He barked an order down the speaking trumpet, the engines went dead and he felt the Belle settle herself more snugly on the mud that hadn't been here two days ago.

Over the next hour he made several attempts to get the Belle off the mud. Finally, completely disgusted, he headed for the ladder leading to the cabin deck.

He had lifted a boot to the first rung of the ladder when suddenly he halted. In another moment he wheeled around to bellow, "Horses, by heaven! We'll send to the Point for teams! Ten, twenty, a hundred if need be!"

So it was that the Belle's skiff, with the mate at the oars, presently made for the south bank, sixty yards distant.

News of the Belle being aground up the river spread fast. By midafternoon, when Will and Ned drove their twelve teams down to the riverbank some two hundred yards below the stranded stern-wheeler, they found a clutter of buggies and buckboards and saddle horses, and upward of fifty men and boys, gathered near the skiff where Fred Hargutt, the mate and several roustabouts waited.

Hargutt recognized Will at once, his expression brightening perceptibly as he walked over to him. "You be the one that had the beard. What happened to it?"

"Couple of my friends threatened to set the thing afire if I didn't cut it off," Will answered with a grin. He glanced in the direction of the Belle then, to ask, "Just what do we do here?"

Hargutt pointed in the direction of the skiff that rested with its bow on the bank close to a tall cottonwood. A heavy hawser tied about the tree sagged into the water on a line with the white packet. "We hauled that there two-inch ashore. Got it fastened to the heftiest mooring bit forward. You asked for a loggin' chain and block and tackle. We got them too."

He turned to eye the teams, a displeased frown hardening the lines of his face. "Reckon that's enough horses?"

"Should be. We'll try it first with six teams."

Hargutt's look was skeptical, though he said, "You're the boss from here on, so have at it."

Will was puzzled on one point. "If we make a straight haul on the line you've got laid out, won't we be pulling you onto deeper mud?"

"Thank the good Lord, no. Move me fifty feet toward that there tree and she'll be floatin' in seven feet of water."

With a nod, Will turned away. For the following ten minutes Hargutt closely watched as Ned and Will harnessed six of their teams to the heavy logging chain in the fashion of a jerk-line freight hitch. At length Will heaved a saddle to the back of the off animal of the rearmost team, by which time the roustabouts had chained one big pulley of the block and tackle to the cottonwood, threaded both pulleys with the hawser and secured the hawser's end to the tail of the logging chain.

A few moments later, Will turned to Hargutt. "Want to stay here and watch or be on your boat?"

Hargutt swore good-naturedly, having completely forgotten this all-important detail. He turned away at once, calling back, "Give me two minutes after you see me aboard."

Ned came up to Will as, with a roustabout at the oars and Hargutt sitting in the stern seat, the skiff pulled away from the bank and headed out into the swollen river. "What do we charge him for this, Will?"

"Just what I was wondering on the way out here." Will had been watching the skiff, but he looked around at his partner. "Why not make a swap with him? If we pull him off that mud he can give you and Carrie and Tom a free ride down to Elkton."

"So he can," Ned agreed in some surprise. "Which reminds me. The mate said they're in a hurry to finish loading tomorrow, so they can leave the day after. Means we've got only one more day to get ready."

"Then you'd better get the word to Tom and Carrie."

"No chance of you changing your mind and coming with us?"

"Not any."

Those two clipped words of Will's somehow irritated Ned. He had been thoroughly ill at ease around Will today, ever since his friend had driven the stage into the yard with Carrie sitting the driver's seat alongside him. To begin with, Ned's conscience had been bothering him over what had delayed him across in Leesville last night. Then, shortly after the stage arrived, another thing had nettled him. (*Continued on Page 54*)

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1957 Make this your LUCKY year 1957

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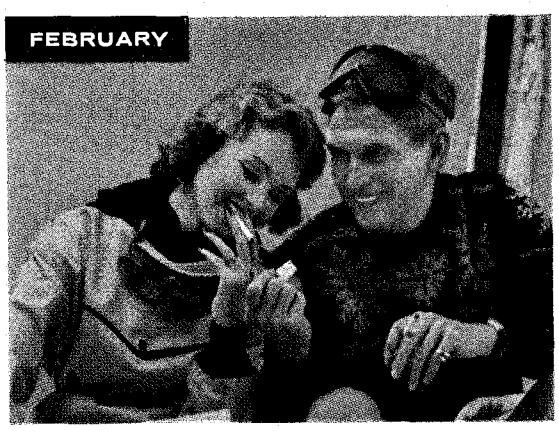
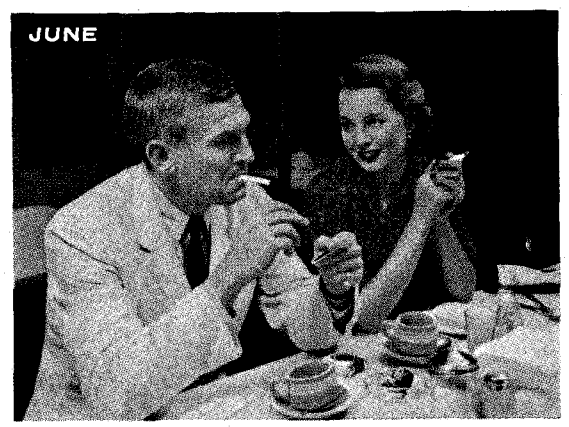


full of great days . . .

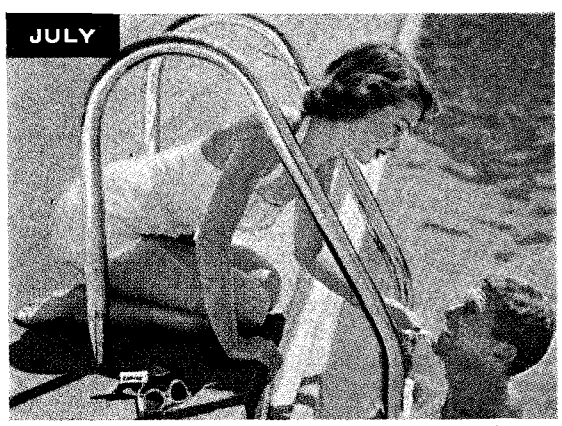
and special moments.

Perfect times . . .

to light up a Lucky!



Man, what a cigarette!



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LUCKIES TASTE BETTER

CLEANER, FRESHER, SMOOTHER!

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(*Continued from Page 52*) He had never before been made quite so aware of how completely different Carrie and Will seemed to be when in each other's presence. He had particularly noticed it in the office this morning when Carrie had been teasing Will in trying to persuade him to make the trip down the river to Elkton. Carrie had been in one of her gay, nimble-witted moods he had so seldom seen of late. And Will, ordinarily undemonstrative and sparse with his words, had unexpectedly responded in kind to the girl's lighthearted baiting.

Ned could remember a time when he had also had the knack of getting along with Carrie in exactly this same way. But over the past few months all that had changed, they no longer understood each other as they once had, and he found himself deeply envying his partner.

Will just now prodded him from his indrawn mood. "By the way, Carrie says it was after ten before you got to Crow Track last night. What held you up?"

"Just what does it matter what did?" Those angry words were spoken before Ned quite realized it, coming as an unconscious reaction to what he had been thinking. His friend's expression of amazement and bafflement roused a hard alarm in him, and he instantly sensed that his outburst had been uncalled for, a bad mistake.

"Now why am I combin' you over?" he was quick to say, smiling guiltily. "Couldn't be your fault that that nag of Worts' went lame. Anyway, I could've walked it faster than he carried me."

Will studied him briefly in a frowning, disconcerting way, finally drawling, "Just wondered was all."

In another moment the mate was hailing them. "All set up there!" and Will turned away to pick up a bull whip lying on the ground nearby.

He walked on over and stepped up into the saddle as Ned, relieved at the interruption, hurried up along the line of teams to take a stand between the leaders and reach for a hold on their bit chains.

At the crack of the whip, the teams lunged into motion, Ned moving quickly backward as the animals plodded forward, taking the slack out of the hawser. Shortly, with the block-and-tackle pulleys creaking to the strain, the tightened hawser rose clear of the muddy water all the way out to the Belle's blunt bow. Then slowly the teams drew to a halt, leaning against harness as the two big pulleys came together.

The mate used a wedge to lock the hawser in the rear pulley, and two minutes were spent with the roustabouts spreading the pulleys once more while the teams circled back and a new tie was made to the logging chain. Then the mate knocked the wedge loose, Will shouted and swung the whip and Ned steadied the heads of the lead team as they leaned into the harness once again.

Slowly, surely, the six teams strained ahead foot by foot. A ragged chorus of shouts came from the onlookers. Then suddenly the animals picked up the pace to a deliberate walk, Ned jumped out of the way and it was over, the Belle visibly drifting into the sluggish back eddy to shoreward of the mudbank.

A deck hand cast loose the hawser from the packet's blunt bow, her big paddle wheel began turning slowly in reverse, and she was definitely swinging toward the bank as Ned and Will set about unsnapping harness from the logging chain. In five more minutes the Belle nudged the shore long enough to pick up the mate and the roustabouts with their gear.

Hargutt leaned out of the wheelhouse and called through a speaking trumpet, "You with the horses, we'll settle up tonight in town!"

Both Will and Ned waved an answer, then watched the packet drift out into the river again and slowly turn her bow in the direction of Rock Point. By the time they got the teams lined out and started away from the river's bank most of the crowd of watchers had driven or ridden away in the direction of the Bend road.

They had covered better than a mile when Ned, at the head of the line of horses, was startled at hearing a sudden whooping shout from Will at the rear. He glanced quickly around in time to see Will kick his horse and come toward him at a lope.

"Ned, we've got this thing licked!" Will's tone was exultant, almost a shout, as he drew in alongside his partner. His eyes were bright with excitement, and all at once he laughed lustily, saying, "We're going to get that gold of the bank's out of here! All in one chunk. And not a soul besides you and me and Tom and Baker will know we did it!"

Ned, genuinely awed by his friend giving way to such a rare outburst, asked, "How do we do it?"

"On the Belle."

When Ned's glance showed nothing but strong puzzlement, Will went on urgently, "Don't you get it? No one'll dream of our moving the stuff till the trains are running again. This morning Carrie mentioned Tom taking a wagonload of supplies down to the horse layout. So tomorrow night after the town's gone to bed we load the gold onto the wagon and drive the wagon down onto the boat. When we get to Elkton and the ranch, we swap for a lighter rig and take the gold across to Junction, put it aboard a train off east of where the line's washed out. It's that easy."

Ned, quick to grasp the possibilities of this startling idea, was nonetheless slow in sharing his partner's enthusiasm. The complication of his personal affairs had lately made him unnaturally wary, even suspicious of anything that might further complicate them. But as he considered Will's suggestion he found himself abruptly reasoning that here might be one sure way of saving himself from any further involvement with Danbo. No sooner had the notion struck him than he was feeling a heady relief and a mounting excitement.

"Man, maybe you've hit on something!" He grinned broadly, delightedly. "We could do it! And if it works out, the whole sorry mess'll be cleared up."

"So it will, now that friend Kelso's skipped the country."

They talked about it all the way back to the Point, talked over each detail of loading the wagon tomorrow night and of getting it aboard the Belle without arousing anyone's curiosity.

Much later, with Ned gone for the day and the hands of the stage-office clock nearing the hour of six, Will walked back along the lot to the barn corral to saddle an animal and leave for the homestead. A yardman was finishing up work at the corral and offered to rope a horse for him. He thanked him and watched him go into the corral.

His attention strayed as he took out his pipe, packed and lighted it. Only when the gate hinges squealed did he glance around to find the yardman leading a brown gelding from the enclosure. It was the animal they had found in the alley across in Leesville last night, the one Ned had ridden home.

"Can't use him," Will was quick to say. "He's gone lame."

"Lame? Him?" The man was obviously surprised as he looked around at the animal. When his glance swung back to Will once more, he shook his head. "You're thinkin' of some other jughead. This one's sound. I know because I forked him up to the diggin's and back not two hours ago. This here's a real prime piece of horseflesh."

Lyle Danbo had picked himself a place along the River House's long mahogany counter that let him look into the back-bar mirror and have a good view of the lobby through the wide doorway obliquely behind him. So it was that he saw Ned Oakes cross the lobby shortly after five-thirty and disappear in the direction of the main stairway.

He was deliberate in ordering another whisky and in downing it as he made small talk with the apron. Only after another five minutes did he lay a silver dollar on the counter, tell the man, "Buy yourself a buggy with the change, George," and then walk on out into the lobby.

To be seen visiting Ned's room had become such a commonplace thing that he wasn't caring who noticed him as he mounted the stairs, walked to the rear of the upper hallway and knocked on Ned's door.

On hearing Ned's muffled answer, "It's open," he pushed the door wide and entered the room to find Ned, face half lathered, standing in front of a mirror with a straight-edge razor in hand.

Danbo schooled his expression to complete soberness as the other looked around. Ned, on the point of saying something, took in the gambler's impassive stare and waited until the door was shut before asking, "Why so gloomy, Lyle?"

Danbo deliberately took a stance to one side of the door, shoulders against the wall, his chill glance not wavering as he studied Ned. It was several seconds before he abruptly asked, "What did you do, offer him a bigger cut than I did?"

For an instant Ned's look was one of complete bafflement. The next, a high alarm flared in his eyes. "What're you trying to say?"

Very softly, Danbo breathed, "What was the deal you made with Kelso?"

Ned's hand that held the razor began visibly trembling. His face lost color, became quite pale. "Kelso?" he echoed hollowly. "What makes you think I made a deal with him?"

"What makes me? This, my friend. I haven't seen Kelso since he and Worts left me back there in the alley to get the gold off that stage last night."

Ned Oakes felt a stab of chill apprehension settle through him. He was struck dumb by what the gambler had just told him.

It was several seconds before he found the voice to ask lifelessly, "What was that? Say it again, Lyle."

"Kelso got away with the gold off the stage in Leesville last night. How much did you pay him to give me the slip?"

The man's rough-edged words finally succeeded in rousing Ned from his stupor of incredulity. The color came back to his face and he burst out indignantly, "Me buy off Kelso? After all it meant to square things with you?"

Danbo eyed him coldly, aloofly. "That's what stumps me, why you'd do it. I could go to Caroline Knight and ——"

"You do and I'll—I'll kill you, Lyle!"

Danbo, taking in the wild light in Ned's eyes, was hard aware of the razor that moment. This man could be very dangerous. He had been crowded too far. And with that sharp awareness, the gambler's next words were spoken more mildly. "You mean he played us both for fools?"

Ned suddenly swung halfway around and with a vicious stab of the arm threw the straight-edge at the wall. Its blade bit deep into the wood, its ivory handle quivering.

In a blind rage, he wheeled around to shout, "You lie! You got that satchel last night and ——"

"Careful, Ned, careful!" For the space of perhaps three seconds Danbo stood with right arm rigid, ready to reach in under coat to his shoulder holster. He was relieved then at seeing indecision and doubt gradually edge into the other's glance, and he said quickly, "So that's it. He crossed up the both of us."

"You were there!" Ned countered hotly. "Couldn't you see him and stop him?"

"I was with the horses. It was black as the inside of a barrel back in that alley. This shotgun cutting loose caught me by surprise. I waited long as I thought I dared, then made tracks away from there in a hurry. He hadn't shown up by then."

"His jughead wasn't there when we found Clyde's."

"Then he just plain laid low and outsmarted me." Danbo sighed in pretended bafflement. "Probably watched me and pulled out right after I did. Which leaves us right back where we were, you and me."

"The hell it does! I passed the word to Kelso, which was our bargain!"

"Part of it, friend. Only part. We were to be quits when a halfway split took care of the five thousand you owe me."

Made speechless by helpless anger, Ned turned away and paced to the room's back window that looked out over the roof tops of Front Street below and onto the river. For a moment he stood staring sightlessly upon the scene as he tried to think of a way of beating down Danbo's cool logic. Then abruptly he was seeing the Belle moored at the levee and remembering what he and Will had planned for tomorrow night.

All at once a coolness threaded his nerves and he could think rationally once more. He was in complete control of himself when he shortly turned around to say, "Lyle, there was fourteen thousand taken off that stage last night. Which would've canceled out the five I owed you. So I say we're quits on the thing."

"And I say we damn well aren't quits." Danbo waited for Ned to argue this, and when he didn't, drawled, "Get this through your hard head. No man alive's ever gone back on a debt he owed me. Alive, I said. So think it over a few days and we'll talk about it when you can see things a bit straighter."

"A few days from now I'll be down in the Elkton country, helping Tom bring that bunch of horses back. We'll be gone two weeks anyway."

"Doesn't matter. We've got plenty of time for this," Danbo blandly remarked. "No trains'll be running for the next month at least. Which means the bank couldn't clean out that vault if it had to."

Ned had nothing to say to this. And the gambler, reaching out to open the door, shed his severity and let his face relax into an apologetic smile. "No hard feelin's, I hope. I couldn't really believe you'd thrown in with Kelso. But I had to find out."

He turned then and left the room. And long after his steps had faded down the hallway Ned stood motionless, staring bleakly at the faded flowered paper on the wall opposite.

His thoughts were humble as he lathered his face once more and finished shaving. He felt the blood mount to his head once as he thought bitterly of Matt Kelso. He had naturally never trusted the man, yet neither had he given Kelso the credit for having either the wits or the courage to try to trick Lyle Danbo. It was plain now that Kelso must have acted on the spur of the moment after seeing Clyde

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Worts fall at the blast of the shotgun. He must have known that Danbo couldn't see him in the pitch-blackness of the alley. The weight of the satchel had probably told him he was carrying what to him would be a small fortune. He had made his gamble against long odds and it had paid off handsomely.

For some moments Ned weighed the possibility of Danbo having deceived him completely, of Kelso having handed over the gold in spite of the gambler's claims. Yet as he thought back on his dealings with Danbo he ruled out the chance that the man had been lying, for he couldn't recall one instance when Danbo had been dishonest or anything but straightforward with him.

Hardly had he made this admission of Danbo's seeming honesty toward him than he was remembering how he had just now deceived the man in not telling him of his and Will's plans for the Belle. Danbo, stung by last night's failure, would logically expect him to pass along the word of any move the bank was making. He hadn't passed that word, didn't intend to, though now as he weighed the chances he was taking in tricking the gambler he knew that the man must never be given the slightest inkling of how the gold had been taken out.

Somehow he would have to impress upon Will, upon Tom Knight and Baker—and eventually Carrie, of course—that the mystery of how the bank had solved its knotty problem would never be explained even to close friends. Danbo, meanwhile, would remain in complete ignorance of what had happened. If he did manage to discover that the bank's vault had somehow been all but emptied, then he, Ned, would simply say that it had been done without his knowledge.

His reasoning in all this was complicated but nonetheless sound, he decided. His only obligation to Danbo was the settling of his debt, and now he further reasoned that more gold would be coming in from the mines while he was away on the Elkton trip. By the time he returned, and when the trains were running to Leesville again, Danbo would have another chance to make good last night's loss.

He closed his mind to looking that far ahead, to facing the fact that he would one day again have to betray Will in planning the robbing of one of their stages. It was enough to think of the matter at hand and to relish the much-needed sop to his conscience in knowing he hadn't betrayed Will or Tom or Carrie tonight in his talk with Danbo.

He ate his supper sitting alone out of choice at one of the small corner tables. But by the time he had finished the meal and was on his way out of the dining room his solitary mood had changed and he was feeling the need of someone's company. His first thought, after rejecting that of going into the bar and sitting in at one of the gambling layouts, was of riding out to the homestead to spend the evening with Will.

But the notion had no sooner struck him than he cast it aside, knowing that two minutes with Will would only put him on his guard again, as he had been last night and all day today. He could go on out to Crow Track, of course, and tell Tom of Will's idea about the Belle, even though he and Will had earlier decided that Will was to ride out and see Tom first thing in the morning. Yet if he did pay the Knights a visit tonight he would have to be on his guard with them as much as with Will. For Carrie had lately confounded him by her quietness and a certain odd way she had of seeming to be standing off and judging him for reasons known only to herself.

Finally, as he stood there in the lobby debating what he should do, his restlessness and loneliness drove him to choosing the course he had taken so many times of late. It wasn't yet seven o'clock. By nine he could be in Leesville. There, in Grace Drew's stimulating company, he could forget his cares and think of nothing but the pleasant.

The fact that he so eagerly left the hotel and walked up to the stage yard to get a horse at the corral, without so much as a qualm over the choice he had made on how he was to spend the evening—or even a thought of Carrie in relation to that choice—was symbolic of the change the past weeks had wrought in the man. He would have been outraged, horrified, had anyone suggested that he no longer knew the difference between right and wrong. He did know the difference—knew it well. He would have argued that force of circumstance only made it seem that he didn't know the difference.

Yet one thing that he wasn't aware of—a thing he would have just as vehemently denied—was that somewhere along his back trail he had cast loose his integrity.

Will, supper finished, sat with his back propped against the trunk of the only tree within several hundred yards of the homestead cabin, a thin-leaf cottonwood. As he drew on his pipe, idly scanning the thickening shadows off across the meadow, he was doggedly trying to unravel the enigma of Ned having lied to him about the brown gelding.

He had carefully inspected the animal's hoofs, finding no bruise, no telltale swelling, all the shoes tight. It was obvious that Ned had this afternoon been trying to hide something from him. What that something might be confounded him completely. Ned wasn't the kind to brood over anything. The Ned he had known before leaving here two years ago would have come to him with any serious worry regardless of his being in the right or the wrong. This new Ned wasn't the same.

Looking back across these three days since he had walked off the Belle's gangplank, Will could recall half a dozen instances when Ned's manner had puzzled him by its furtiveness. The man's show of temper this afternoon was in itself proof of something being very wrong, or so it seemed. Finally there was what Carrie had said this morning, that both she and Tom had sensed a change in Ned. It was intolerable to him now to be undecided about Ned.

It was this that presently sent him to the corral to throw a saddle on the brown gelding and head out along the town road. He was tying the gelding in front of the River House shortly before eight o'clock.

Ned wasn't in his room; the clerk in the lobby had seen him go out onto the street something like an hour ago. So Will spent the better part of twenty minutes stopping in at the saloons along Grant Street. He was on his way back to the hotel when, on the off-chance of learning something, he turned into the stage yard and walked on back to the bunkhouse.

He found only one man, the blacksmith, in the crew quarters, and remembered that his name was Howell. The blacksmith sat at the long room's single small table, playing solitaire with a grimy deck of cards. As Will came in, he looked around, arching his brows in faint surprise when he saw who this was.

"Ned been around tonight, Howell?" Will asked without preliminary.

The blacksmith nodded. "Came in, threw his hull on that white-stockinged mare and rode straight out."

"Any idea where I could find him?"

Howell's glance slid away too quickly as he answered, "None at all."

Will at once suspected that the man wasn't telling the truth. He also suspected that there was no reasonable way of making him tell what he knew, if, in fact, he knew anything.

Nonetheless he pretended disappointment and said ruefully, "Now wouldn't that be my luck? The one time I've needed to see him real bad since I got back."

The blacksmith's look showed concern. "Something gone wrong?"

Will shrugged. "Hope not. But it's either see him tonight about this or not at all."

Howell out of politeness wasn't going to ask point-blank what the trouble might be, which was something Will was counting on as he turned back to the door, grumbling, "Damn!"

He was stepping out through the doorway when Howell said, "Hold on a minute." He waited until Will swung to face him once more. Then: "You ain't going to say who told you this?"

"Told me what, Howell?"

"Where the boss went. Maybe where he went, I mean."

"No, I'm not going to say."

Howell smiled in a faintly apologetic way. "Now I don't say I know this for sure. But if you got to see Oakes, you just might find him across in Leesville at the widow Drew's."

"Drew? A widow?" Will's puzzlement was patently honest.

"Yeah. Pretty young filly that tied up with Len Drew before he let the bottle get to him. You probably never knew him, but he's the one that set your barn afire across there and got burnt to a crisp along with it."

Will remembered Carrie's mention of Drew and Drew's widow now, and nodded. "Yes, I heard about him. But what's Ned seeing his widow for?"

Once again that furtive quality edged into the blacksmith's glance. "As to that, I'm not the one to say. But he spends time with her, so the boys tell me."

Suddenly Will understood what the man was driving at, and he was glad for the weak lamplight that let him hide the shock it gave him and the hard surge of anger that rose in him.

Howell evidently didn't notice anything out of the way, for he went on, "Of course, he might've gone someplace else, you understand."

"Sure." Only after Will had turned out the door once more, his thoughts reeling to the implications of what he had just learned, did he think to say, "Much obliged, Howell."

He walked out across the shadowed yard, his spurs laying a metallic rustling against the stillness, and stood by the street gate for all of five minutes, at first disbelieving what the blacksmith had told him, then knowing he had to believe it.

By the time he started back down the street toward the lights of the hotel his anger had died away and he was feeling little beyond a tolerant wonder at Ned's foolishness. Or perhaps, he admitted, there was good reason for his friend's outwardly shabby treatment of Carrie Knight. Other men had countless times let their affections stray, even when their loyalty was due such a beautiful and intriguing woman as Carrie.

This was strictly Ned's affair; no one else's. The man's infatuation might well wear itself out without Carrie's ever knowing of it. But meantime Will thought he had his answer to Ned's strange burst of anger this afternoon on the subject of his tardy arrival at Crow Track last night. Ned had probably spent some time with the Drew woman before leaving Leesville.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Perfect Squelch

Although she had three small children of her own, Mrs. Smith constantly found herself taking care of Tommy, the child of a neighbor. Tommy's mother, a fussy housekeeper, always managed to come up with some excuse for not having the Smith children in her home. But she never failed, even on rainy days, to bundle Tommy off to the Smiths for a day of play.

Meeting Mrs. Smith at a neighborhood gathering, Tommy's mother began rattling on about his having no brothers or sisters, and how much he enjoyed playing at the Smiths' house. "And I'm sure," she said finally to Mrs. Smith, "you don't mind Tommy's coming over so much."

"Not at all," Mrs. Smith said dryly. "I just hope I'm raising him to suit you."

Louise Doughty

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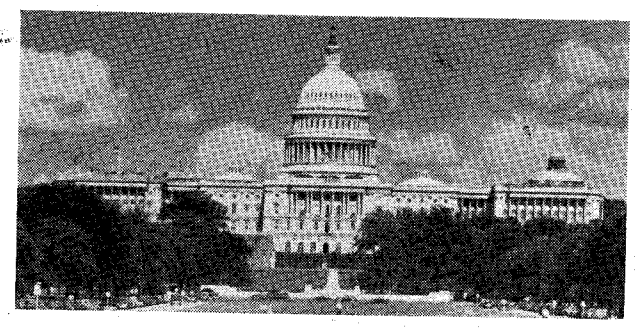
Washington gives the word:



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Maloney Concrete Company of Washington, D. C. has purchased 225 GMC Trucks in its 25-year history because GMC's stand up in rugged off-highway terrain. Maloney has ordered new GMC FW550 models of 46,000 GVW which deliver 1 to 1½ more yards of concrete per load than conventional trucks

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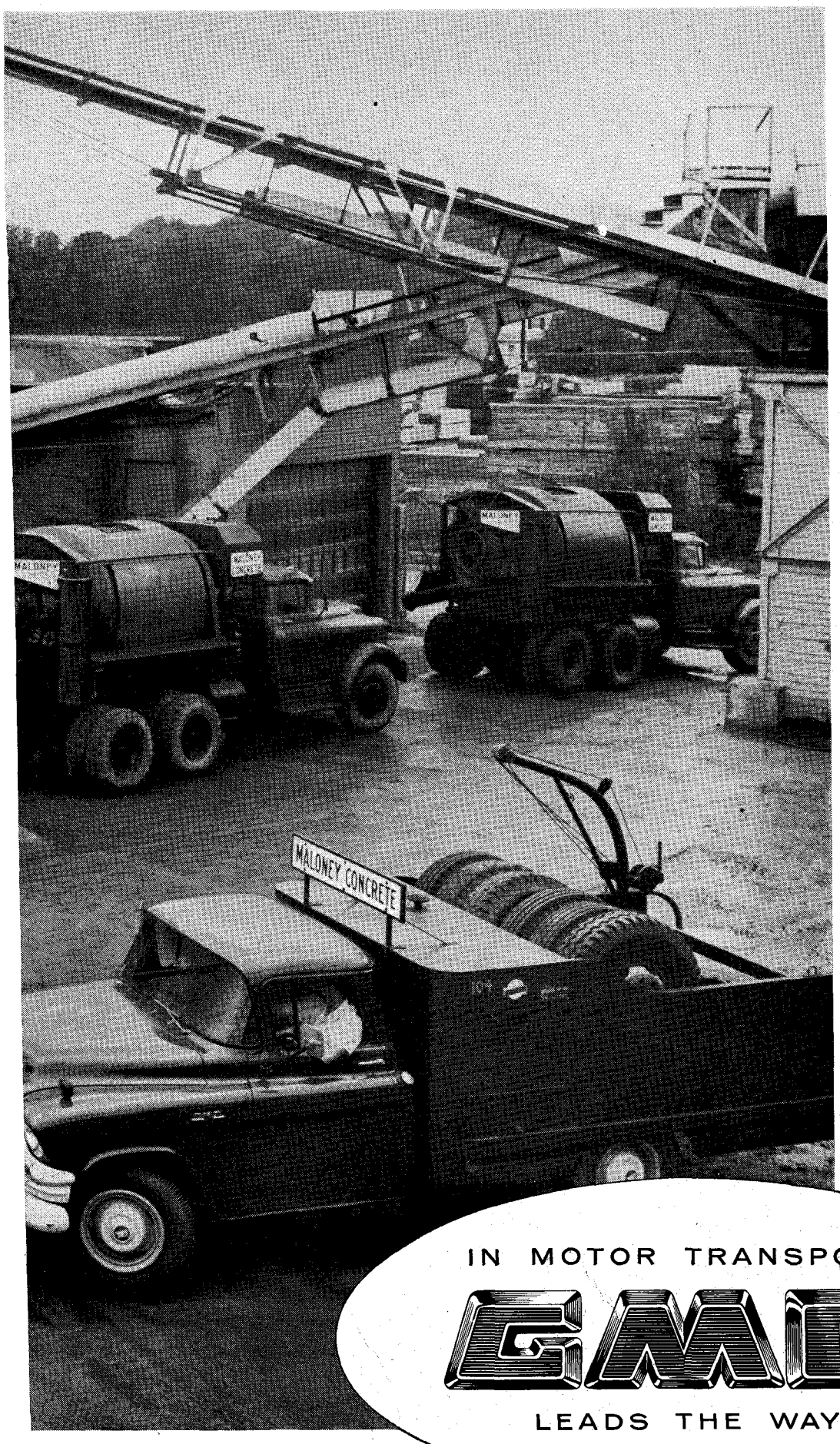
Start building!"



Now it's law. With the enactment of the national superhighways bill, the country launches the most enormous construction program in its history.

In these 41,000 miles of new roads, the construction field faces at least a decade of full-scale activity. Needed dams, bridges, waterways and tunnels will add to it. The demands for earth-moving, for building materials are reckoned in astronomical numbers.

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And here's why. Every one of the six engines available—gasoline or *two*-cycle Diesel—has plenty of transmission and axle brawn to match its big torque output.

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Hydra-Matic Drive* has ended shifting lags and their momentum losses. Out of the pit or in traffic, that amounts to a lot more work per day. And Safety Power Steering* has taken minutes and need for muscle out of tough maneuvering situations.

Add them up. Lower fuel costs. Far less down-time and repair costs. Up to double the time between overhauls. Better time with bigger loads—and more trips per day.

These Blue Chip GMC assets will account for millions of dollars saved—and earned—on the long-term job ahead. To prepare for *your* part in this great program, choose from trucks built especially for that job—at your GMC dealer's!

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The Comedy of Roses

(Continued from Page 28)

Queen of the Roses and her six Princesses in a careless manner, resulting in said Rose Queen's float being catapulted, capsized and overturned on Colorado Street between Terrace Drive and Vernon Avenue; causing said Queen and her court to be thrown bodily to the hard concrete pavement?

Did not the whole country, through the medium of television, see these beautiful creatures strewn on said pavement, suffering severe body injuries, consisting of bruises, fractures and concussions, combined with the embarrassment of the exposure of their limbs, undergarments and personal lingerie? Todd Collins, this irresponsible defendant, not only upset the Queen and her court but, while piloting said float, harassed, scared, frightened, terrified and alarmed some sixty youngsters comprising the Glendale High School Fife, Bugle and Drum Corps, terrorizing its personnel while in flight.

And if that were not enough, your honor and ladies and gentlemen, while this fateful float was wildly careening, various and sundry members of the esteemed Bel Air Rough Riders Posse, mounted on highly spirited Arabian stallions, were compelled to flee for safety while intermingled and entwined with the aforementioned Glendale fife-and-drum group, further resulting in pandemonium, riot and turmoil among the thousands of spectators. January one of this year will be remembered as the day Todd Collins brought disgrace to our city. He must be punished—and the people will not be satisfied with anything but the limit of the law.

JUDGE: Thank you, Mr. Brackett. . . . Now, Mr. Collins, you may make an opening statement if you so desire.

COLLINS: Your honor, the defendant admits that his name is Todd Collins, that he is twenty-one years old and that he lives in the city of Pasadena. He denies all the charges. If it is proper, your honor, may I ask a question?

JUDGE: You may.

COLLINS: Is the district attorney wearing the sort of make-up generally used by actors while performing on television?

BRACKETT: I object, your honor. It has nothing to do with this case whether I am wearing make-up or not.

JUDGE: For your information, Mr. Collins, the television people did apply some make-up to the court and the district attorney. The court reluctantly acquiesced when advised this was customary.

COLLINS: Then, your honor, I move to dismiss the charges against me, as I received no application of said make-up, as did you and the D. A. Therefore, in the eyes of the law I am not receiving the same rights and privileges accorded to others. This is un-American.

JUDGE: Is the defendant insinuating that this court is subversive?

BRACKETT: I demand that the defendant be held in contempt.

COLLINS: I didn't mean you were a communist. I simply meant that the procedure was un-American. I claim that we should all be made up or none at all.

JUDGE: There is no precedent for your request. However, the court will allow five minutes for the defendant to be made up.

BRACKETT: Objection. Evidently the TV people didn't think it necessary to apply make-up to the defendant.

COLLINS: Your honor, who's trying me—the TV station or you?

JUDGE: Mr. Collins, do you want make-up?

COLLINS: No, sir. I won't delay the trial.

JUDGE: Mr. Brackett, you may call your first witness.

BRACKETT: Call Clifford Erickson.

(*Witness is sworn.*)

BRACKETT: Your full name and age.

ERICKSON: Clifford Boswell Erickson. Sixty-three.

BRACKETT: Are you—and have you been—chairman of the Tournament of Roses Committee?

ERICKSON: Yes.

BRACKETT: On January first did you witness the Tournament of Roses parade?

ERICKSON: Yes. It was disgraceful.

JUDGE: Answer the questions, Cliff. Don't give any opinions.

BRACKETT: In what way was this parade different from those of previous years?

ERICKSON: This fellow Collins upset the whole parade, tipping over the Queen and the Princesses off their float and sending the people scurrying hither and yon. We were the laughingstock of the whole country. All the newspapers carried pictures and a lot of wise guys drew cartoons showing the Bel Air Posse in retreat. And this young Todd Collins fellow is to blame for it all.

BRACKETT: That's all.

JUDGE: You may cross-examine the witness, Mr. Collins.

COLLINS: Mr. Erickson, as chairman of the Rose Committee, was it one of your duties to check the various float drivers as to their sobriety and ability to drive?

ERICKSON: Everybody was screened thoroughly.

COLLINS: Your honor, I am not a lawyer, but I believe the D. A. forgot an important point. He neglected to prove that I actually drove the float in question, so I'll admit that I did. Is that O.K. with you, judge?

JUDGE: The district attorney, I am sure, is grateful to the defendant for the statement of admission.

BRACKETT: The district attorney doesn't require any lessons in procedure from this defendant.

COLLINS: I was only trying to be cooperative. I know, from the cases I've seen on TV, that so far he hasn't proved anything against me. . . . I almost forgot about you, Mr. Erickson. Was I screened before I was assigned to drive the Queen's float?

ERICKSON: Yes. You come from a good family and have been a fine, dependable young man until this incident.

COLLINS: Thank you. And all the floats were inspected for safety, such as brakes, engines, and so on?

ERICKSON: Of course. We never had anything like this happen before.

COLLINS: Now, sir, I am charged with driving while intoxicated. Was I drunk before the parade started?

ERICKSON: Only a drunken or crazy man would drive a float zigzag and criss-cross at sixty miles an hour during a parade.

COLLINS: Was I crazy on January first?

ERICKSON: You must have been.

COLLINS: Are you a physician or a psychiatrist?

ERICKSON: I'm in the insurance business.

COLLINS: You didn't smell any liquor on me before the parade?

ERICKSON: How can you smell anything except roses with all those roses around?

COLLINS: Are you asking me, sir?

ERICKSON: Now, judge, this boy's trying to play tricky with me. I refuse to engage in any shenanigans. He ought to be in jail.

JUDGE: That's for me to decide.

COLLINS: I'll ask Mr. Erickson again. . . . Did you smell any liquor on me?

ERICKSON: I smelled roses, and with all those roses around you can't smell liquor. I don't know.

COLLINS: That's all. Your honor, how am I doing?

JUDGE: Satisfactorily so far. . . . Call your next witness, Mr. Brackett.

BRACKETT: Call Mitchell Norcross.

(*Witness is sworn.*)

BRACKETT: State your name, address and age, please.

NORCROSS: Mitchell Norcross, 325 Madison Street, Glendale, California, fourteen years old.

BRACKETT: Are you and have you been a member of the Glendale Fife, Bugle and Drum Corps?

NORCROSS: I was, but I don't know if the band will continue, as we lost our bass drum and two bugles in the wreck.

BRACKETT: On January first were you marching and playing with said drum corps in the Rose Parade?

NORCROSS: Yes.

BRACKETT: Did anything unusual happen during the parade?

NORCROSS: No, sir.

BRACKETT: Didn't you see the Queen's float run amuck?

NORCROSS: Yes, that happened while we were playing Stars and Stripes, on Colorado between Terrace Drive and Vernon Avenue. Brother, did we scatter!

BRACKETT: And your band was marching directly behind the Bel Air Rough Riders Posse?

NORCROSS: Yeah. We were right behind some rich guys on snazzy horses with solid-silver trimmings. It's very tough to march behind horses. We always get to march behind horses. You know what I mean.

(*Laughter by spectators.*)

JUDGE: No laughter in the courtroom. . . . Get to the point, young man.

NORCROSS: What point?

BRACKETT: If the court will kindly desist from upsetting the witness. . . . Go on, Mitchell, what happened?

NORCROSS: It's very tough to play a fife and march behind a lot of rich horses.

BRACKETT: Never mind the horses. What about the float?

NORCROSS: Well, we were playing ——

BRACKETT: Stars and Stripes Forever.

NORCROSS: We finished that and started Blue Bells of Scotland, when this crazy float went right through us, and the Queen and her gang fell off and their dresses went right over their heads. I thought they were killed.

BRACKETT: That's all.

JUDGE: You may cross-examine the witness, Mr. Collins.

COLLINS: When the float started to zigzag was the parade marching downhill?

NORCROSS: Yeah, we were playing Blue Bells of Scotland and ——

COLLINS: Before we started to go downhill the parade was going along nice and smooth?

NORCROSS: Yeah, just before we made the turn to go down we played Chicken Reel ——

JUDGE: Young man, it won't be necessary to list the repertoire of your fife-and-drum corps.

COLLINS: Who do you feel was responsible for the accident?

NORCROSS: The guy who drove the float. He must have been a whiz. Nobody got killed, even. That guy is a smart driver, all right.

BRACKETT: Objection. The witness is not qualified to testify as to capabilities of the driver.

COLLINS: He's your witness.

JUDGE: That's right, Henry. Are you asking to disqualify him?

BRACKETT: I swore him to testify that he was in the parade.

COLLINS: To save time, the defendant stipulates that the Glendale Fife, Bugle and Drum Corps was in the parade and was forced to scatter while playing Blue Bells of Scotland. That's all. . . . How am I doing, your honor?

JUDGE: Call your next witness, Mr. Brackett.

BRACKETT: Call Colonel Bradley Hertzel Upjohn.

(*Witness is sworn.*)

BRACKETT: Full name, address and age, please.

UPJOHN: Bradley Hertzel Upjohn, Colonel, United States Cavalry, Retired. Address, 14 Bellona Drive, Bel Air, Los Angeles. Age sixty-two.

BRACKETT: On January first you participated in the Tournament of Roses Parade as the lead rider of the Bel Air Rough Riders Posse?

UPJOHN: Yes, sir.

BRACKETT: Your posse of rough riders was composed of thirty-six expert riders, all wearing the regalia and trappings peculiar to your group?

UPJOHN: Yes, sir.

BRACKETT: And the gentlemen comprising the posse are all leading citizens, captains of industry and men of influence and wealth?

UPJOHN: It is the most exclusive group of its kind in the world.

BRACKETT: What was the effect of the recklessly driven float upon your distinguished group and your animals?

UPJOHN: We were forced to scatter. Our horses reared and whinnied. Many of our men found it difficult to control their mounts, due to the confusion; Eric Fenway, president of Midwest Building and Loan, was thrown; Hugh Gregory, retired capitalist, was dismounted and fell into a bass drum. Both suffered lacerations and cement burns. Those little monsters behind us continued playing their fifes and drums, scaring our horses no end. I told the parade marshal not to put us near those kiddy marching clubs, but we always land next to one.

BRACKETT: More important, colonel, what was the reaction of the posse to the recklessly driven float, as piloted by this defendant?

UPJOHN: Our ire was up, sir. We were angry enough to string this fool driver up to the nearest oak, but, fortunately, the Pasadena Club soothed and assuaged our tempers with generous portions of bourbon and branch water.

BRACKETT: Thank you, colonel. That's all.

JUDGE: Mr. Collins?

COLLINS: Just one question, colonel. In the Tournament of Roses parade of 1945, didn't you have occasion to ride a highly spirited horse?

UPJOHN: Yes, I have participated in all the parades for the past thirty years.

COLLINS: In the 1945 parade, didn't your horse rear up, then run away, as you lost your reins? Didn't said horse frighten, scare and terrorize thousands of people, until it was finally apprehended as it attempted to climb the stairs of the Pasadena Elks Club?

(*Laughter by spectators.*)

JUDGE: No laughter, please.

UPJOHN: The horse ran away, sir, but it wasn't my fault. There was a band marching behind us and some fool blew a slide trombone that touched the flank of the animal, and he reared and ran. That's why I'm against bands.

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COLLINS: That's all. I move, your honor, to dismiss the charges against me. I'm sure everyone in the TV audience will agree that I am innocent.

JUDGE: There shall be no further reference to the television audience. Motion denied. Next witness.

BRACKETT: Call Judith Marshall.

(*Witness is sworn.*)

BRACKETT: Your name, address and age, please.

JUDITH: Judith Douglas Marshall, 2 Hilltop Road, Pasadena; age, nineteen.

BRACKETT: Were you selected as the Queen of Roses and did you serve in that capacity during the recent festival?

JUDITH: Yes, sir.

BRACKETT: The district attorney desires to pay homage to our beautiful Queen and her equally beautiful Princesses.

JUDGE: The court concurs. She is one of our loveliest.

COLLINS: The defendant also concurs.

JUDITH: Thank you.

BRACKETT: For the record, your honor, the people would like it stipulated that the testimony given by Miss Marshall is concurred in by the six young ladies who also rode on the fateful float.

JUDGE: Is this agreeable to the defendant?

COLLINS: It all depends on what Miss Marshall says, your honor. I'll stipulate that she is beautiful, talented and trustworthy to a degree, but I have no idea what she'll say when she's angry.

JUDITH: I intend to tell the truth.

COLLINS: You have to or they'll throw you in the pokey.

JUDGE: Proceed, Mr. Brackett—and hurry along, as this case should not require so much time.

BRACKETT: It's open and shut with me. If the defendant wants to enter a plea of guilty, we might be satisfied with a lesser sentence, if the court so agrees.

JUDGE: That's very liberal of Mr. Brackett.

COLLINS: I shall not plead guilty to anything, your honor. The district attorney is finding out that I am innocent, as this case goes on. I ask for dismissal again right now. I look to you, your honor, to protect my interests.

JUDGE: When Mr. Brackett finishes his case, you may move for dismissal—not until then. Proceed with this witness.

BRACKETT: Miss Marshall—your majesty—will you tell the court what happened during the parade of January first?

JUDITH: I guess everybody in the world knows. When we reached the top of Colorado, just before the decline, the float started to shake, and the next thing we knew, we were careering down the hill—until we fell off.

BRACKETT: Were you and the Princesses embarrassed because of the exposure of your limbs and undergarments before the television cameras?

JUDITH: Not only that. We all received bruises and scratches. I am black and blue.

BRACKETT: Where?

JUDITH: Well, on my hips—and just below.

COLLINS: I'd like the witness to be directed to say where the bruises are, and how many.

JUDITH: I'm not going to undress and count them for you.

BRACKETT: Tell us as nearly as possible how many bruises.

JUDITH: At least a dozen.

BRACKETT: You also suffered shock while the float was making this wild and perilous journey?

JUDITH: I never thought we'd come out alive.

BRACKETT: Did you see Todd Collins before you mounted your throne on the float?

JUDITH: Yes, sir.

BRACKETT: Did he act peculiarly?

JUDITH: That's putting it mildly. He was nervous and jittery and nasty.

BRACKETT: As if he had been drinking?

JUDITH: He seemed apprehensive and worried.

BRACKETT: Did he say anything to you that might lead you to believe that he was intoxicated as charged?

JUDITH: He didn't say anything to me. We weren't talking.

JUDGE: You knew each other?

JUDITH: Yes, sir. We had a big argument at the Queen's Ball the night before.

(*Buzzing of spectators.*)

JUDGE: Order in the courtroom.

BRACKETT: You say you had a big argument with Todd Collins the night before the parade. Is it your opinion that Todd Collins, out of revenge, deliberately drove the float in a fashion to endanger your life?

JUDITH: I wouldn't put it past him.

(*Buzzing of spectators.*)

JUDGE: If there are any further demonstrations, the courtroom will be cleared.

COLLINS: Your honor, when the witness answers, "I wouldn't put it past him," isn't that a conclusion on her part? Shouldn't she say definitely what happened? The television audience certainly would like to know.

JUDGE: A yes-or-no answer would be more acceptable. And, Mr. Collins, you will not refer to the television audience; they are not sitting as a jury.

COLLINS: You don't know this witness as I do, judge. She'll say anything when she's angry. I know.

BRACKETT: Just one more question, your majesty. Did Todd Collins threaten your life orally or by his actions on the night of the ball?

JUDITH: Not in so many words.

BRACKETT: But he was angry enough to?

COLLINS: Your honor, how can I be tried for murder when no one got killed?

JUDGE: The district attorney is attempting to prove that you drove the float recklessly, with the intent to kill. . . . Proceed, Mr. Brackett.

BRACKETT: Because of this inexcusable, neglectful incident, you and your Princesses also suffered extreme mental anguish?

JUDITH: Yes, sir. We feel that we were subjected to ridicule in front of millions of people, and all the newspapers displayed our pictures while we were dishevveled. We didn't like it one bit. We all cried.

BRACKETT: You have been most cooperative, your majesty. Thank you.

COLLINS: Miss Marshall, how long have you known me?

JUDITH: More than seven years.

COLLINS: What was your opinion of me before this accident?

JUDITH: I thought you were very nice.

COLLINS: And kind and considerate?

BRACKETT: She didn't say that.

COLLINS: Does the witness deny it?

JUDITH: No.

COLLINS: You mentioned that we had an argument prior to the parade. Now what was said that caused me to become sullen, apprehensive, nasty and all those other things you accused me of?

JUDITH: Do I have to answer?

JUDGE: If it has a bearing on the case.

COLLINS: What did we argue about?

JUDITH: About love.

(*Tittering of spectators. Judge raps for order.*)

COLLINS: And marriage?

JUDITH: Yes.

COLLINS: Do you want to tell all the people watching on TV exactly what was said?

JUDITH: I don't mind. I'm not ashamed. I said I wanted to marry you before you went into the Army, because I loved you.

COLLINS: What did I say?

JUDITH: You said you loved me, but we should wait to marry.

COLLINS: And you became angry?

JUDITH: Naturally. No girl wants to be put off or snubbed, especially when she happens to be the Queen of the Roses.

COLLINS: And when the brakes of the float failed, you are now willing to accuse me of trying to kill you?

JUDITH: Well, I ——

COLLINS: Answer yes or no.

JUDITH: I didn't mean ——

COLLINS: Did I threaten to kill you or not?

JUDITH: No.

COLLINS: One more question. On several occasions during this trial it was mentioned that you and your Princesses were embarrassed when you fell off the float and your limbs and lingerie were exposed. Now, Miss Marshall, isn't it true that under your beautiful, expensive, gorgeous bouffant gowns you all wore long men's heavy woolen underwear because the morning was cold?

A bachelor is a man who apologizes only when he is wrong.

FRANCES RODMAN

(*Laughter by spectators.*)

JUDGE: No laughter in this courtroom.

BRACKETT: I object, your honor. The type of underwear worn by the Queen is immaterial.

JUDGE: She may answer.

COLLINS: The district attorney said she exposed herself. I claim she didn't, as I personally went out and bought all the girls long male woolen underwear. Does the Queen deny it?

(*Laughter.*)

JUDGE: No laughter in the courtroom. The witness will answer the question. . . . Read it back, stenographer.

CLERK: The district attorney said she exposed herself. I claim she didn't, as I personally went out and bought all the girls long male woolen underwear. Does the Queen deny it?

JUDITH: I don't deny it.

JUDGE: Good thing you wore those longies or you'd 'a' had more bruises.

COLLINS: One more question. Do I drink alcoholic beverages?

JUDITH: No.

COLLINS: Did you ever drive with me in my car?

JUDITH: Of course, silly.

COLLINS: Did I ever drive recklessly?

JUDITH: No.

COLLINS: Do you think I was crazy or out of my mind on the day of the parade?

JUDITH: I don't know.

COLLINS: On the night of January first—after the parade—in which you were so terribly upset and bruised, didn't you and all the members of your court attend a dinner dance in honor of the U.S.C. and Wisconsin football teams, and with all your bruises and mental anguish, you danced every dance?

JUDITH: Yes.

COLLINS: That's all, your honor, except that I was never reimbursed for the seven suits of long underwear. Now, Judge Robinson, I ask for a dismissal of all charges against me.

JUDGE: Motion denied.

BRACKETT: The people rest.

JUDGE: Now, Mr. Collins, you may call your witnesses.

COLLINS: Mr. Larry Rogers.

(*Witness is sworn.*)

COLLINS: Mr. Rogers, do you own and operate the Rogers Auto Brake Service?

ROGERS: Yes, for over twenty years.

COLLINS: Did you test the brakes on the Queen's float before the parade?

ROGERS: About a week before. I told the committee the linings were worn and this particular float wasn't safe.

COLLINS: And after the accident, at my request, you inspected the brakes again?

ROGERS: Yes, and they were never fixed.

COLLINS: Was it your job to repair them or replace them?

ROGERS: No, I just inspected. The committee probably forgot. They're busy fellows.

COLLINS: As an expert on automobiles, would you say the driver of the Queen's float was negligent?

ROGERS: I think you did one hell of a job.

JUDGE: Watch your language; you're in court.

COLLINS: I ask again, your honor, to dismiss this case, as everyone must now be convinced that I am innocent.

JUDGE: The court is inclined to hold with the defendant. . . . Has the district attorney any objection?

BRACKETT: Not until the defendant takes the stand.

JUDGE: Mr. Collins, do you mind being cross-examined by the district attorney?

COLLINS: No, sir.

JUDGE: Then call yourself as witness, waive direct examination.

COLLINS: Call Todd Collins.

(*Witness is sworn.*)

BRACKETT: The court mentioned a few moments ago that the TV audience was not sitting as a jury, but whether they are or not, I have received over two hundred telegrams in this courtroom attesting to the innocence of the defendant. Now, if the court will allow a slight deviation from regular procedure, I'd like to ask the defendant if he intends to study law.

COLLINS: After I get out of the Army.

BRACKETT: The district attorney believes this defendant definitely should pursue the law. One more question: Why don't you marry the Queen?

COLLINS: I thought I ought to wait until I can support her.

BRACKETT: That's as weak an excuse as ever hit my aging ears.

JUDGE: The court agrees with the district attorney.

COLLINS: I don't know whether she'll have me now—after this trial.

JUDGE: Miss Marshall, are you still prepared to marry Todd Collins?

JUDITH: Yes, sir. But not now—we don't have a license.

JUDGE: When you get one, come back here and the court will marry you without benefit of fee.

COLLINS: It had better be quick; I have an invitation to appear at Fort Ord next week.

BRACKETT: Your honor, because of the unusual circumstances attending this proceeding, the people withdraw their charges against Todd Collins.

JUDGE: Case dismissed.

THE END

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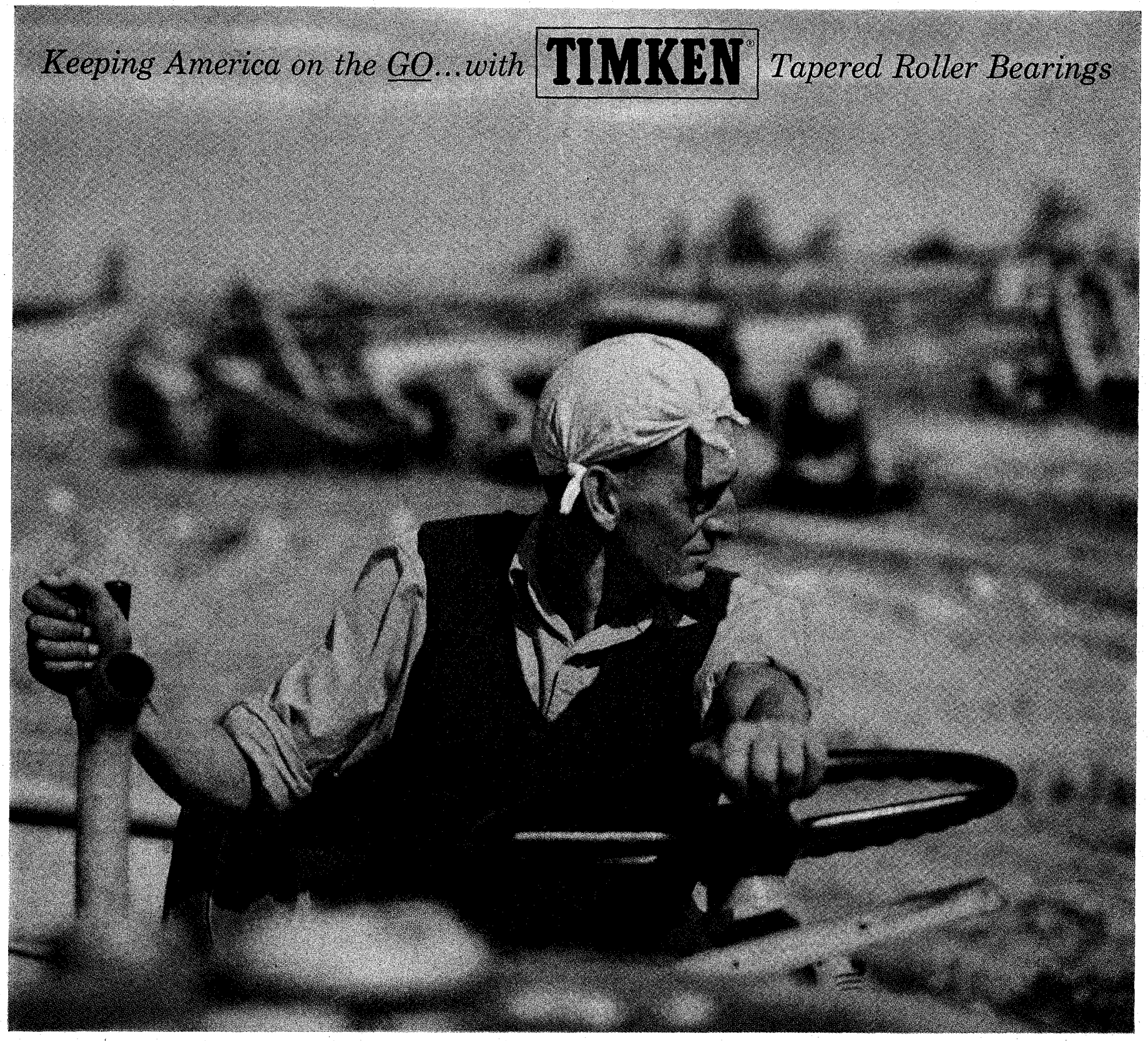

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Hungary's Terrible Ordeal

(Continued from Page 23)

skilled workers, a Hungarian working a twelve-hour day does not earn enough to stand his wife two square meals a day. He has to do a "night job" if he wants to feed his children. His wife also must take a full-time job if she wants to clothe them. The peasants are either driven into collective farms, which they hate, or they have to part with most of their produce, owing to crushing taxation. Everyone leads an intolerable existence. And everyone knows that the cream of Hungarian produce, industrial as well as agricultural, is being shipped to Soviet Russia with very little return in payment.

If you can visualize these conditions, you will understand why the feelings of the Hungarian people were first voiced by the Communist-Party-member intelligentsia. Only men and women who were in the good books of the regime lived under sufficiently privileged conditions to have the time and the opportunity to meet and to discuss what was going on in the country. Only party members or fellow travelers could have their writings published, their plays produced, their pictures exhibited, their films made. No matter how talented an actress or how brilliant a pianist, unless he or she stood in favor with the regime, he or she had no chance to perform in public. Because Soviet Russia decrees that "culture" is important, writers or artists of the regime are well paid and granted a certain freedom of speech.

After Stalin's death, when police terror eased somewhat in satellite Europe, strange discussions began to take place in the editorial offices of Szabad Nep, the official daily of the Hungarian Communist Party in Budapest. Szabad Nep was a true-blue communist publication, dull and humorless, "the voice of the party," which accurately reflected the latest instructions from Moscow. Perhaps because of this, the most intelligent writers on its staff were the first to voice "heretical views." One of these was Endre Szabo, a poet of note, novelist, journalist, and film-scenario writer. In 1953 he was twenty-three years old. He is of medium height, stocky and broad-shouldered. His gray-blue eyes are slanted under extraordinarily broad black eyebrows. They are so black that they give the impression as though he had a black ribbon tied across the lower part of his forehead. He speaks a rich Hungarian, using many word pictures and underscoring his points by gesturing with his artistic hands.

Endre Szabo joined the Communist Party in 1945, at the age of fifteen, because he believed that communism would secure a better life for the masses, and that eventually it would bring freedom and equality to all. It was the trial of the Titoist Hungarian communist, Laszlo Rajk, which forced Szabo to face up to the facts and learn what communism really is. But fear of the secret police was so great, even in the editorial offices of the official communist paper of Hungary, that at first he did not dare to discuss his ideas with anyone.

All this Szabo told me on last November ninth in the quiet of a hotel room in Vienna. He did not know who I was; a mutual acquaintance brought him along and introduced me simply as "Ilona, who twenty years ago married an Englishman and since then has lived in London." When our friend left us, we started talking in Hungarian.

Szabo described how, after Stalin's death in March, 1953, he and one of his colleagues gradually began to exchange their real thoughts. Szabo told me:

"At first we talked in riddles—you know the sort of double talk one must resort to in a communist state, just in case one's friend one day fell into the hands of the secret police. But this time we admitted to each other that we both hated everything communism stood for. A magnificent feeling—a kind of mystic elation—overcame both of us. At last we could talk honestly to a fellow human being."

Gradually, Endre Szabo and his friend discovered that the "party-member intelligentsia" sympathizing with their views were growing rapidly in numbers. Discussions and arguments became more and more heated—truths and insults were flung about ever more freely. Eventually the staff of the official Hungarian communist daily was divided into two camps: "Those of us who had again become true Hungarians, and those who had remained Moscow's agents."

By February of 1956, the situation in the Szabad Nep editorial offices had progressed to such an extent that Endre Szabo and his friends were planning to strike in the open. "We wanted to bring out an issue of Szabad Nep in which the real demands of the Hungarian people were to be printed in bold type on the front page," he told me. "We wanted the secret police to be dissolved; free elections to be held; the Russians to get out of Hungary; freedom of speech and of writing to be assured; and so on. We felt that this was our special duty because we had enjoyed privileges under the communist regime. We believed that we should speak up on behalf of the millions who had suffered and slaved and who could not open their mouths. . . . This would have been the last issue of Szabad Nep." Szabo concluded, laughing ironically.

But it was not to be. One of Szabo's most enthusiastic associates on the staff of Szabad Nep told a woman friend—a woman who had been wonderful to this man in the past. But he did not know that a few weeks previously this woman had married a high official of the secret police. She told her husband about "the treachery brewing among the Szabad Nep staff."

The secret police acted with their usual promptitude. Several members of the Szabad Nep staff were arrested, others were fired. Szabo was lucky—he only lost his job. That is why he has been unemployed since last February. But before that date he could still publish his poems, and a film he had written was produced. "I doubt it will ever be shown now," he said to me sadly.

The reason why Szabo was treated leniently may be that the secret police hesitated in February, 1956, to make a martyr of a popular writer. Then, too, Szabo had learned the knack of saying things between the lines, and in response to his last article published in Szabad Nep, the editorial office received over 5000 letters. This, among other things, indicated that by the beginning of 1956 the Hungarian public had become thoroughly restive, and people were beginning to talk more and more loudly about their economic grievances. Both workers and peasants were engaged in a slowdown—they knew as well as the secret police that 9,500,000 people could not be imprisoned.

Because of the passive resistance of the workers and the no-longer-disguised hatred of the entire population for the "Muscovites" and their Russian masters, the Hungarian regime found itself in a dilemma. If it made no concessions Hungarian production would decline sharply and they would no longer be able to deliver the goods demanded from Hungary. Moreover, the living standard of the Hungarian population would drop even lower, causing more bitter resistance. If, on the other hand, the regime did make concessions in the shape of "liberalizing life," there was no telling where "free speech" would end—in fact how the detested secret police themselves would fare. For, make no mistake, whatever the crimes of the communist regime in Hungary, ignorance of the attitude of the population was not among them. Both Budapest and Moscow knew what the population felt. The ruling tyrants had a good idea what would happen if the people had a chance to act upon their convictions.

Accordingly, the scandal in the editorial offices of Szabad Nep was hushed up as far as the general public was concerned. Naturally, the "party-member intelligentsia" talked about nothing else for weeks, running down the regime, coining unflattering wisecracks, declaring that things just could not go on as they were. The regime had to do something.

Matyás Rákosi, the criminal mastermind of the Hungarian Communist Party whom Moscow still backed, decided to take a gamble. He authorized "controlled discussions" to be held in the Petofi Circle. This was a communist literary organization to which the young writers belonged. The important writers and artists, especially all who had won a Stalin prize, belonged to the Writers' Association, which had luxurious premises and facilities for entertainment. The Petofi Circle was a much looser organization—it meant as much or as little as the regime wanted it to mean. In the first week of May, forty writers were invited to have a "controlled discussion" on some literary subject.

> It's easy to put children to bed early; the hard part is keeping them there.
>
> MILDRED SILVER

On this occasion nothing of note happened. A few days later, though, at another meeting of the Petofi Circle, some 120 people were present. This time there was genuine animation. Much was said about writers who could not do any creative work unless they were allowed to portray the truth as they saw it—and "not as the party dictates it."

Then, on June ninth, last, there was another discussion at the Petofi Circle. Mrs. Julia Rajk, widow of the executed Titoist leader, Laszlo Rajk, attended. She got on her feet and with great bitterness described what had happened to her husband: How the secret police had tortured him and how the court had condemned him to death on faked evidence.

Julia Rajk ended by demanding that her husband's memory should be exonerated and "the base, lying charges against him nailed to their author." This open challenge hurled at Rákosi was greeted with loud cheers. Other women got up and spoke in sympathy with Mrs. Rajk. Somehow the subject of equal education for children came up. Some mothers shouted that it was a disgrace that the children of leading communists should go to privileged schools, while around 95 per cent of Hungary's children went to schools where there was such a lack of teachers that the pupils could learn little or nothing.

The next day the whole country knew that Mrs. Rajk had spoken her mind—and that, for the first time since 1945, women had voiced their real views about "educational inequalities." The next two meetings at the Petofi Circle were really hot. On June twenty-seventh the hall in Vaci Street was packed as early as 3:30 in the afternoon. Not only writers, poets, composers and journalists were present, but many young officers in uniform—in shiny boots and well-tailored breeches. Someone rigged up a microphone on the balcony and by 6:00 P.M. some 1500 people were crowded in Vaci Street. At 6:30, half an hour before the meeting was scheduled to begin, Marton Horvath, a much-disliked leading communist, stepped on the platform and tried to make "a party-line speech." He was howled down, the young officers shouting particularly lustily.

Then the poet, Peter Kuczko, got on the rostrum and declared that in the atmosphere of force and coercion prevailing in Hungary, it was impossible to do creative work. The loud cheers of the audience were echoed from the street. In this heated atmosphere, Elisabeth Andics, the leading woman communist of Hungary, stepped on the platform and tried to propound the Moscow line. She was given a sizzling reception.

"Get out of here, you bitch!" yelled the young officers. Miss Andics was hustled out of the hall amid catcalls.

Then the composer, Zoltan Kodaly, stood before the microphone and put into words the question foremost in all Hungarian minds: "What is happening to our uranium?"

"What indeed?" roared the audience.

Until then, any person overheard by a secret-police nark mentioning the fact that Hungary had uranium deposits was promptly arrested and imprisoned. Every ounce of Hungary's uranium, mined in the area of Pecs—near the Yugoslav border—has been sent to Russia. Of course, everyone in Hungary knew this.

"When will our commercial treaties be published? When will we know what the Russians are paying for our best products?" Gyula Haj, a well-known novelist, then asked.

"Why are we being exploited like a colony?" someone else shouted.

And all of a sudden a young speaker shouted the following demands over the loud-speaker: "The Russians must get out of Hungary! Free elections must be held! The secret police must be dissolved! There must be freedom of speech for all!"

The roof nearly fell down from the wild roars in and outside the hall—the clapping, the stamping and the crying. This was the first time since 1945 that some 3000 people heard the real wishes of Hungarians put into words.

One must understand the horrible pressure, boredom and humiliation in which people live in a communist police state to gauge the effect of this "discussion" in the Petofi Circle. From one end of Hungary to the other, the grapevine went into action—people's eyes sparkled, they held their heads high. Somehow the atmosphere had changed—there was a new faith abroad that one day the hated Russians would get out and freedom would return to Hungary.

No one in Hungary was more thrilled and more elated by the views voiced in the Petofi Circle than the university students. Their term ended around June twenty-ninth, when they all went home; so they had little opportunity of demonstrating in sympathy with the Poles—the Poznan riots took place on June twenty-eighth, the day after the meeting at the Petofi Circle. Needless to say, this meeting was the last of the "controlled

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discussions." But during July and August, while most of the students either helped on the land or took jobs in factories, they thought and talked of little else.

In communist Hungary, it was the law that 80 per cent of all students had to be of "people's blood"—that is, the children of workers or peasants. Istvan Pribeky, No. 2 Professor of Town Planning at the Engineering (*Muszaki*) University of Budapest, whom I saw in Vienna last November eighth—a few hours after his escape from Hungary—told me that at his university 600 students were admitted annually. Of these, 120 could be sons or daughters of professional people, intellectuals, technicians, and so on. Usually they had the heartbreaking task of selecting these out of some 350 to 400 names. But the 480 students who had to be of "people's blood" were not so easy to come by. Every year Professor Pribeky and other members of the staff had to scour the countryside to induce young men and women to enroll themselves at the university. (In 1955, when the professor had to flunk one young man for abysmal ignorance, the lad shouted, "I didn't want to come here! I couldn't care less who was a king or a general, or when! I want to go back to the country and work on the land!"

In September, 1956, when the Hungarian universities reopened, the students were in a rebellious mood. The ferment sown by the "party-member intelligentsia" had been very effective. Soon it was to bear fruit.

Early in October there was trouble at Szeged University. (Szeged is a town in the south of Hungary, between the Danube and the Tisza Rivers.) The students, as a body, refused to join the communist students' organization DISZ, and revived the prewar student association, MEFESZ, which had been banned by the regime. Then, within the framework of MEFESZ, the Szeged students called a mass meeting and demanded a 50 per cent reduction on their railway tickets, better food at the university canteen and better sports facilities. This mass meeting made an impression in Budapest, because the Szeged students had organized it without the knowledge, let alone the co-operation, of DISZ.

A few days later, in Budapest, the students of the Veterinary University called a "grand meeting," and demanded that Russian should no longer be the only foreign language they could learn. Their professors had, very cleverly, shown them British, French and German periodicals, placing them side by side with similar Russian publications. Noticing that the West published on very much better quality paper, the students gradually realized how much more knowledge and how much better illustrations the West had at its disposal than the Russians.

After the medicos and the economics students, the students of the Engineering University called a "parliament" for October twenty-second, at 2:00 P.M. The engineering students had always been known for their radicalism—in 1919 they were strongly anticommunist, in 1939 anti-Nazi, in 1956 anticommunist and anti-Russian. So, long before the appointed time, 4000 students crowded the big hall.

Professor Pribeky, a tall, handsome man thirty-seven years of age, had an important luncheon date on October twenty-second and returned to the university about 5:00 P.M. To his astonishment, standing under the staircase by the side entrance to the hall, he heard impassioned speeches still being made, punctuated by cheers and clapping. Just then, one of the students was shouting, "It is no longer a question of our personal problems, but of the national problem! We must improve Hungary's position! We must find out what sort of commercial treaties have been signed!"

Another student jumped on the platform and shouted, "The truth is that the Russians exploit us worse than a colony!"

The 4000 students crammed in the hall howled their approval.

Now the university Communist Party secretary pushed his way on the rostrum and tried to say that the Russians were Hungary's friends and liberators. He was hustled out of the hall. Then new speakers voiced more and more nationalistic ideas. They praised Gomulka, the Polish Titoist leader. Then, at last, one student shouted, "We want to be rid of the Russians!" The roar of approval of the 4000 students was deafening.

The Communist Party's "*agitprop*"—expert on agitation and propaganda—a most unpopular female by the name of Margit Orban, grabbed the microphone and tried to defend the Russians. She was whistled down and pushed out of the hall. Then the communist dean climbed on the rostrum and insisted that the students give him a hearing. He, too, was howled down.

"What is happening to our uranium?"

"Why have our commercial treaties not been published?"

"Why are Soviet troops still on Hungarian soil?"

While these questions were shouted, Professor Pribeky stood by the door under the main staircase. A girl student came up to him and pulled out of her pocket a red-white-green ribbon—the Hungarian national colors. Pribeky produced his pocket knife, and with it cut the ribbon into little pieces. All of a sudden, many students had the national colors pinned to their lapels.

Suddenly a worker stood on the rostrum. "I am a miner," he shouted, "and I want to tell you that we fully back the national demands of the students! But don't forget, those responsible for our plight must be brought to trial! Rákosi must be tried!"

There were tremendous cheers. A worker from the Csepel heavy-industry works voiced similar views. Then a man from a precision-instrument factory did the same. Someone shouted, "We must have our views printed!"

"No, we must have them broadcast!" someone else yelled. "Let's ring up the radio station! They must make a recording and immediately broadcast our demands!"

A student shot past Professor Pribeky and dived into the telephone booth. The radio people said that it was too late to send out a reporter, but if the students sent down their demands, neatly typed, they would be broadcast in the eight-o'clock news.

In the big hall, all sorts of suggestions were shouted. Some were important. Ones like: "We want an independent Hungary," or "The Russians must get out," or "We want to keep our uranium." Others were rather childish, such as "We don't want bean soup three times a week."

Professor Pribeky asked the student nearest to him, "Tell me, boys, have you no organizer?"

"No, we haven't."

Another student took the professor by the arm. "Please, will you organize us?"

Pribeky coached this lad what to say over the loud-speaker and offered to drive three students to the radio in his car—he had a small Italian Topolino. When he passed by the National Museum, which is only a few hundred yards distant from the Radio Building, Pribeky stopped the car and said, "Now let me see those demands of yours." He read them. "You can't take this mess to the studio," he told them. "Let's reduce them to ten points which matter."

In his car, Professor Pribeky compressed the thirty suggestions of the students into ten points: Hungary was to deal with Soviet Russia as an equal; Imre Nagy was to form a new government; all Soviet troops were to leave Hungary immediately; free and secret elections were to be held with the participation of several political parties; workers' wages to be raised; peasants' taxes to be lowered; Hungarian uranium to remain in Hungary; complete freedom of speech and writing to be established; the universities to have their own publication and to function within the framework of MEFESZ.

Because the professor had drafted the document in his car, among the students, it became known as the Topolino Demands. ("Topolino," in Italian, means "small mouse" and sometimes is used as a term of endearment.)

Pribeky took the three students to the entrance of the Radio Building, and they went in with their ten demands. Soon they were back, very angry. "The radio people will only broadcast five of our demands." they said. "They will not broadcast that the Russians must get out, that our uranium must remain in Hungary, that Rákosi must be tried, and so on. What are we to do?"

Pribeky drove them back to the university, where the students' parliament was still on, although no one had had any food since lunch time. There was great indignation over the failure of the radio people to co-operate. At 9:00 P.M. one of the students suggested over the loud-speaker, "If the radio won't broadcast our demands, let's go to Premier Nagy."

"Agreed! Agreed!" shouted everyone.

Professor Pribeky drove the three students to Nagy's villa, situated on a hill, the Rózsadomb, on the outskirts of Budapest. The village was surrounded by secret policemen—known, because of the Hungarian initials of this outfit, as AVO men.

When the students tumbled out of the car, the AVO man at the gate asked sarcastically, "So you have come from the Engineering University?"

This meant that the AVO had sent out a round-robin report about the goings-on among the engineering students.

The students said, yes, they had come from the Engineering University: "And we want to put our demands before Premier Nagy."

"He can't see you tonight; he's very tired," one AVO man said with a leer.

"Maybe he'll see you tomorrow—if you're good," another said, jeeringly.

A third one took down the number of Professor Pribeky's car.

Furious over this treatment, the students returned to the university. They had noticed that an AVO man had taken down the professor's car number, so they promptly added an eleventh point to the Ten Points: "We will show complete solidarity to each other."

At the Engineering University the students concentrated on one problem: How to publicize their demands. The periodical of the communist students' organization, DISZ, agreed to print eight points, but not the demands that the Russians should get out and that free and secret elections be held.

This concession was not good enough for the students. Someone rang up the editors of Young Engineer, who said they would print the eleven points, but only if the dean—a communist—gave them the key to the room in which the duplicating machines were kept. After an acrimonious argument—mainly between the dean and Professor Pribeky—the dean handed over the key. Then the students set to work.

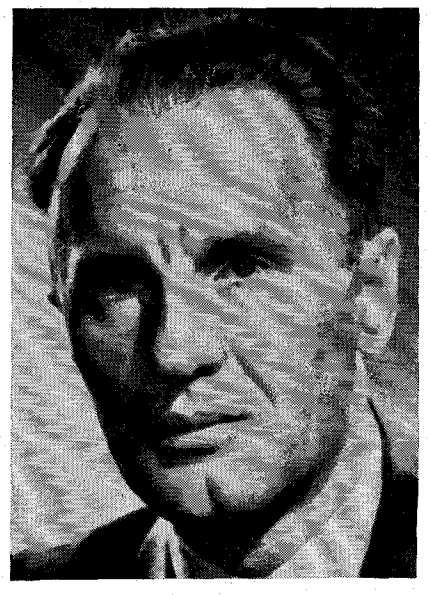
They rang up all the universities of Budapest and asked all typewriters to go into action. "Type one top copy and four carbons."

By the morning of Tuesday, October twenty-third, the eleven points had grown to fourteen points, and by Tuesday evening to sixteen points. In the early-morning hours of October twenty-third, the students took batches of the demands to every factory in and around Budapest, and demanded that they be pinned up on the walls—for all workers to read. Only in Csepel, at the center of the heavy-industry plants did the Communist Party secretary throw out the students. But even there the workers came out one by one and asked for copies of the fourteen demands.

Other students pinned or tied a copy of the fourteen points to every tree in Budapest. People read them in great excitement—many crying unashamedly. "At last here it is, black on white, what we feel—what we want—God bless the students . . ." this was what was being said on all sides.

Professor Pribeky took a batch of the fourteen points to the Engineers' Union, and was cheered to the echo.

On Monday night the "parliament" of the (*Continued on Page 64*)



Pro-Soviet Janos Kadar warned rebels: "Capitulate or we will crush you."

Premier Imre Nagy, deposed by the Soviet bosses, was replaced by Kadar.

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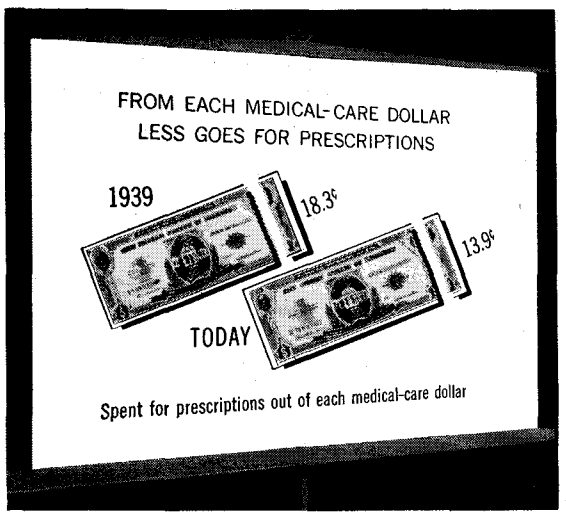

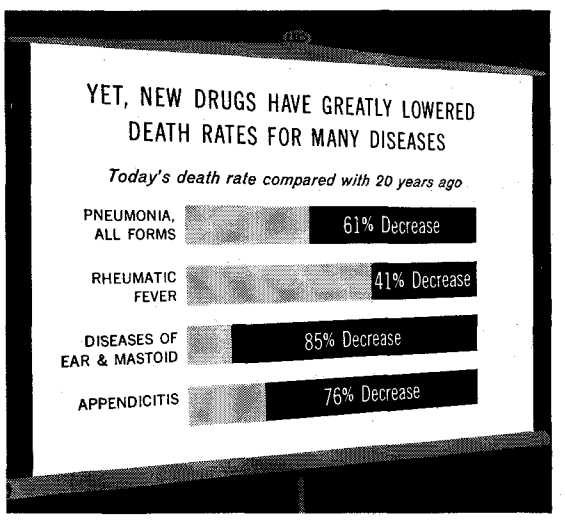

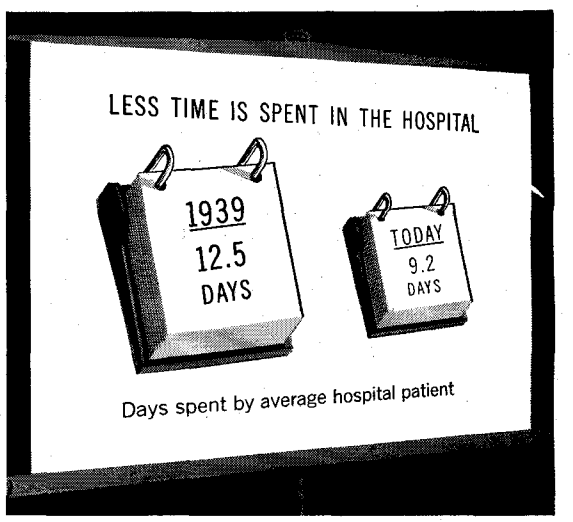

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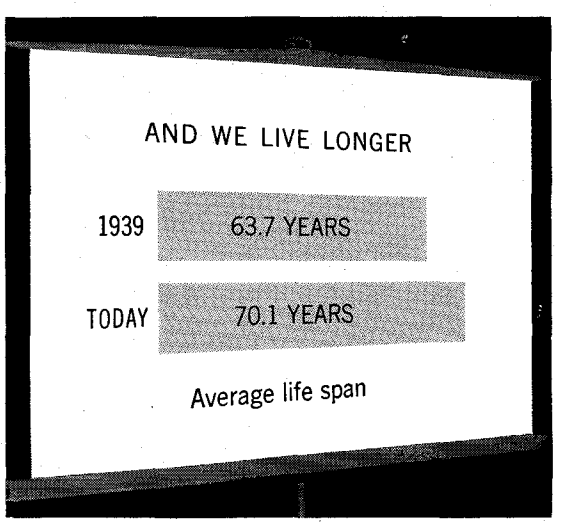

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(*Continued from Page 62*) Engineering University also had decided that the students would stage a demonstration before the statue of General Bem, a Polish leader of the Hungarian insurgents in the 1848–49 Revolution, on the next day. On Tuesday morning telephone calls came from all other Budapest schools, "We, too, will march with you."

Professor Pribeky advised the students to march in rows of ten, and not to let any stranger slip in among them. "Beware of *agents-provocateurs*."

Students ran to factories, to workshops, to offices, to ministries, to tell workers, clerks and officials of the demonstration and to invite them to participate in it. Meanwhile, a student delegation of three, driven by Professor Pribeky, went to the Minister of the Interior to ask permission to "hold a silent demonstration." The minister, Laszlo Piros, a tough Stalinist, gave a short and pungent reply, "I forbid you to demonstrate." Professor Pribeky tried to argue with him, but the students butted in, saying,

"Mr. Minister, you cannot stop our demonstration. You must give us permission to march."

"I will not!" shouted Piros. "If you disobey, I shall call out the military!"

"We will march even if you shoot at us," the students said stubbornly.

Half an hour later, Piros gave in and permitted the demonstration, provided the students marched in silence.

Professor Pribeky drove the students back to the university and watched the demonstrators set out. Somehow, from somewhere, a prewar Hungarian flag was produced—a flag with the old Hungarian coat of arms. And in front row on the right of the marchers, on the right of the flag, walked the communist dean of the university. On the left end of the file the university Communist Party secretary marched. Professor Pribeky and three members of the staff drove to the Bem statue and acted as traffic policemen.

The 4000 students of the Engineering University were followed by the students of all the other universities of Budapest. And when Pribeky thought that the demonstration was nearly over, truckloads of workers arrived, and they, too, marched in rows of ten. More and more marchers came—men and women, young people and school children. By evening 200,000 people—one fifth of Budapest's population—had filed past General Bem's statue.

And it had been a silent demonstration—except for two words which the marchers chanted rhythmically to the beat of their steps. Without shouting, without raising their voices, they repeated the two words—three when translated into English—as though they were taking a vow: "*Ruszkik ki. Ruszkik ki. Ruszkik ki.*" "Russians get out. Russians get out. Russians get out."

These three words, chanted by the marchers before the Bem statue, in Budapest on October 23, 1956, constituted a vow taken by the entire Hungarian nation. It was the curtain raiser to the Revolution of Youth which was to break out a few hours later.

Editors' Note—The second and final article by Judith Listowel, describing the dramatic fighting in Budapest, will appear in next week's Post.

Don't Call Us Freaks! (Continued from Page 21)

sustained speed and finesse of the game today would make a clumsy giant flounder like a beached whale within five minutes. Old-timers still holler that goons have turned basketball into a farce, but I maintain that the present N.B.A. players, who average six-five, measure up better to the dictionary's definition of an athlete—"anyone skilled in feats of physical strength and agility"—than most participants in other sports.

Only one charge the critics make against us big men is true. The few dozen of us who play pro basketball are lucky to be in a field where our size is a tremendous asset. There are thousands of other men and women who haven't been so fortunate in finding compensations for being extremely tall.

Lord knows, there are far worse afflictions. I suppose any man forced to make a choice would prefer to be a head above, rather than below, average stature. The point is that other physical abnormalities receive sympathetic understanding, but unusual height brings ridicule that can make life miserable, especially for kids.

I see myself ten years ago when I watch the gangling, painfully shy thirteen- and fourteen-year-old boys—already more than six feet tall—who hang around the fringes of basketball crowds looking for autographs. What these kids really want is encouragement that someday they will learn to control their ungainly bodies with a semblance of co-ordination. I try to give it to them. I tell them I was a bust in three freshman sports at Baton Rouge High School in Louisiana. I tell them I couldn't make a simple lay-up shot at their age without falling flat on my face.

But they don't believe me. They're convinced I must have been a natural, because I was voted the most valuable player in the N.B.A. last year, after leading the league in scoring and setting a new record for rebounds. They look at me as though I'm concocting a tall story when I say that the great George Mikan was so unimpressive as a six-ten schoolboy that Notre Dame turned down his application for a scholarship. They're skeptical when I tell them that six-eight Neil Johnston, of the Philadelphia Warriors, who has been picked on the N.B.A. All-Star team the last four years, was a second-stringer at Ohio State. He went into pro basketball only after he hurt his arm pitching in the Phillies' baseball farm system.

The kids are pathetically eager to identify themselves with tall sports stars, but they think it's hopeless in their own cases. This is because an adolescent who shoots up overnight like a weed lacks the strength, stamina and co-ordination of a short, stocky boy. His physical development lags at least three years behind his height. A sensitive youngster doesn't realize this. He only knows that he looks ludicrous competing against smaller boys who push him around like a chump. Worse yet, he begins to wonder whether his failure is a reflection on his courage. If his doubts are not relieved during this period, he may wind up with a permanent inferiority complex.

In time, his scrawny frame will fill out and his erratic reflexes will click smoothly—but give him plenty of time. Although I stopped growing five years ago, I'm still maturing physically at twenty-four. That was the big reason for my improved performance during my second season in the N.B.A. last year. I knew more about the business, of course, but the fact that my endurance and muscular strength were beginning to catch up with my height was a greater help. That saved me from fading out in the final stages of the seventy-two-game schedule, as I did in 1955, when I led the league in scoring for a while, but wound up No. 4.

With ten days to go last season, I held what appeared to be a safe lead of seventy-five points over Paul Arizin, of the Philadelphia Warriors, for the individual-scoring title. Then, in two successive games, Arizin picked up forty-three points on me, and I had visions of collapsing again. In the last five games, though, I managed to put on a burst of 176 points to finish with a 25.7 average, the highest since George Mikan set the league record of 28.4 in 1951.

Physically, I still have a long way to go before I can stack up with the real muscle men of the N.B.A. I weigh 210 at this point, and expect to put on about twenty more pounds in the next few years. I could use that extra heft right now. I'd have a better chance of escaping in one piece from hand-to-hand battles under the baskets with hulks like Larry Foust, of Fort Wayne (six-nine, 245); Clyde Lovellette, of Minneapolis (six-nine, 235); Vern Mikkelsen, of Minneapolis (six-seven, 230); Dolph Schayes, of Syracuse (six-eight, 220), and Maurice Stokes, of Rochester (six-seven, 230).

In a game with the Minneapolis Lakers last year I ran smack into Lovellette at full speed while looking over my shoulder for a pass. I bounced ten feet and landed on my back with three chipped teeth, but the impact didn't budge Lovellette.

I've suffered many worse jolts, figuratively. So has every man my size, and every woman who towers above six feet. Excessive height is one thing you can't hide or disguise. You're reminded of it constantly by the startled expressions on the faces of strangers when you enter offices, elevators and restaurants. You're embarrassed by the squirming behind you at the movies. You're supposed to laugh good-naturedly when a comedian leans over and asks, "Will you kindly remove your head?" You're conscious of the stares and the wisecracks that follow you down the street.

Something as trivial as buying a new tie is complicated when you're closer to seven than six feet tall. If it isn't extra-long, it will flap under your chin, making you look like a hayseed. As for suits and coats, I can afford to have them made to order now, but I know how depressing it is hunting for halfway-decent ready-made clothes among the limited stocks in outsizes. The problem must be infinitely worse for tall women.

Although my height is a great advantage in basketball, I sometimes wonder whether the rewards the game has brought me are satisfactory substitutes for important things I'm missing. If I were six inches shorter, I'd probably be married or a lot closer to it than I am.

I never had a date with a girl until my senior prom in high school, and it was an ordeal I didn't forget for a long time. The girl was pretty and charming, and we got along fine until we went out on the floor for the first dance. Before that moment I hadn't given a thought to the girl's height, but the snickering of the other couples suddenly made me realize how incongruous we were. I was six-seven then, and the girl was about five-two. The kids who ribbed us weren't vicious, but they pulled the usual Mutt-and-Jeff gags. The girl was mortified, and I wanted to crawl into the woodwork.

After that I went back to the stag line, and tried to tell myself it was more fun playing the field. I enjoy the company of women, but height has been a barrier to anything but the most casual relationship. It's not an insurmountable obstacle. Most of the older men in the N.B.A. my size are married and have children. Maybe it's silly to make such an issue of height when there are so many other factors to consider in marriage, but I don't want my wife to be a butt for bad jokes.

In one sense I'm glad I had to contend with handicaps. It was the best possible preparation for pro basketball. A rookie drafted by the N.B.A. generally comes up with a lofty opinion of his ability. It's a terrific shock for him to discover that he is a rank novice compared to the veteran pros.

My experience at Louisiana State University was typical of college players six-eight or taller. I played some seventy-five college games against teams from every section of the country, and in all that time I met only three men my approximate size—Don Schlundt, of Indiana; B. H. Born, of Kansas; and Bob Houbregs, of Washington. They gave me tough battles, but I had things pretty much my own way against other opponents. I scored a bushel of easy points dunking the ball through the hoop and tapping in missed shots, and nobody pressed me on rebounds. Anyone six-nine who had fair techniques and could get off a dime would have been a hot shot under similar circumstances.

My delusions ended abruptly in 1954 when I joined the Hawks, who played out of Milwaukee then. Every team in the league was loaded with men my size. On my own club, the shadow cast by six-eleven, 235-pound Charley Share put me in the shade. Height is so commonplace on N.B.A. teams that speed, ball handling and shooting accuracy make the difference.

If the payoff was on size alone, the New York Knickerbockers would have walked off with the championship last year, instead of finishing last in the Eastern Division of the league. The Knicks could have put five men on the floor who averaged six-nine—seven-foot Walt Dukes, six-eleven Ray Felix, six-nine Ken Sears, six-seven Sweetwater Clifton and six-six Harry Gallatin. The title was won by the Philadelphia Warriors, the only team that didn't have at least one man six-nine or taller.

Fans who sneer at basketball as a game for goons and pantywaists should try it sometime. Despite the interruptions for foul shots, the action is more continuous than in any other major sport except boxing. The impact is heavier in football when two men hit, but there is much more frequent contact in basketball. The cumulative effect of catching elbows under the backboards and bouncing off 230-pounders who can knock you into the mezzanine with a hip block adds up to a thorough going-over. Dick Schnittker, of the Minneapolis Lakers, who was an All-American end at Ohio State, considers basketball more strenuous than football.

The running, shoving and blocking are not nearly so exhausting, however, as the incessant jumping for rebounds required of a tall man. If he can't get possession of the ball off the backboards, his team will be murdered both offensively and defensively. To satisfy my curiosity, I asked

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Marty Blake, the Hawks' publicity man, to keep tabs on the number of jumps I made in the first three games this season. The figures ranged from ninety to 120 a game, and on each one I went up as high as I could.

A height advantage of an inch or two is meaningless against kangaroos like Philadelphia's six-eight Walt Davis, the Olympic high-jump champion in 1952, and the Rochester Royals' six-seven Maurice Stokes, who is the equivalent of a seven-footer when he leaves his feet. I'm among the top rebounders in the league, but even six-two Si Green, the Royals' fine rookie, who recently went in the Army, would beat me off the boards if I let him outmaneuver me.

The first time I faced the Fort Wayne Pistons two years ago, Coach Red Holzman briefed me thoroughly on Mel Hutchins, the Pistons' defensive ace. "This guy can run and jump like a striped ape," he said. "You're dead if you relax against him, especially on rebounds."

I thought Holzman was giving me a switch on the get-in-there-and-hustle routine. I'm three inches taller than Hutchins, and I cleared six-four in the high jump at L.S.U. I didn't believe that anyone Hutchins' size could take a rebound away from me. Well, Fort Wayne's

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first shot bounced high off the rim, and I delayed my leap a split second to go up with both hands. Hutchins climbed up my back and slapped in a field goal. Accidents can happen, I figured. On the next rebound I again played the ball, but Hutchins got in front of me and tipped in another basket. That made me a true believer. On rebounds off Fort Wayne's backboard now, I block Hutchins before leaving my feet, which is the proper way to make the play.

It's a tossup whether my development as an athlete is a bigger surprise to me or to folks in Baton Rouge, where I was born on December 2, 1932. I was an only child. To answer a question that seems to intrigue people, I had a good running start toward unusual height. My mother is five-eight, and her four brothers are between six-two and six-five. My father, who is six-four, played a year of basketball and baseball at college in Denver before World War I. After he returned from France with the A.E.F., he was a Colorado State Ranger, then moved to Baton Rouge, where he was county sheriff, postmaster and finally State Director of Institutions. Dad left public service ten years ago, and now is in the real-estate, insurance and hardware businesses.

Kids who are going to star in sports usually can be spotted early, but I didn't show the slightest sign of natural ability. At the age of fourteen, as a five-foot-ten-inch, 118-pounder, I went out for the freshman football team at Baton Rouge High. My gridiron career lasted for one play. The ball carrier went through my position at right tackle for sixty-five yards in a scrimmage. I like to think I overshifted on the play, but it's more accurate to report that I was overrun. In freshman basketball, I got into three games and didn't score a point. Then I went out for the freshman baseball team as a first baseman, and was the first boy cut from the squad.

The next year the coach of the jayvee basketball team ran out of uniforms before he got around to me. I hate to think what the effect of that brushoff would have been if my dad had not tempered it by putting up a basket in our back yard. Maybe I'm overdramatizing the incident, but I believe it was the turning point of my life, and I don't mean just in basketball. My dad's understanding gesture helped me regain my badly undermined self-confidence.

I shot at that basket for hours on end, sometimes until nine o'clock at night by the light of two lamps in a window. Putting the ball through the hoop became an obsession that bored my friends. However, my parents gave me companionship and encouragement. My mother, who couldn't throw a shoe through an open barn door, took a few shots every day to show that she was more inept than I. My dad frequently joined me in the yard. He knew the fundamentals of the game, but he avoided putting pressure on me with coaching tips. The only advice he gave me was to skip rope and play table tennis to improve my co-ordination.

At first nothing seemed to help. I played a dozen games in a church league with other boys who were unable to make their class teams at school, and I was a washout even in that group. But anyone who practices a simple skill interminably will acquire some degree of proficiency. By the time I was a junior at Baton Rouge High I had developed a herky-jerky push shot I could sink now and then. I would not have rated a second glance, though, had I been an average-sized kid. In two years I had grown seven inches to six-five, which was my only recommendation for a place on the varsity squad. In my senior year, despite my awkwardness, I managed to score enough points against smaller opponents to help the team win the state championship.

Teammates like Ned Clark and Charley Roberts were miles ahead of me in all-around ability, but college scouts gave me the big rush act because I was six-seven by then. Fifteen schools offered me the standard scholarship—free room, board, tuition and fifteen dollars a month for laundry. A few intimated I could get snap jobs paying five to ten dollars a week. I took the least glamorous bid, which was from Louisiana State in my home town. The tuition fee—which amounted to about $150 a year for an in-state student—was the only aid I accepted from L.S.U., except for one year when I stayed at the dormitory. The rest of the time I lived at home.

I chose L.S.U. because I doubted I could measure up to expectations on a fancier scholarship. My fears were confirmed when I reported to John Chaney, L.S.U.'s freshman-team coach, who had been a pro in N.B.A. My reflexes were slow. I was lost on defense. I didn't know how to drive in for a shot, or fake and pass off the pivot. Much as I dislike the expression, I've got to admit I was a goon.

It wasn't until my senior year, in 1954, when I averaged 31.4 points a game, that I began to move as a polished player should. Such previous successes as an All-American nomination and a fifty-point scoring spree against Georgia had been due to a crushing height advantage rather than sound performance.

I was the Hawks' first choice in the N.B.A. draft. However, I had no intention of turning pro. I planned to go with an A.A.U. team sponsored by a big industrial company, and, in fact, had interviews with the Peoria Caterpillars, the Ada Oilers and the Phillips 66 people. The salary they offered—$425 a month—was less than half the figure quoted by

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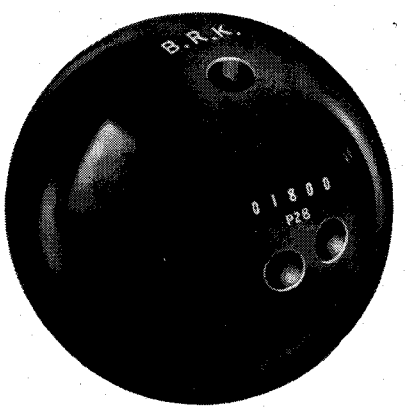

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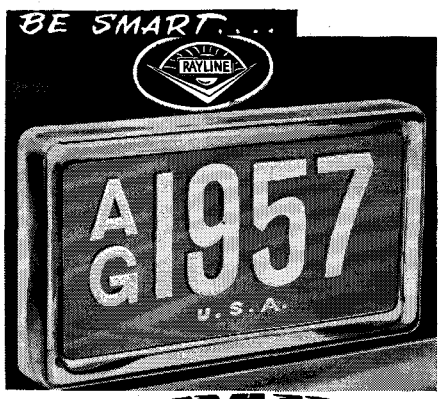

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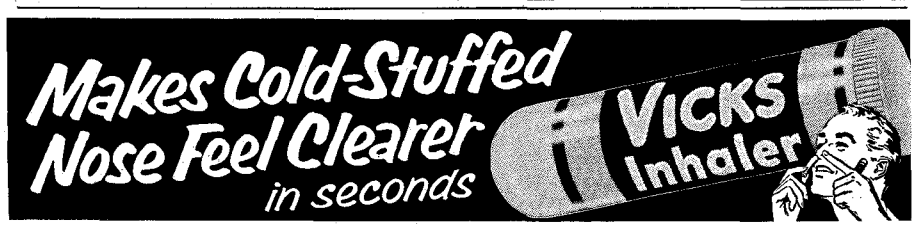

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the Hawks, but there was more security, with an opportunity for executive training in the company after I was finished as a player.

Then I began to find drawbacks in the A.A.U. deal. My family and friends lived in Baton Rouge. It would be foolish to leave my home town, where my reputation could open doors for selling real estate and insurance, which had been my major subjects in college. In pro ball, where the season lasted only six months, I'd have spare time and some working capital to build up a private business.

Those were valid arguments, but they merely were cover-ups for the basic problem. Basketball had given me self-assurance. I'd never know whether my sense of accomplishment was founded on genuine merit until it was tested by the best players in the game, the pros. It was a challenge that always would nag at me if I evaded it.

To solve the dilemma, I called Frank Brian, my third cousin, who had just finished his fifth season in the N.B.A. Frank drove over from his home at Coushatta, Louisiana, when I told him I needed his advice.

"I've got to make a pitch for pro ball because it's been good to me," Frank said. "It paid for my ranch, and after another season at Fort Wayne I'll be able to buy a cattle-auction barn. You're lucky the Hawks drafted you. Ben Kerner was my first boss in the league. He'll treat you right."

Frank never had seen me play, but he said, "From what I hear, you have a better than even chance in the league if you can take it physically. It's going to be tough, but I know how you feel. You'll never be satisfied until you give it a try."

So I did. In the early workouts with the Hawks, my speed, ball handling and shooting were up to scratch. Then they lowered the boom on me in practice scrimmages. The vicious body contact stunned me, and the boys weren't even bearing down yet. The biggest shock was the way 235-pound Charley Share put me in his hip pocket. He smothered me when I tried to operate in the pivot, and in the reverse situation he practically scored at will.

I half expected to get the blue slip when Red Holzman called me into his office after the first week. "I'm taking you out of the pivot and converting you into a forward," he said. "You'll get racked up like an eight ball if you stay under the boards. It'll be hard adapting to a new style, but you'll do yourself and the team more good in the long run playing an open game."

Who the hell ever heard of a six-nine forward? I thought. Forwards are fast, shifty guys. They lead fast breaks down the court. They have to be able to fake and dribble opponents out of position and score from any spot. These maneuvers were completely foreign to me. The whole thing was like telling a rookie catcher he had to win a job at shortstop to stay in the big leagues.

Throughout high school and college I had been a pivot man exclusively. Now, with the opening of the season only two weeks away, I had to develop a variety of shots from every angle within thirty feet of the goal. I had to learn how to move without the ball—to block for teammates and run my guards into pick-offs.

For two months I was a feeble imitation of a No. 1 draft choice. On the first swing around the circuit I was sucked out of position by simple feints, sometimes twice on the same play. If it hadn't been for the fouls I collected I wouldn't have averaged ten points a game. I stalled the rest of the team by lousing up plays.

The season was approaching the halfway mark before I felt capable of sticking in the N.B.A. In the first week of January, 1955, I averaged better than thirty-two points in successive games with Syracuse, Rochester, Fort Wayne, Philadelphia and New York. Looking back, the incident that gave me the biggest impetus came in the Syracuse game. Dolph Schayes took the ball off our backboard, started to dribble down the court—and went all the way to can a lay-up when our defensive assignments got mixed up and nobody covered him.

Seeing a six-eight man like Schayes take quick advantage of a momentary lapse to get away with such a stunt was an eye-opener. I already knew that every time I let a man get a step ahead of me our defense was split wide open, and it suddenly dawned on me that the proposition worked both ways. A few minutes later I snared a Syracuse rebound, and Red Rocha, my guard, dropped back slowly, expecting me to pass the ball. I barged by him and dribbled down the floor at top speed. At mid-court the Nats began to yell, "Who's got him?" but it was too late. I went in for an easy basket. That play doesn't come up more than once every other game now, but whenever it does, I'm off and running.

From the side lines, basketball appears to stress speed, agility and deftness, but raw muscular strength is another decisive factor in pro ball. Vern Mikkelsen, of the Lakers, taught me this in the first three seconds I played against him. Both of us got our hands on the opening tap-off. I tried to wrench the ball away from him. It was like grabbing the loose end of a swinging wire cable. He tore my hands off the ball with a flick of his wrists.

The three-point plays that break open tight games—a field goal and a foul—are feats of strength rather than finesse. I haven't got what this takes yet. When I'm hacked on a lay-up shot, my arm drops and the ball skitters off aimlessly. I get two free throws, but not the field goal. However, nothing short of a hatchet on the arm will stop bulls like Mikkelsen, Gallatin, Schayes and Stokes from scoring the goal. They'll usually get the one foul shot that follows too. With Foust, Lovellette and Arizin, you can block a one-hand jump shot squarely, and they'll force the ball into the basket on sheer power.

None of these men are goons. A tall man who combines strength with a delicate shooting touch, who can run and jump all night like crazy, is a superior athlete. This, even more than height, is the chief distinction between the pros today and the type of player who dominated the game years ago.

The modern pros have far outstripped the old stars in techniques. The jump shot alone has revolutionized basketball during the brief period I've been playing. They tell me the purists were outraged twenty years ago when Hank Luisetti came East with Stanford and licked the best teams in New York and Philadelphia with one-handed push shots. College coaches then insisted on conservative two-handed set shots. Today high-school players knock the eyes out of birds with the one-handed jump shot introduced by Philadelphia's Joe Fulks after World War II.

Through the years there have been a number of radical changes in the rules intended to curb big men. Restrictions on stalling and the pivot play were adopted to accentuate the little man's speed and mobility, and what has been the result? Since 1954, the average height of players in the N.B.A. has increased two inches.

If the truth must be known, a big man can perform any function a little man can. A professional team no longer can afford to carry a short man who is strictly a backcourt playmaker—not when there are men half a head taller who set up plays just as well, and, into the bargain, score in double figures and get rebounds. Look what happened last year when the Warriors experimented with six-seven Tom Gola, a rookie playmaker. He transformed them from a tail-ender into a championship club.

Today there are only three players in the league under six feet—Slater Martin, who came to our club in a trade this past month, and Whitey Skoog and Chuck Mencel, of the Minneapolis Lakers. If the present trend continues, anyone less than six-four will have to be a ring-tailed wonder like Bob Cousy to hold a job. I suppose yapping about goons will continue. But the old prejudice is beginning to break down. After I scored forty-nine points against Rochester on November thirteenth, I overheard two middle-aged fans talking as they left Kiel Auditorium in St. Louis.

"You know," one of them was saying, "that Pettit would be a pretty good player if he was only six feet tall."

THE END

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FOR '57...THE ACCENT'S ON

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Take Care of Your Sister

(Continued from Page 20)

They had left it too late because his father had not wanted to leave him alone to look after the place. So, in a way, it was his fault.

If I had been older, he thought. So many cattle had died. And all the calves were dead since their mothers could give no milk. There were still some goats and bastard sheep, as they called the cross-bred fat-tailed Kaffir sheep and Persians that browsed on the mountain scrub.

But it was a great worry to be left with it all when one was only eleven, a great responsibility. There was his mother to protect. Women had to be protected. And Georgina, his sister. That was a problem—that six-year-old girl. God had seen fit to make her very pretty, with big brown eyes and long blond hair that hung like a horse's tail down her back. He had made her very loving, very sweet, but He had also given her the energy of a wild mountain buck, and constructed her pretty legs and arms of steel with brass joints, and clothed them with wire whip-cord and leather instead of flesh. And finally, to round everything off, He created her devoid of fear. Fear was not even a word to her. Georgina was indeed a problem to her brother.

Where, for instance, was she now? Soon he would have to go and look. She might be sitting curled up in a big chair on the stoep or she might be two miles away and still going.

There was the time she had climbed into a big tree and sat up there swinging on a branch sixty feet above the ground. No one could see how she climbed the tree. She said she didn't know. "I just climbed," she said. To get her down, they had had to drive pegs into its smooth gray trunk. There was the time she was found in the cattle kraal playing among the working oxen's legs. The time she had climbed—no one knew how she got there—onto the saddle of their father's stallion, Bles, had galloped nearly ten miles and been brought back laughing and happy by a neighbor.

Ja, he thought, *I ought to beat that child.* When he said, "I will beat you," she just laughed and said, "*Ja, ja*, beat me, but you must catch me first." *Magtig*, but she was sweet like sugar, like honey. Her sweetness clung to the fingers of your mind when you thought of her.

Two dust devils swept across the lands where nothing had been planted this year—red, swirling columns that picked up trash, carried it high up into the air and then dropped it again. Then there were the baboons. Driven by drought and hunger, they had become bolder. They had taken chickens and ripped open some kids for the milk in their bellies.

There were many more than there had been a year ago. They seemed to have congregated here from all over the range under a leader that Jappie called Old Chaka, after the Zulu king who had ravaged the country a hundred years ago. Chaka was very big—probably five feet high, if he held onto something and drew himself erect. He must weigh the best part of two hundred. He was old and wise.

It was he who organized the raids and led them. It was he who watched out all the time and barked the danger warning. They had seen him often enough, but never within rifleshot. Never as near as four hundred yards and never against the sky line. Jappie had often seen him quite clearly through his father's field glasses. A very big, very dark baboon with a mane of graying hair and a splendid tail that curved proudly over when he walked about his business.

Old Chaka had come to dominate Jappie's life. "If you can kill him," his pa had said, "I'll give you a new rifle, a three-oh-three, a real man's rifle." All he had now was a .22. But he could kill buck with it or anything else, even a man, if he shot them in the head. So Chaka obsessed him, for a gun was the dream of his life. Like most Boer boys, he wanted his own rifle and his own horse. He had the horse—a yellow buckskin that he had trained himself. Mounted and armed, a boy became a man, a burgher.

So, if I can kill Chaka while pa is away —— he thought. *If I can kill Chaka* ——

"Today I shall kill Chaka, ma. *Ja*, today I shall do it."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

After Ice Storm

By Frederick Ebright

White diamond fretwork
shimmers in the trees,
Prismatic chords of light
refract the sky,
As maples click their crystal
filigrees,
Clack delicate reply.

The meanest weeds are
panicles of glass,
And glass pagodas rise in
dazzling tiers
Where spruces carved of
quartz amass
Their monstrous chandeliers.

But now the sun in festival
of fire
Invades the cold tableau
with drums and flash:
One moment is the crystal
world entire—
And then the first small
crash.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

And his mother laughed into his eyes. How like his father he was, his father in miniature. The same will, the same persistence. The same fine heart in them both.

But it was one thing to talk about killing Chaka and another to do it. The old baboon was *slim*, smart, an ancient warrior, bold, cunning and rapacious, the father of a multitude, a real king among his people—a tribe that seemed to grow each day.

In ordinary times there were always a few baboons in the berg. A troop of twenty or thirty that really worried no one. They stole a few mealies sometimes, and some fruit, but they left the stock alone. Now they even killed wild game. Once Jappie saw them bring a bush buck to bay, pull him down and tear him to shreds. He got close to them, but was afraid to shoot because they might have turned on him. The tigers, their natural enemies, had been killed off by his pa, so there was nothing to hold them in check.

Then came the drought and the new baboons from the back of their farm, from the great bare mountains where they lived undisturbed by man or beast in the cliffs, in caves once inhabited by Bushmen as adept at climbing as they. He had found a Bushman cave and looked at the paintings of animals on the walls. His pa had told him about these people, the little yellow hunters who had been killed by the Kaffirs when they came down from the north.

But still Jappie hunted. His chance would come. A long shot a hundred yards with a rested rifle. How wonderful it would be if he could get him on the sky line. He shot four other baboons and cut off their tails for the bounty. Then he stopped shooting them because he felt that it would make Chaka still more wary and hard to kill. He simply watched them on the mountainside, turning up stones for the grubs and scorpions they found beneath them.

How quick they were to snatch off the stinging tail and pop them into their mouths in a mixture of fear and greed. They were afraid of scorpions, but they loved to eat them. He watched them spread out, working systematically over the hillsides, followed them, and saw the white bleached spots where the stones had lain unmoved for centuries, except by the baboons who turned them, moving slowly down the hills. He watched the mothers carrying their babies under their bellies and on their backs. He watched them fight. He saw Chaka often, but never within rifleshot, never clearly outlined against the sky.

But still he hunted with the persistence of his race. Up and down and through the bush of the little mountain valleys of his father's farm. They had long since cleaned up the wild Kaffir oranges. They had eaten all the beans that fell from the thorn trees, which he had been counting on for the sheep and goats. They dug up every edible root and bulb with iron-tipped fingers.

And in between his hunts for the great baboon he shot buck to feed his family. And then there was the farm work to do, too, the fences to mend, the furrows to clean, the stock—what was left of it—to count and doctor. There was thatch grass to cut, buildings to repair and the boys to handle. Boys who said, "Yes, *baas*, *ja*, *ja*, it will be done," and did nothing because he was a boy and not a man.

But he loved it. He loved his land—*ons land*, ours, his father's that would someday be his, six thousand *morgen*—twelve thousand acres of land. Most of it mountain, but with enough flatland to grow their crops. One day they would have Angoras when they could afford to buy them, one day they would have a fine herd of sleek red Afrikanders. One day, the tomorrow or the next year—the year after of every farmer that keeps him working in hope of the future, in hope of fat lands and sleek cattle and money in the bank.

His pa had built the house facing the cool south, looking out over the plains. Behind it were the wooded foothills of the berg and behind them again came the berg—the *Groot Berg*, as they called it, the great mountain itself.

The spring from which all the water was carried by hand was two hundred yards from the house. One day they would pipe it down. One day. There was plenty of fall.

Then out of the little hills rose a tall sugar-loaf rock that his pa called the Sentinel because he said, "It stands like a guard over the mountains protecting them." There was a steep path that led up it. It was a wonderful lookout over the flats to the south. There were springbuck and hartebeest down there. Once there had been lions and zebras and giraffes and rhinos. There were old men, still alive, who remembered those days, who remembered the great trek they had made as children from the fertile Cape. There had been elephants, too, here on the mountains, where now he hunted little bucks—all that was left except for the kudu.

Johanna van Breda looked out of the window and then at her son. How thin he was. Eleven, and doing a man's job cleaning out the water furrow so that when the rain came no water would be lost in leading it from the dam in the hills to the lands. Riding. Riding till he and his buckskin were skin and bone, to find a little new pasturage for the goats and sheep. Skinning the ones that died and salting the skins. Bossing up the boys as if he were a man, and hunting for meat, bringing in a buck every few days—a duiker or a steinbok, for them to eat. Once he got a kudu. A big buck like that. Stalking it and shooting it in the head with his little rifle. She was proud of him. What a fine husband he would make one day to some girl who was now a baby in her mother's lap. Sometimes she had been sorry she had no more children. But God had blessed her with two fine ones—her son, who was as steady as a rock on the mountainside, and a girl as sweet and pretty as a flower, but with a boy's bold heart. It was hard, impious, to believe that God could make a mistake, but surely girls should not be so bold, so tireless. She sighed and looked out the window again.

"Come, Jappie! Come quickly!"

The boy sprang to her side.

"The clouds," she said. "A few minutes ago they were not there."

"Clouds!" Georgina shouted. "Clouds, rain!"

"Not yet," her mother said.

The clouds were small—like white scattered lambs in the great field of the heavens.

"It will come," Jappie said. "It is an answer to our prayers."

"Let us pray again," his mother said.

They knelt on the mud floor of the house, but stared through their open fingers at the clouds.

If it rained. If only it would rain. The rest of the stock would be saved. A hundred out of the five hundred goats and sheep they had had, and Paulus would bring back some of the cattle from the north. They would not all have died. *Leave us something, God,* Johanna prayed. *A few cows and goats and sheep. Something to start again with. Please leave us something, Lord.* Those were her words. In her mind she was saying, *Rain, rain; God send us rain; God help and save us all.* She knew how near they were to disaster, how little stood between them and nothing, how fine the line that divided them from *bywoners*, from poor whites. From men who worked for others and were not free. For this was their passion—freedom and space and calling no man master.

As if in answer to her prayer, the little clouds came together, driven by the shepherd wind. The lambs became sheep. The sheep grew into great clouds that were massed in rolling battalions in the sky, which had darkened to the color of lead. There was a pink glow behind them. The wind was increasing. The leaves on the trees were turning up their white undersides like the white bellies of dying fish. It was a rain wind. It grew colder, much colder. There would be hail. The trees whipped and leaves were torn from the branches. The branches were torn from the trees and came off with strips of bark attached like skin.

But the children—where were the children?

"Jappie! Georgina!" she called.

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Only the wind answered her.

She called the boy in the kitchen. Jappie had taken his horse. She knew what he had done. He had gone to get the sheep into a cup in the hills. There would not be time to bring them home, but if they got chilled now, more would die. They were weak with hunger. They could take no more. Once they were down in shelter, they could stand it, but they must not get wet under their forelegs or bellies. Crouched—kneeling, as it were—and out of the wind, nothing would hurt them. Jappie would see to it. The herd boy was a fool. Thank God for Jappie, for a boy who was a man.

Up in the mountain, Jappie had the sheep and goats safe. They were in a cup in the hills, in the lee of the wind, huddled close and warm. He promised the herder brandy when he came in. He left him his coat and turned his horse. The buckskin was black with sweat. And it was growing colder. Jappie shivered. He patted his horse's neck. Its skin was matted with dry sweat.

"*Kom, kom*," he said. "We must get home."

He kicked him into a canter. He felt good. A man. A man could have done no more. His pa, the greatest man in the world, the finest shot, horseman and farmer in the world, could have done no more. He would say, "Well done, Jappie, my son." Tears stung his eyes as he thought of his father. Then he smiled as he thought of the stock safely bedded down and out of the wind. And of home, his ma and little Georgina by the fire in the kitchen. They would have supper early when he came in. Coffee and meat and potatoes and rice and pumpkins and bread baked from the wheat they grew themselves. How lucky they had kept enough to see them through the drought.

The little buckskin skidded down the mountain path, sliding almost on his quarters. What a good little horse he was. His pa had said buckskins were always good, hardy, tough. "Choose that one," he'd said, when he told him to pick a horse. "Choose him and break him for yourself. A man should train his own horse so that he becomes one with him." His pa was always right. Always. What a man his father was. He thought of him with the cattle up there in the north. He'd come back now. In ten days there would be grass enough and he'd trek them slowly home. He'd hear of the rain. He'd see it. The same storm was sweeping northward, as they always did. Covering in a week the road that had taken him ten days with the weakened stock.

There was the house nestling at the foot of the mountain, its thatch like a hat over it. The force of the wind hit him now. He was open to it. The buckskin staggered with its force. How long would it be before it rained?

He put the horse in the kraal. It was sheltered by a belt of thorns. He gave him some mealies. The mealies were low, but he'd earned them. *Ja*, never had a horse earned his supper better. He went into the house from the back. His mother met him.

"Thank God you're back," she said.

"The sheep are safe," he said.

"Sheep?" she said, as if she had never heard the word.

"*Ja*, the sheep, ma. Bedded down and out of the wind."

"Georgina," she said. "Have you seen Georgina?"

"Georgina? No; where is she?"

"If I knew ——" she said.

"I will find her," he said. "Give me a coat."

His mother reached for a coat hung on a nail.

It was one of his father's. It hung to his knees. He rolled up the sleeves. It gave him strength to wear his father's coat. It smelled of him. Of tobacco, of sweat, of his father—the man.

He went out into the storm. The door banged behind him. The wind blew out the lamp, first darkening the glass with smoke, then killing the flame in a blue flash that burned up and disappeared.

Georgina! This time he'd really beat her. For some reason—out of habit, perhaps—he had taken his gun. It comforted him to feel it in his hand.

Where could she be? Why would she have gone out? What force had pulled her from the safety of home, from her mother's skirts? What devil of courage was in the child?

He called, "Georgina! Georgina!" into the wind. And the wind took his call, tearing it out of his lips and throwing it away among the rocks. It was not really dark outside. Only in the house. Outside it was only late afternoon, but the sky was almost black and the light livid, splendid, bright on the horizon. Along the flats edging the horizon there was a line of red, sweeping dust running away from the black hail that pursued it. How often he had seen it before. First the little white clouds. Then the big dark ones and the cold wind driving the red dust before it, and then the rain or the hail came almost navy blue behind it.

It was no use calling. He must trust to God. He took the mountain path. A dove was swept past him and dashed to death against the rocks. He picked it up. It was warm with blood. He dropped it and wiped his hands on his father's coat. How strange. How odd. It had been so alive a second ago, and now it was mashed. Not a dove any longer.

He must find Georgina. Find her before the hail struck. He must find her. Oh, how he would beat her. But he knew he would not beat her. He knew he would drag her home beneath their father's coat like a bird beneath its mother's wing.

"Georgina! Georgina!"

Then he saw her, plodding upward on fat little indefatigable legs that moved up and down like tiny pistons. Her head was bent forward as she leaned into the storm. Her long hair blown out to the side by the same wind that tore his voice away from him when he called.

The little rascal, he thought. *The monkey. A baby like that fighting the storm and winning against it.* But it would take more than a high wind that was almost a gale to stop his little sister. He was torn between pride and anger. That something so small should be so bold and willful, like a little bantam hen facing a hawk. What a wife she would make one day. But it would take a man to master her. He would have to beat her. Then he was sorry for the man who tried to beat Georgina. She'd take a gun to him or a *sjambok*.

"Georgina! Georgina!" he called again.

Then he looked up at the mountain at the sentinel rock. Georgina seemed to be making for it. The lookout, his father called it. *Ja*, his father had said, "there it stands, watching the flats, like a man with a gun protecting the range." How long ago it seemed that he had said it.

But it did not look as it ought to look. This he had learned hunting with his father. To look for the strange, the odd, something where it should not be.

On the pinnacle he saw the great baboon watching the plains below. Chaka silhouetted against the sky. Chaka not a hundred yards away. He sat and raised his rifle, resting his elbows on his knees. He had him in the sights. It was still light enough to shoot.

What a day! Georgina was forgotten. He'd got his father's stock into safety. And now Chaka. The .303 that would make him a man, a real man with a man's gun was his. He could not miss.

Then he lowered the muzzle. There was the baboon, but beside him, not ten feet away, Georgina was settling herself to watch the storm. Georgina and Chaka. Watching the rain sweeping toward them.

To shoot him would be like shooting a man. The old baboon knew the rain was coming. It would save his people too. Perhaps he, too, had prayed. Perhaps he, too, had worried and been afraid. And now he was watching, waiting for the drought to break, with Georgina beside him.

Suddenly Jappie saw the baboons as people, as men. He thought of the mothers with the babies on their backs, and the watching, guarding males.

There would be no rifle now. He had shot his last baboon. Chaka, who could have torn his little sister to pieces as if she'd been a rag doll, was sitting quietly beside her. An old-man baboon and a girl child watching the storm—one of the great mysteries of God.

Blue lightning split the sky. The thunder clapped, echoing in the hills as the lightning spat into the ground, and still neither the baboon nor the child moved. Georgina was not afraid of storms, but generally baboons were terrified.

How could he get to her? What would the baboon do? He cupped his hands and coughed like a baboon and gave their alarm cry. Chaka turned and saw him in the glare of a new flash. They looked at each other.

"I will not hurt you, Chaka," Jappie said.

The baboon barked at him and slipped down the rock.

Jappie left his rifle and began to climb.

"I'm glad you've come," Georgina said.

"And what are you doing here, you naughty girl? I should beat you. *Magtig*," he said, "I should beat you black and blue."

"No," she said, "do not beat me. I came to see the rain come. It is fine from here—so beautiful."

"It's cold here," he said. He sat beside her and pulled her under the old tweed jacket.

"*Ja*," she said, "it is cold. But it is fine to sit and watch a storm with a friend."

"Friend?" he said.

"*Ja*, Jappie. *Ou Chaka*, old Chaka, is my friend. I often come and talk with him."

"You knew I wanted to kill him?"

"*Ja*, but I was not upset," she said. "He is too *slim* for you."

"I should beat you," Jappie said.

She said, "You often want to beat me, Jappie."

"I should beat you," he repeated. "Ma will beat you."

"No," she said. "Everyone will be too happy to have me safe."

He knew she was right. He knew he had found something better than a rifle. His little sister. And she had saved him from a crime.

Now Chaka would lead his people away back into the high mountains. Now his father would be turning the cattle toward home. Now they could plow. There was still time. Now the dam his father had built in the hills would fill. Now he must take his sister home.

"*Kom*," he said, "come home." And under the wing of his father's coat, he led her back through the hail that had begun to fall.

When his pa came back, they would start again with what God had left them. He and his pa. His pa was not alone any more. They were two men. He did not need a rifle now to prove it. He was a man. He knew.

The Girl From Prairie Creek (Continued from Page 25)

houses down the street, Jimmy, in Prairie Creek. Does that help?"

Jimmy backed up. He had a vision of home town, and saddle shoes, and proms; then things snapped into focus. "Susie!" he gasped. "Why, Susie Wilson!"

"If you like, I'll remember making you kiss me, way back when we were about eight," Susie said happily. She added thoughtfully, "You fought, even then."

"No!" Jimmy managed, staring. "Yes. I mean, Susie, you've—changed!"

Susie blushed. "Nature," she said primly, "takes care of things like that."

She chose the couch and sat down and crossed slim, lovely legs. "I left Prairie Creek two weeks ago, Jimmy. I'm going to Air Lines School. I'm learning to be a stewardess."

Jimmy sat down, too, and gazed at her, and got a strange, warm, tingling feeling along his spine. Then it sank in. *Prairie Creek*. It was a place of wide, shady streets, and band concerts, and picnics.

And Susie Wilson. Kind of wide-eyed, and eager. A frequenter of your mother's kitchen. A player of checkers with your father. This is not fair game, James. Never.

"Yes," he said, sorrowfully. "I ——"

Susie jumped to her feet. "Well, my goodness!" she cried. "I'm certainly not doing a very good job! Here I come all the way crosstown just to cheer you up and ——" She studied him anxiously. "Do you—really find New York so bad, Jimmy? Why, your mother said in your last letter you sounded all sort of pale and wan and lost in the big city, and I said I'd look you up and ——"

Capt. James Wallin had the feeling his landing gear was down and his air speed falling off fast. He thought of that last, studiously wistful letter home, and groaned. Then he shot to his feet, alarmed. There were certain things, however innocent, best unknown to small, lovely girls from Prairie Creek. He pulled himself together and stifled a small, guilty feeling, and tried to look disconsolate.

"Susie, it's really nice of you to come." He added bravely, "I guess—New York isn't really too bad."

"Of course it's not!" Susie cried. "Why, it's simply marvelous!"

"It's just that——" He paused. "Sometimes it seems sort of big and lonesome."

"Well," Susie said thoughtfully, "you always were the quiet, brooding type."

James frowned. "I was?" He sighed. "Well, maybe some of us—just don't get over it." He added forlornly, "When you write, be sure to tell everyone I miss them a lot."

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The goat wandered in from the bedroom. The girl jumped and did a double take; her mouth hung open. James jumped too. He glared murderously at the goat and tried to think of a reasonable explanation, and failed.

"It's—for Major Hillyer, the adjutant," he said faintly.

The goat nibbled at Susie's pocketbook; she seemed fascinated. "You keep—livestock, Jimmy?"

Jimmy groped. "We're—uh—giving it to him at a dance at the Officers Club tomorrow night. It's his birthday." He added distractedly, "Her name's Perfume."

"Oh," the girl said. She looked at him strangely and thought a moment, and frowned. "I wouldn't want to be nosy or anything, but just offhand, what would an adjutant want with a goat?"

"We wouldn't know," Jimmy said gleefully. "We're anxious to find out."

There was the sound of a key in the door; they looked up. The door opened. A stocky young man with a butch haircut and an Air Force uniform stood on the threshold and waved a cocktail shaker.

"Rented it," he announced happily. "From a bartender. Full. Greetings, roommate!"

Jimmy shot a stricken look at Susie. "No!" he gasped. He found his feet. "Banjo!" He added faintly, "I—welcome home!"

Banjo stepped into the room. He was towing someone with him. "A fair wind from Cairo! Do we have a party? Meet Tamarra!" He looked around, noted Susie, then pointed at the goat. He frowned. "James, I am aware of your going with girls. But ——"

"Banjo!" Jimmy said hoarsely. "This is Susie!"

Tamarra stepped in. She was a tall, lissome girl with raven hair and Oriental eyes, and exotic as a night in the islands.

"Jee-mee!" she said. "I am hearing of you zo much! I am zo happee to meet wiz you!"

Jimmy took her hand. "'Zo happee?'" he gulped. "Banjo!" he managed. "I know you made the Cairo run, but ——"

"Partner," Banjo chortled, "I found her in Cairo, and smuggled her in here. She's White Russian. A dancer." He added gleefully, "You ever bring home a better souvenir, Jimmy?"

Jimmy dropped Tamarra's hand and gaped. He sank into a chair. "You—what?" he choked.

Banjo waved. "Nothing to it," he said airily. "I had a nice, fat C-Fifty-four. Cargo, no passengers. The crew are my pals, and you know Customs doesn't bother much with Uncle Sammy's airplanes. We just locked her in the lavatory when we stopped for fuel."

Jimmy stared, mouth open. "No!" he gasped. "You're out of your mind! A gag is a gag, but the laws! Immigration! Passport! The Air Force! Banjo!"

Banjo looked pained. "Should it be that one of the nation's intrepid birdmen can't invite a friend once in a while? Should it?" He added blithely, "James, there are a hundred and seventy million people on this side of the pond. Even Tamarra can get lost.... Right, darling?"

"Right, Banjo! Oh, I am zo much want to come to America!"

"You'll rot in Leavenworth!" Jimmy pointed a quavering finger. "Forever!" He remembered Susie. "Banjo!" he bleated. "Please! Susie's from Prairie Creek! My home town!"

Banjo stood up and peered at her. "With a figure like that no one would ever know," he said politely.

Jimmy turned to her in desperation. "Listen!" he pleaded. "Susie, things aren't always like this! It's just that my roommate's gone crackers!"

He stopped and looked at her blankly; Miss Susie Wilson was eying Banjo and Tamarra and Perfume, and she looked positively delighted.

She said innocently, "They aren't, Jimmy?"

Banjo wandered around the room and looked glum. "Five thousand miles we fly, and no party. There was one here when I left." He thought a moment, and brightened. "James, we will go get Tamarra a hotel room; then we will hold hands all over New York." He looked at Susie admiringly. "The four of us!"

James jumped and glared. "No!" he said hastily. "That is, I'm sure Susie wouldn't like it!"

Susie was staring at him in wonder; her eyes practically danced. "Why, Jimmy!" she cried. "Why, Jimmy Wallin, I'd love it!"

Jimmy's mouth opened in flat refusal; then he thought of a chance to explain. "I—fine!" he said. "I mean—I just thought it might be a bit different from home," he finished lamely.

"I am sure," Miss Susie Wilson said sweetly, "it will be!"

Jimmy pointed shakily at Tamarra. "Smuggled," he said faintly. "Banjo, you're going to—just let her taxi around? I mean—like anyone else?"

"Why not?" Banjo said blithely. He waved. "You think this country is full of people who'd know people smuggled from Cairo, James?"

"Yes," Jimmy said dazedly. "No. I don't know. Our own group goes to Cairo. Banjo, if you get caught, they'll throw the book. Jail!"

"Phooey!" Banjo said. He added loftily, "Besides, Tamarra has not fraternized with the military. March, partner!"

They shut Perfume in the bathroom and got a cab and rode downtown. Tamarra exclaimed at everything; Jimmy stared at her, unbelieving. Then he looked at Susie cautiously. At her insistence they had stopped at her place so that she could change into a dress. In view of the results, Jimmy hadn't begrudged the delay. Now he tried a few tentative conversational gambits; Susie looked properly wide-eyed and not a bit as if she did not believe he was pale and wan and lost in New York. They chose a small place with large steaks; Jimmy bucked up and led her onto the dance floor.

"Susie," he said, relieved. "Susie, I'm really sorry if you got a wrong impression. I wouldn't want you to think ——"

"You wouldn't?" Susie murmured. She slid into his arms.

"No," Jimmy said. "I ——"

The strange, warm, tingling feeling along his spine started at once. It became a positive tremor. She came just up to his chest and there was the faint, entrancing smell of her hair, and she was light as an armful of mist. She snuggled; Jimmy found himself floating.

Then he remembered Prairie Creek and took himself firmly in hand. He spoke engagingly of the Air Force and long overwater flights, and behaved like a choir boy out with his aunt. Susie tilted her head back and listened and looked ravishing. They went back to the table, and during dinner he even managed to get in a couple of properly wistful remarks about band concerts and picnics. They seemed to go over well; Jimmy congratulated himself and relaxed. Then, strictly polite, he looked at Tamarra, and stood up.

"Jee-mee! Ze roomba!"

Tamarra's version of the rumba seemed to be flown in very tight formation. Capt. James Wallin forgot himself and practiced too long, and when they came back he had lipstick on his collar. He felt alarm at once; Susie's foot seemed to be tapping the floor.

"He thinks I brought him a present," Banjo said plaintively.

Susie looked at Banjo. She looked at Jimmy and smiled; it was a very competent, meaningful smile. Then Miss Susie Wilson leaned back.

"My!" she said innocently. "Banjo, is he always like this?"

Banjo jumped for the bait. "Why, Susie," he chortled, "do you know you're out with a marked man? Now, you take Perfume. Do you know she's really a peace offering for Major Hillyer? Why, ever since the major found out he and Pete flew a couple of F-Eighty-fours clear to Dallas just to get haircuts from their favorite barber ——"

"Banjo!" Jimmy squawked.

Susie looked delighted.

Banjo warmed up; he practically glowed. "Susie, he's just modest! Why, he's still the only man in New York who ever managed to get upstairs in that all-girl hotel up on Central Park. He got some civilian clothes and borrowed a doctor's bag, and told 'em at the desk he was seeing a patient. I think he took pulses on all eighteen floors."

"Banjo!" James bleated.

Susie looked positively awed. She patted his hand. "'It's just that—sometimes New York seems sort of big and lonesome,'" she murmured.

James choked and stared. He stared for a long time; Miss Susie Wilson did not look like Prairie Creek at all. The demure, wide-eyed look was gone; it was as if she had spent her life in the heart of the city, laughing at men.

"I—yes," James said faintly.

"Now," Banjo said gleefully, "you take the time he and that bubble dancer ——"

James shot to his feet; he practically dragged Susie away from the table. "Susie!" he babbled. "Look, maybe we should kind of go off by ourselves. I mean, we could ——"

"Why, Jimmy!" Susie cried wickedly. "I wouldn't break things up for the world! Aren't you having fun?"

"I—yes," Jimmy said helplessly.

They wound up the evening riding the Staten Island ferry, so Tamarra could see the New York sky line. It was a calm, beautiful night, and Miss Susie Wilson seemed to have flipped again. She looked very tiny and appealing, and prim as afternoon dancing school. She stood close to Jimmy and slipped a small, trusting hand into his; Jimmy stirred and felt protective at once. Then, when he took her home and the cab stopped, Miss Susie Wilson put her arms around him and kissed him.

It was the sudden warm, breath-taking kiss of a woman. For a long moment Capt. James Wallin had the sensation of a wild, high-altitude spin through outer space. Then he remembered, and broke away as if he were kissing someone in pigtails.

"Susie!" he said frantically. "No!"

Susie's eyes were soft. She whispered, "You—big—lug," and the cab door slammed. She ran, waved gaily from the doorway and was gone.

Jimmy went to bed and dreamed of a small nuisance in saddle shoes running in and out of the family kitchen, and a very grown-up kiss, and awoke feeling unhappy and completely confused. He went to the field and checked out co-pilots on some new equipment, and had a strange tendency to overcorrect on instrument approaches. Then he returned to the apartment and fidgeted. It was late afternoon before he gave in and picked up the phone. Then the words just came out; he heard himself asking Miss Susie Wilson to the major's birthday celebration that night.

"Why, I'd love to!" Susie cried. She added innocently, "Of course, I was going to stay home and write your mother."

Jimmy glared. "Well, listen," he said worriedly. "There might be a bit of repartee here and there that isn't just like Prairie Creek." He brightened. "Susie, I can introduce you to a lot of nice men. I mean, you're new here and—I'll make sure of it."

"Oh?" Susie said.

Banjo and Tamarra came in, and Tamarra expounded on the wonders of New York. After a while they carried Perfume downstairs and eased her into Jimmy's battered station wagon, and went to pick up Susie.

Susie appeared in something filmy and white; Jimmy gasped. She was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. He warned himself sternly, and suggested dinner at a staid place on the way to the field. When they finally got to the club, the celebration was in full swing.

It was a large room, packed with uniforms and pretty girls. The major, a round little man who looked as if he had too much blood, sat at a table at one end; Jimmy put a leash on Perfume and led her across the dance floor, and there was hilarity at once. He made a straight-faced speech about the virtues of goats, and placed the leash in the major's hand. The major looked nonplused; Perfume hunkered down and ate his napkin.

Jimmy danced with Susie and the strange, warm, tingling feeling surged over him in a great wave; then he remembered about introducing her to men. He pulled himself together, and brought them in droves. Miss Susie Wilson looked a lovely, innocent eighteen, and it was like tossing candy to kids. She was surrounded at once, four deep.

Jimmy, feeling righteous, wandered off and danced with Tamarra. It was an experience in itself; he beat off the stag line and danced for a long time. Then he saw Susie's head against a second lieutenant's chest, and experienced a sharp twinge of jealousy. He cut in. "Good time?" he asked buoyantly. "Lots of nice, nice men?"

"Yes," Susie said. He felt her stiffen suddenly; her face had sort of a hurt, bewildered look. She turned away. "Oh, go play with your goats!" she said fiercely.

Jimmy backed up. "Huh?" he said.

Someone cut in. Jimmy frowned and reflected on the vagaries of women. He wandered into the bar and joined a group singing. They sang for a long time; then someone tugged at his arm; he turned.

Miss Susie Wilson looked tense and alarmed. He rose quickly and followed her away from the crowd.

"Jimmy!" she gasped. "I was dancing with Major Hillyer! I think he's suspicious about Tamarra!" Her words fairly tumbled out. "He was on an inspection trip overseas only about a week ago, and I think he saw her in Cairo! Jimmy, I can't find Banjo, but if the major starts asking questions ——"

Jimmy stared, unbelieving. "I—knew it!" he bleated. "Susie!" His eyes fled around the room; he leaped. "Wait!" he ordered savagely. "Wait here!" He hunted through the club frantically, and finally found Banjo and Tamarra on a porch. He grabbed them and explained; the color drained from Banjo's face.

"It—can't be," he whispered. "Jimmy—it—can't!"

Tamarra turned white, too, and wrung her hands. "Jee-mee! I have danced in Cairo, but nevair have I meet ——"

"Listen!" Jimmy said hoarsely. "You two get out of here. Fast, before he

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catches up with you! We'll meet in the car. We've got to think!"

"Yes," Banjo said faintly.

Jimmy ran back through the club and caught Susie's arm, and practically dragged her outside.

Susie looked surprised. "No!" she cried. "Listen, Jimmy; there's no need to ——"

"Quiet!" Jimmy ordered. "Come! Quick!" He pushed her into the car beside Tamarra and drove.

"A hundred and seventy million people in this place," Banjo choked, "and she has to meet someone who sees her in Cairo! It's impossible! Jimmy!" he bleated, "if he asks, I'll have to admit it! Jail!"

"Listen, you two," Susie said desperately. "If ——"

"Think!" Jimmy ordered hollowly. "Now!"

"He could even ask tomorrow, Jimmy! Jail, for sure!"

Jimmy turned in at a little restaurant near the field and they found a table. Tamarra seemed about to cry. Banjo gave her a long, stricken look and took her hands.

They sat down, and it was a thoroughly chastened, forlorn group. Susie, completely forgotten, eyed them slowly; her fingers drummed on the table. Then Miss Susie Wilson jumped to her feet.

"Well, for heaven's sake!" she yelped. "You two certainly push the panic button in an awful hurry! I tried to stop you! Now, if you'd just listen ——"

Jimmy waved. "Susie!" he said, anguished. "Please. This is serious!"

"If you have any ideas ——" Banjo said bitterly.

Susie pulled herself up to her full five-feet-two. "Why, of course, I have!" she cried. "Of course I have! There's no need of running around whipping up a storm!"

Jimmy looked up. Banjo looked up.

Susie pointed a long finger at Banjo. "You smuggled her in!" she cried. "Well, my goodness, smuggle her out!"

Banjo blinked. "Huh?" he said blankly.

"It's worth a try! If she's not in this country, no one can prove a thing! Why, you just met her somewhere and ——"

Jimmy half rose. Hope flooded Banjo's face; it faded at once. He shook his head. "There's nothing scheduled for Cairo until next week." He added despairingly, "There's a trip scheduled for tonight, but it's undoubtedly gone."

Susie put hands on slim hips; her foot tapped the floor. "Captain," she said succinctly, "tonight's trip leaves at midnight. There's almost two hours."

Jimmy's mouth opened. Banjo's mouth opened. Then he sank back. "Anyway," he groaned, "Davis is flying it. I think he has a girl over there. He'd never swap with me, even if I asked him. I couldn't very well explain."

Miss Susie Wilson looked incredulous. "Why, my goodness!" she cried. "Of course he'd swap! That nice Lieutenant Davis? Why, I just told him it was important, and he said as long as I asked, he'd be glad to. It's all arranged!" She added matter-of-factly, "I've been trying to tell you. I couldn't find Banjo, so I just went ahead and ——"

Jimmy gaped. Banjo gaped. They sat for a long moment in silence, then Tamarra started to laugh through her tears. "Banjo! We weel not go to ze jail!"

"She—couldn't—have!" Jimmy whispered, staring.

"No!" Banjo whispered.

Miss Susie Wilson tossed her head. She waved, and looked at her watch. "If I were you," she said calmly, "I'd be getting on my horse."

Jimmy got to his feet and took Susie's hands. "She's only here one evening and she pulls a deal like this!" he managed.

"Susie!" Banjo said dazedly. "Susie, darling, if you ever need any duels fought or any dragons slain ——"

Susie led them in beauty back to the car; they seemed to come out of deep shock. "We'll go straight to the flight line, before the crew gets there," Jimmy rattled. "We'll make like the girls are visiting or saying good-by. We'll get Tamarra hidden somehow. We've got to! Susie!"

"I can't get in any more trouble anyhow," Banjo said hollowly. He added raptly, "Susie!"

They drove past the club and out onto the floodlighted concrete of the ramp. Jeeps curved among the airplanes. A huge C-54 loomed in the shadow of a hangar; there was a gasoline truck beside it, and a couple of men on the wing.

"They're still fueling it," Jimmy said faintly. "And there's all the preflight checks. If there's anyone aboard ——"

They stopped the car; the men on the wing looked curious. Banjo waved and tried to sound convincing. "Showing the girls where we work!" he shouted. "The ship ready to go, sarge?"

The sarge grinned and waved back. They clambered up the ladder; the cabin, dim and cargo-littered, yawned before them. They held their breaths; there was no one there.

Banjo nudged Tamarra. "Into the lavatory!" he said. "Quick! Lock it!"

Tamarra whispered good-by haltingly and looked frightened.

Banjo peered out the cabin window. "We'll wait 'til they're on the other wing, away from the car," he babbled. "Then we leave. They'll never dream we left someone behind. They ——"

"Yes," Jimmy said faintly. They closed the door on Tamarra, hard; Banjo peered out the window again. They waited, tense.

"Now!" Banjo bleated. "Out!"

They scrambled down the ladder and made the car and drove off fast. Jimmy breathed a long, gusty sigh of relief; Banjo sank back against the cushions and mopped his brow.

"Made it—so far!" he said fervently. "Now get me to Operations! You two get back to the club!" He added faintly, "Call me if anything's wrong there. The major could be—looking!"

"Yes!" Jimmy managed.

The car stopped; Banjo got out and kissed Susie nervously. "Susie, I love you. Now, go!"

He managed a pale grin for Jimmy and disappeared inside. Jimmy and Susie drove back to the club in silence. They walked into the noise of the party; Jimmy started to lead her to a quiet corner. "We'll avoid the major if we possibly can, 'til the ship leaves," he said hollowly. "If he's suspicious ——"

A second lieutenant appeared from nowhere and swept Susie onto the dance floor. James opened his mouth, blinked and peered after her. Then he stood still and peered about him, half expecting a brace of MP's to leap out of the woodwork. The party looked strangely normal; Jimmy slunk about the stag line. He watched Perfume wandering about cadging drinks from the tables, and the thought of alcohol appealed.

The bar was crowded; he looked around furtively, and found a stool and sat down and ordered. Then there was someone clapping him on the back, and a voice in his ear. It was Major Hillyer's voice; Jimmy froze.

"Speaking of girls, which we weren't," the major boomed, "that sidekick of yours is doing all right, captain! Tamarra, isn't it?" He added plaintively, "I've been trying to dance with her all evening."

Jimmy turned. "You have?" he squeaked.

"Where is she?" the major asked hopefully. "Where's Banjo?"

"I—think he left," Jimmy managed.

The major frowned. "In the middle of the party?"

"I believe—he had to fly."

The major looked surprised. "Tonight? Why, there's nothing going out but the Cairo run. And Bill Davis ——"

Jimmy gripped the bar; his hands were sweaty. "I think Banjo swapped trips with him." He added desperately, "Maybe Bill doesn't feel good or something."

"Oh," the major said. He sighed and picked up his drink. He paused. "Cairo," he said happily. "Someday I'm going along on that ride, just to see it. Made Karachi and Casablanca on that last inspection trip, but ——"

Jimmy slid halfway off the stool. "You—what?" he gulped.

"The fellows asked to be remembered to you."

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The major frowned. "Cairo," he said. "I want to go there. Never been." He looked puzzled. "What's so odd about that? Lots of people never ——"

It was as if someone had pulled the rug out from under him; Capt. James Wallin's feet hit the floor. He stared at the major in blank amazement, then charged out of the room. He saw Susie and elbowed people aside until he reached her.

Susie looked startled. "What ——" she began.

"You!" James said grimly. "Come! Come now!"

He took her arm, hard, and marched her off the floor. He marched her between tables and out onto the porch, and backed her up against the railing. "Now," he choked, "give!"

There were bright spots of color on Susie's cheeks. "Give—what?" she said weakly.

James pointed a quivering finger. "Major Hillyer," he said furiously, "has never been to Cairo! You railroaded Banjo out of here! Made us take all those chances! Scared us half to death! Now, why?"

"Oh-h," Susie said faintly.

"Well? Well?"

Susie's eyes fled over him, desperate. "Jimmy!" she pleaded. "I—they were bound to get caught! I—they'd have wound up in jail!"

"All of which," Jimmy grated, "was Banjo's problem!" He waved his arms. "It doesn't make sense!" he said wildly. "I ——"

Capt. James Wallin stepped back in stunned astonishment. Miss Susie Wilson suddenly burst into tears. She was crying against his chest—long, racking sobs. "You big—lug! It's all—your fault!"

"It's—what?" Jimmy said incredulously.

Susie's fingers dug into his shoulders. "I've wanted you—ever since—we were kids!" she wailed. "Even in Prairie Creek, when I thought you were all quiet and—and stuffy! Then I found you'd got human, and then you gave me that—that snow job about being lonesome in New York and treated me like—like somebody's mother and ——"

"Susie!"

"Then you—kept giving me—away to all—those men and ——"

"Susie!" Jimmy choked. "But Banjo!"

The sobs stopped; Susie backed up. She stamped her foot. "It wasn't Banjo!" she cried fiercely. "It was that Tamarra! You didn't treat her like somebody's mother, Jimmy Wallin! Why, the last time you danced with her you—you hardly moved your feet!" The sobs started anew. "I had—to do—something!" she wailed.

Jimmy felt himself reaching. The strange, warm, tingling feeling started along his spine and exploded all over. He took Susie's face between his hands and stared for a long time.

"Susie," he said wonderingly. "Susie, darling, I want you too. I forgot something. I forgot that all the girls in New York come from home towns. I was—confused. I thought you were all Prairie Creek and innocent and ——"

Susie straightened up. "Why, I am Prairie Creek!" she said indignantly. "I am innocent!"

Jimmy moved; her lips were inches away. There was the roar of an airplane taking off. Susie drew back. "Perfume," she whispered.

"Huh?" Jimmy said blankly.

Miss Susie Wilson moved very close. "I got Lieutenant Davis to do it," she whispered gleefully. "We had the control tower hold Banjo's ship on the taxiway. We sneaked Perfume in the cabin door."

THE END

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I Was a Despairing Stutterer

(Continued from Page 27)

feelings intimately examined, and tried to change my handedness from right to left.

I earned a B.A. degree—and still stuttered. I began majoring in clinical psychology. Presently I had a master's degree—and was still stuttering.

In the clinic I had my brain waves recorded, learned to stutter on purpose, and began wearing a plaster cast on my right hand to make myself more left-handed. Finally I was a doctor of philosophy—and still a stutterer.

During this time I managed to find my tongue sufficiently to pop the question to the girl in my poetry class. (Now, with two specially fluent children—a son well along in law school and a daughter studying radio-TV in college—we have lived happily ever after for more than twenty-five years.)

One day, not long after I'd completed work on my Ph.D., the director of the Speech Clinic left—and there I was! I was like the chap who, when asked how he came to fall into the lake, replied, "I didn't. I came to fish." Having fallen in, I found I thoroughly enjoyed swimming. I remained director until May, 1955, when, having had a mild heart attack, I gave up my administrative duties. But I have continued to do research on stuttering and to work clinically with stutterers ever since.

The first idea to be tested in the new Iowa speech laboratory was the famous "dominance theory," which suggested that one half of the brain is dominant over the other half, and that if this arrangement is disturbed, as it was assumed to be in the case of a left-hander forced to use his right hand, stuttering results. As the years went by, the dominance theory was overshadowed by more promising leads that began to turn up.

The most exciting—and puzzling—were those resulting from studies of the very beginning—the onset—of stuttering.

The youngsters brought to the clinic by their parents as stutterers appeared to be normal, even in their speech, until someone—nearly always their parents—started to "help them talk better." We found that the problem almost never began with an illness, injury, shock, fright or anything else unusual. So far as we could learn, the youngsters' speech, when the parents first grew concerned over it, had been the normal speech of early childhood—to some degree halting and repetitious, but not at all like stuttering as we know it in older cases.

To provide a yardstick, we ran tests to find out how much repeating children ordinarily do. Our studies showed that normally-speaking two-, three- and four-year-old children usually repeat sounds, whole words or phrases thirty-five to fifty times per 1000 words. It was almost impossible to distinguish between normally-speaking children and those thought of as stutterers by their parents. But we did observe that the speech of youngsters became more effortful and tense after their parents decided they were "not talking right."

Slowly we began to comprehend the vital point that had been missed for so many centuries. Case after case had developed after it had been diagnosed as stuttering by overanxious persons unfamiliar with the facts of normal speech development. The parents rather than the child, the listeners rather than the speakers, seemed to be the ones most requiring understanding and instruction.

Following up this clue, we looked into the differences between parents who felt their children were stutterers and parents who didn't. We found nearly 250 children who were thought by their parents to be stutterers, and matched each one with a child of like age, sex and social and economic background whom no one regarded as a stutterer. Then we asked each parent 850 questions covering almost every aspect of family living.

Although both groups of parents gave similar answers on most items, those who judged their children to be stutterers seemed to demand more of themselves, their children and each other. They were a little more inclined to be edgy and dissatisfied. Also, they appraised themselves and each other less favorably than the facts seemed to justify.

The most important difference was a tendency on the part of these parents to make an issue of the way their children were speaking. This seemed to set off a vicious circle: the less pleased they were with their children's talk, the harder it was for the children to speak to them and the more hesitant their speech became. As this fact became clearer, we began to see how to be more helpful to parents.

Eddie, for example, came to us when he was four. A year earlier, when he was speaking like other three-year-olds, his parents began to be impatient when he was noisy or when he didn't speak as smoothly as they felt he should. Tension grew, and a year later he and his mother were carrying on a running fight about the way he talked, ate and behaved. They argued about naps and bedtime. When he went to visit neighbors, she'd drag him back. He liked to hammer the piano, but his father, a musician, "couldn't stand the racket," and made him stop. During all this, Eddie's speech suffered.

Basically, however, he and his parents seemed to be an "all right" kind of people. After sizing up the situation in several sessions in the home and at the clinic, we gave the parents a briefing on childhood speech development and some practical advice.

Eddie's mother was to suggest a day at a park, talking it up for three days ahead, planning just what they'd take in the picnic basket and just what they'd do. When the big day came, they were to stay out all day and Eddie was to be allowed to play to his heart's content. Next morning they were to begin planning the next peck of fun, and follow through.

Eddie was to have more freedom to visit in the neighborhood. Instead of resenting the piano hammering, his father was to teach him how to play the piano—an idea he had never thought of. This turned out to be downright delightful. After two months the mother telephoned to report that Eddie's speech problem had cleared up, and that she and her husband had changed for the better too.

In cases like this, you may ask, what is done for the child at the clinic? Nothing. The child is not the patient. We concentrate on the parents. They need information about early speech development and the things that affect it favorably and unfavorably. They need understanding of their own problems. They need to be encouraged to accept their child as he is, and to rejoice in his growth and the possibilities of his future.

While on the subject of parents, it's high time we stopped blaming them for everything that goes wrong with their children. The least we should consider is that parents have had parents too. In this sort of chain reaction we cannot fairly load all the blame on any one person or couple. Most parents have been taught practically nothing about the speech development of children. Given the information they need, most of them can make good use of it.

For most parents, the most important recommendations turn out to be these:

Calm down about your child's repeating and hesitating. Let him learn to talk in his own time. Read to him, converse with him all you can. Put yourself in his place—suppose you were just learning Chinese, and the people on whom you depended insisted that you speak it fluently!

Take the foot off the accelerator. Our competitive way of life sneaks up on us. Before we realize it, we're driving ourselves and our children at a ridiculous clip. We need sleep, leisurely companionship, time to ponder and collect our wits.

Children should not be hounded, either by brothers and sisters or by parents. Use "Stop that!" less; "Nice going!" more. Stutterers talk fine when they're alone; it's the combination of speaker and listener that brings on the stuttering. When your child speaks, give him the same consideration you'd allow any other person you respect. Be the right kind of listener and you probably won't have a stuttering child.

The clinic plays an important role in the treatment of older children and adults. In our approach to stuttering, we feel that where normal speakers hesitate, stutterers hesitate to hesitate. That's the difference. They've been made to feel they must never do anything, such as hesitating or repeating, that might be called stuttering.

They try not to stutter, because they're afraid of embarrassing consequences. As they get over their fear they don't try so hard not to stutter. And so, of course, they don't do so many of the things we call stuttering. As a result, their fear decreases still more, they do still less to avoid stuttering, so they talk better and better.

Fine, you say, but how does a stutterer get over being afraid? Well, there are probably several ways to skin this particular cat. At the University of Iowa, in four medical and nonmedical clinics in Iowa City, and in the mobile clinic of the Iowa State Services for Crippled Children, we see about 1200 speech cases a year. Around 200 of these are students at the university, the rest are outpatients. Of the cases, about 100 are stutterers. Of these, roughly half are eighteen years old and over, about a third are of school age, the rest are preschoolers. Most of those of school age and over receive some treatment in the Speech Clinic.

Billy Richards is a composite of many cases we've had. He's twelve, in good health, lives with his parents and a younger sister and brother on a farm. He goes to a consolidated school, where he gets along about as the other kids do, except that he avoids talking in class. Billy's parents were advised by their doctor to consult the Speech Clinic and made an appointment.

Prof. Frederic L. Darley, director of the Outpatient Speech Clinic—a group of offices, laboratories and counseling rooms on the Iowa campus—supervised Billy's examination and the interviews with his parents. A case history was taken. Billy's speech was recorded on tape and analyzed. He stuttered on 10 per cent of his words—mostly those which were longer than average, which started with consonant sounds or began sentences. When he stuttered he held his breath, pressed his lips together or jammed his tongue against his front teeth. He didn't know why he did these things. His case history indicated that he tended to be discouraged now and then, and was sometimes withdrawn.

Billy's mother and father were also interviewed and given personality tests at the clinic. Their scores fell in the normal range, but they indicated a tendency to be critical of themselves and their children. They could not pinpoint the time when Billy's trouble began; they thought it had come on gradually. They had just supposed he was "nervous." We found no evidence that he was, however, and the family doctor had pronounced him a healthy boy. The parents had tried to get him to talk more slowly, but the more they tried, the worse he got.

It was March when Billy first visited the clinic, and it was suggested he return for the six-week summer speech clinic for school-age children. Meanwhile, he was encouraged to do all the talking he could at school, and when he held his breath or puckered his lips, to do it as easily as possible. He was advised to read aloud, by himself at first, then to the family or a friend. His parents were urged to stop criticizing Billy's speech, to be attentive to what he had to say, to help him cultivate his abilities, make his own decisions and develop a good opinion of himself.

That summer Billy spent six busy weeks at the university, living in a dormitory with a few dozen other boys. There was another dormitory for girls. House mothers, proctors, recreation directors and a nurse provided necessary care and kept the days filled with enjoyable activity. Billy spent two to three hours a day at the clinic, in individual conferences with a clinician and in group-therapy sessions. There he got used to the sound of his stuttering by using a tape recorder. He watched himself in a mirror. He shared his feelings with the other kids, talked out his fears about speaking, found out he wasn't the only one who had such troubles. His teachers helped him understand what he was doing when he interfered with his speech and showed him how he could talk more easily if he'd just keep going instead of clamping his jaws shut. They took him to stores and shops, for practice in talking to clerks, helped him to use the telephone and other such things he'd been afraid to try.

Billy didn't become a silver-tongued orator in six weeks, but he did learn to face his problem. When he returned to school in the fall, he made a class report on his summer. His mother and father came for the two-day parents' conference at the close of the summer session. We felt that they, too, had a better grasp of the problem (Continued on Page 74)

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

A small town is where you kiss and everybody tells.

Most husbands know the ropes. They've been on them for years.

A bachelor is a man who enjoys being a good loser.

In-laws are all right if you meet them halfway. And leave them there too.

The best time to give advice is when nobody else is around.

If all men are born free, it's time the hospitals were told about it.

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Deliciously yours!

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(*Continued from Page 72*) and were better able to help Billy carry on the good work he had so well begun.

Billy may be back next year or the next. Or he may turn out to be like Joe Burns, a high-school freshman who spent a summer with us. When he left, I felt we hadn't done much for Joe. His stuttering had not improved noticeably and I wasn't sure he'd understood the instruction. Three years later, however, Joe stopped by my office and told me he was in Iowa City to take part in the finals of a statewide, high-school, public-speaking contest! After his summer at the clinic, he said, he'd gone out for debate and drama, recited all he could in class, sold magazines from house to house. With the understanding he'd gained at the clinic, all this paid off. He spent four student years at the university after that, but had no further need of the Speech Clinic.

The problem faced by Ann, a twenty-year-old college freshman, and what we were able to do for her were more or less typical of older stutterers who have come to us. Neither Ann nor her parents could remember exactly how her stuttering began. Ann did recall, though, that there had been a fuss in second grade over who'd be Snow White in a class play. She'd had a sudden illness and lost out to a rival. She thinks she spoke more hesitantly during this period. Some time later her parents were after her to "stop stuttering." Her problem grew worse from ages seven to ten, then leveled off.

She was popular in high school and spoke much more freely. The summer following graduation she became engaged to a classmate. That autumn they both enrolled in the same small college and made plans to be married. Then her fiancé abruptly called off their engagement. Ann, thinking he objected to the remnants of her stuttering problem, tried to set things right by fighting all the harder against a tendency to hesitate. Soon she was speaking with more strain and difficulty than ever. She dropped out of college and spent two listless years at office jobs. Then she came to Iowa and began to attend the Speech Clinic.

During four months at the clinic, Ann had thirty-seven half-hour sessions with a speech clinician—in the clinic offices and in the "field"—and seventy-two hours of group therapy in the clinic's classrooms. Forty-eight of these latter hours were spent in my own "stutterers' workshop."

Like most entering cases, Ann found almost immediate relief in discussing her problem with one who understood. The clinician devoted the first ten interviews to giving her the basic facts about stuttering and to helping her analyze the situations in which she did her poorest speaking. The next fifteen sessions were spent in shopping around town for personal items, making travel inquiries at railroad and bus stations—situations she had avoided in the past because of fear. "When I actually went through with it," she said later, "it was only half as bad as I thought it would be. People are really quite understanding!" Meanwhile, she was attending my group-therapy workshop class.

At the first meeting each term, I try to make it clear that I'm not there just to preach, but as a member of the group. Everybody in the world, including myself, has adjustment problems. Our great hope lies in facing up to them. To get discussions started, I sometimes have one of the stutterers get up before the group to be asked questions.

When Ann's turn came, they asked how she felt about her stuttering when she was on a date. She said she tried to hide it because she was afraid the boy wouldn't ask her out again. The ideal girl of most boys was the Hollywood starlet, she said, and starlets never stutter. Two male students assailed her for generalizing. One said he, for one, wouldn't mind going out with a girl who stuttered, and this brought a laugh.

After four months, Ann was stuttering less than before and, according to tests given at the clinic, was a more confident person. There were improvements in the fluency of her speech. She is now equipped with information and new attitudes which will help her continue to improve under supervision or on her own, if she wants to invest the time and effort. In general, the older the stutterer, the more courage it takes to get on the path of improvement and stay there.

Students in my workshop often ask what has been most helpful in my own case. I have no pat answer. When my first-grade teacher first told my parents she thought I was beginning to stutter, they took me to see old Doc Simpson, as noble and kind as any man or physician I ever hope to see. He was wise enough to know that when there is nothing to do something must indeed be done. And so he gave me sugar pills flavored with peppermint. Those peppermint pills were to become for me an unforgettable symbol of love without understanding. What understanding I have since gained leads me to emphasize three things: First, talk to people, then talk some more. Second, learn all about the problem, in a general way and with regard to one's own case. The more one knows about a thing, the less afraid of it he becomes. Third, practice, and more practice, putting to use the techniques that have been suggested by trained clinicians.

This last is most important of all. Once the stutterer understands that he's just postponing speech because he's afraid he'll stutter if he tries it, he can see he doesn't have to hold his breath with all his might. He can go ahead and say "Milwaukee," and see what happens. When nothing disastrous follows, he's a little more able to shed old habits and take on new ones.

With practice, he gradually learns to move forward—l-like this, or luh-luh-like this, or like-like-like this, until he's sure enough of himself to move forward *like this*—toward a glorious new freedom to speak.

What hope is there for the average adult stutterer? The late King George VI of England and the late Harry Hopkins made great improvement; so did Horace Heidt, the musician and band leader. One man I know is high in the personnel-management department of a large steel company. Several are physicians, one is a successful dentist. A dozen I've known as clinic cases are university professors, three are lawyers, three are clergymen, some are newspaper writers and editors, many are active in the business world. A score of them are working, as I am, in speech pathology.

Not all of these people talk without occasional hesitation. Some, it is true, have gone the way of Demosthenes, excelling as speakers, lecturers, salesmen, counselors. All have learned to live effectively with whatever may remain of the speech problem that was once such a threat to success and happiness. As for myself, I don't always talk smoothly. But I've delivered several hundred public lectures, not counting the classroom lecturing, some of it on the air, that I do on my job. And away from my job I'm not a speechless wallflower.

They Learn to Smile Again (Continued from Page 31)

ninety-one boys and forty-five girls, aged from fifteen months to fifteen years. They are of many races, religions and nationalities. There are colored children, "occupation children" and children without a country.

The visitor is struck by the atmosphere of cheerful normality. I saw no sullen faces, frightened eyes or rigid discipline. There were small girls playing with dolls, boys playing soccer. They had arguments, fought and made up. Yet many of them were problem children when they came here, and most have tragic life stories.

There are the five brothers and sisters, from two to eleven years old, who became orphans last year. The social-welfare people tried to distribute the children among several foster families, but they cried and begged to stay together. No one would take five children. Then the oldest boy, who had heard of the SOS Children's Village, wrote to Imst. There was an investigation, and one day the five children arrived at the village. They live in the same house now and are happy.

The village is a cheerful place, amid mountains and trees and bracing air, at an altitude of 3000 feet. In its center are two community houses with offices, library, infirmary, workshops, garage, playrooms, a hall for religious services and meetings, and a small store. There is a booth where souvenirs are sold to visitors. In front of the larger community house flies the village flag, showing the red-white-red Austrian colors with two small children dancing around a flower. There is a parking lot, a small soccer field, a pond. It's a real village, not an "institution." The children are dressed individually—no uniforms. As in large families elsewhere, the younger ones inherit their clothes from older brothers and sisters.

The blond little girl whom I saw running down the slope, flowers in her hand, arrived here not long ago with fear in her eyes and bruises on her back. When her mother died of cancer, her father set fire to his house to get the insurance money and was sent to prison; the child was given to a foster mother, who beat her.

The little boy over there eating an apple came to the village two years ago. His mother had been hanging around Camp Roeder, in Salzburg. She met many soldiers and wasn't sure which one was the father of the boy. When the Americans left Austria, she followed them to Italy, leaving the child with a girl friend who suffered from acute tuberculosis. In no time the boy was infected. After the neighbors notified the authorities, the child was sent to a sanitarium. He recovered and was later accepted in Imst.

In his office, the village director, Karl Hangl, showed me a cabinet with hundreds of files. "Nothing but tragedy, misery and suffering," he said. A gentle, gray-haired man of forty-five, Hangl had to give up teaching school when he was wounded in the war. His wife and two boys live in Innsbruck. Hangl goes home once a week. The rest of his time belongs to the children of Imst.

"Our youngest villager is a fifteen-months-old baby whose mother is a fourteen-year-old girl," he said. "The father of the baby is also the father of the young girl." He sighed. "Now the girl is in a reformatory, the father in prison. About half of our children are orphans. If we would get them right after they lose their parents, it wouldn't be so bad. But often they are first given to foster parents who mistreat them. Naturally, the children become hard, seeing every grownup as an enemy. Nothing can save these lost children but a home with warmth and affection and, above all, a woman who becomes their mother."

In each house of the SOS Children's Village there lives a "mother," a hard-working, devoted woman who gives the children love and security. One of the first mothers was Frau Maria Weber, a thirty-seven-year-old woman with reddish hair, gentle eyes and a resolute manner, who is in charge of the house Don Bosco. She came to Imst in July, 1951, having read in a church paper that women were needed in the Children's Village.

"I've always loved children," she told me. "My father is a farmer in Eastern Austria, where I taught school. I thought I was able to cope with children. So I came to Imst, and soon found myself in charge of a house. My first child was a little girl who'd seen her mother die a week earlier and was still terrified. When I came to tell her good night, she kissed me and said, 'Now you'll be my mommy.'

"Within two weeks I had eight kids. Most of them were neglected, sullen and distrustful. The older boys would beat and torture the smaller kids. I lay awake nights and cried. I was afraid I would never be able to handle these children. And I was worried about my budget."

In each house of the Children's Village, the mother does her own planning, shopping and cooking, as she would in a regular family. Frau Weber receives from the village management 200 schillings (eight dollars) per child each month, plus 300 schillings for incidentals—soap, floor wax, brooms, towels. With her monthly budget of a little over eighty dollars she buys all the food and pays for light and incidentals. She buys most of her food at the village store, where many staples are sold at reduced prices. Each child gets a clothing-and-shoe ration from a supply store, but the mother is responsible for clothing repairs and upkeep. The system makes her look after the children constantly and teach them to be thrifty.

"I had to learn from scratch," Frau Weber says. "In the beginning I would ration bread and butter and sausage for each child, until I noticed that they ate much more when their food was rationed. Now I just put the food on the table. Each takes as much as he wants, and there is enough for all. I had to get used to cooking four liters (a gallon) of cocoa in the morning. Today our new mothers are given up to two years of training before they are put in charge of a family, but when I came here, everything was done by trial and error. After a while you learn that each child is a separate world. Some need love and affection more than food and clothes, and others need discipline. Some suffer from an inferiority complex and compensate for it by noisy, overbearing manners. And some are listless and frightened, with no hope at all. Those are the most difficult cases. It takes months to give them some faith in life."

Frau Weber continued: "After a few weeks I felt that these children really be-

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longed to me, and they, in turn, treated me as their mother. They began to talk of 'our home,' 'our mamma,' and 'my brother and sister.' When there were arguments, they accepted my verdict because they knew I loved them all. I noticed that the bigger boys would protect their weaker 'brothers' and 'sisters' and stand up for them against other children. The family community became stronger than the village community."

When the boys and girls reach the age of fourteen or fifteen, they leave the village and live at the Children's Village apprentice home in Egerdach, near Innsbruck, where they go to secondary school or learn a trade. Even then their house in Imst remains their home, and they go back to visit. Last year, a boy and a girl left Frau Weber and went to Innsbruck, the girl to a housekeeping school, the boy to take a factory job. There were tearful good-bys, as in any family. A few weeks later the boy came back for a weekend.

"You should have seen the happiness in the house when he arrived with gifts for the smaller children and with flowers for me," said Frau Weber. "And when he kissed me and said, 'Mamma, I've got so much to tell you,' I knew that our experiment was a success."

Frau Weber's house is located in the middle of the village. Four steps lead up to a small entrance hall where several pairs of shoes stand in a row, like soldiers on parade. Downstairs is mamma's room, with her own furniture, radio, books and ledgers, where every schilling spent is put down. Next to it is a spacious kitchen, white and cheerful, with chairs and a large table in one corner. Here the family eats all meals, and here, in the afternoon, the older children do their homework. Upstairs are three bedrooms, each with three beds, where each child has his small closet and drawer. The furniture was designed by a Tyrolean architect and made in Imst. There are a few pictures, and flowers and books and toys. In the upstairs bathroom each child has his towel in a distinctive color.

Though Frau Weber's house was not the official visitors' house when I was there—each week one of the houses becomes the visitors' house—the place was spotless, the bathrooms clean, the beds made, the children's things nicely arranged. That morning, the children had arisen at 6:30, as usual, made their beds, washed and dressed and had breakfast at seven. The older ones walked off to school. The Children's Village has no school of its own; the children go to public school in Imst, where they can make friends with children outside their little community. They come back at noon; on the day of my visit all of us lunched at the large family table in Mamma Weber's kitchen. Next to her sat Andrea, a lovely, three-year-old, chocolate-colored Indian girl with dark eyes and pretty curls. Her father, a student from India, had died in an airplane crash soon after Andrea was born, and her grieving mother had become melancholic. And there were the other children: Wolfgang, five; Ernst, six; Hedy, nine; Guenther, ten; Franzl, eleven; Heinz, thirteen; Rudi, fourteen; Joachim, fourteen. Since Frau Weber was one of the first mothers in the village, the ages of her children are above the average in other houses.

Lunch was simple, but good and plentiful—soup, vegetables, and marmalade-filled *Palatschinken* (pancakes), of which mamma had made fifty. There was excited talk about soccer, school and about the American automobile which I had parked nearby. I noticed that little Andrea, who speaks the local Tyrolean dialect, was pampered by the older boys, who gave her chocolate and extra marmalade.

After lunch, the older boys helped with the dishes before returning to school. Andrea was taken to bed, which she didn't like. Frau Weber sat down for a few minutes in her room. This is the only time she has free during the day.

"A visitor came in the other day and said to me, 'How can you bring up nine children? We have only one, and my wife never has time for anything else.' The answer is organization. When you get your work well organized, it makes little difference whether you have two children or nine. Once a month I take off two days. Herr Hangl insists that each mother spend her days off away from the village, and he's right. But at the end of the second day I'm glad to get back to the family. While I'm gone, a helper—the 'aunt'—comes in to look after the children. Every summer, the boys go to a camp in South Tyrol, Italy, and we mothers have four weeks of vacation. Last year I went to see my folks, but after two weeks I got so homesick I had to come back here."

The SOS Children's Village was the creation of a dreamy man with soft eyes whose name is Hermann Gmeiner. He is one of eight children of a poor farmer in Vorarlberg, Austria's westernmost province. Gmeiner, who is thirty-five, was badly wounded during the war. At the end of the fighting he came to Innsbruck to study medicine, but then he became obsessed with the problem of the many lost, neglected children who were victims of the war.

"I saw them hiding in the ruins of bombed houses, hungry, wearing rags, their eyes reflecting the horrors they'd been through. Their fathers and mothers were dead or had disappeared—refugees, prisoners of war, slave laborers, bomb victims. I thought it wasn't fair that these innocent children were being sent to reformatories and camps. They needed their own room, not a bunk in a barracks. They needed brothers and sisters instead of fellow inmates—a mother instead of a guard. I began to form in my mind the idea of a small village, where the kids could grow up in a cheerful atmosphere—sunshine, mountains, woods."

Gmeiner began to work for a small group of abandoned, neglected children in Innsbruck. One day a fifteen-year-old boy swallowed some pills "because I don't want to live any more," and he died. The tragedy caused Gmeiner to drop everything—his medical studies and his future career—to work full time for his idea.

He studied similar projects—in Trogen, Switzerland, where the Pestalozzi village emphasizes cosmopolitan training in houses run by teachers of different nationalities; in Civitavecchia, near Rome, where boys learn responsibility and self-discipline; and in Wallwies, on Lake Constance, where children live in a former *Wehrmacht* camp. Nowhere, however, were there homes and families where the children could grow up in a normal way. Gmeiner wrote letters to state and church authorities. They thought he was a well-meaning fool. Who was going to pay for the houses that he wanted to build? Besides, many communities refused to have "these waifs and outcasts" in their midst.

At last, the town of Imst offered Gmeiner ten acres on a wooded hillside for a nominal price. He began to send out more letters, thousands of them. The first donations came in. By 1949 two houses were built, and three years later there were five. Gmeiner decided against having a married couple in each house, though this would complete the illusion of a real family. There were no jobs open for men in Imst, which has only a few ceramics works and a textile factory, and there might be problems if the couple's own children lived in the same house with the other kids. Besides, the houses would have to be larger, and Gmeiner wanted to build them cheaply and quickly. Today it costs about $14,000 to build a one-family house.

"A young child needs his mother more than his father," Gmeiner says. "Occasionally, when a man's authority is needed, the village director intervenes, representing the father, so to speak. He also takes care of village economic problems and keeps in touch with the teachers in Imst. It was feared that our children would create serious problems in school. Well, they are among the star pupils; they have an average rating of one point nine." (The best grade is 1, the lowest, 5.)

Now that Gmeiner's plan is established as a success, other children's villages are being constructed or planned near Vienna, and in Lienz, East Tyrol (one house ready); in Altmünster, Upper Austria (eleven houses ready late this fall); and near Klagenfurt, Carinthia. Children's villages are also built in Diessen, Germany; Bressanone, Northern Italy; and in Busigny, Northern France, where a young teacher is in charge, Gilbert Cotteau, who spent several months studying Imst. Greece also plans to build a village. Eventually, Gmeiner hopes, there will be children's villages everywhere on the continent.

The Children's Village in Imst will not be expanded beyond its present size—thirteen family houses. "A village of 150 children is ideal," Gmeiner says. "Further expansion would create problems of administration and supply. The intimate character of the village must be preserved."

The project is financed almost entirely out of private donations. In Austria—population 7,000,000—almost 300,000 people are members of the Children's Village Society, contributing one schilling (four cents) each month. "Friends and patrons" are everywhere now. Several hundred people in the United States send donations regularly to the SOS Children's Town Austria, c/o Austrian Information Service, 31 East 69th Street, New York, and over forty Americans have become "godfathers," paying ten dollars a month, which will support a child in Imst. Additional income is derived from the sale of Christmas and Easter postcards, calendars, and from a lottery in Austria. When children are taken away from foster parents and sent to the village, the city and state welfare agencies turn over the regular foster-care payments to Imst. Otherwise the Austrian Government makes no regular contributions. Some industries, cities, and Rotary International have contributed money toward the construction of houses. Private donors send toys and clothes, and farmers contribute potatoes and other staples.

The selection of the children is made in Innsbruck by the Village Commission, consisting of Gmeiner—who is the director of the entire enterprise—and a psychologist, a businessman, a priest and a member of the State Welfare Board. The commission must select from long waiting lists what it deems to be the most urgent cases. There have been so many of them lately that seventeen children now sleep in the community house in Imst, waiting for space to become available in the family houses.

As a rule, the commission does not accept children who can be taken care of by relatives or friends. It is pointed out that the SOS Children's Village is truly a last resort. Sometimes a stray child shows up in Imst, saying, "I have no place to go—please let me stay here." Once a boy ran away from an orphanage, was caught by the police and sent to a detention home. He ran away again, finally getting to Imst. He is happy there now.

Although selection of the children presents many problems, Gmeiner considers the selection of "mothers" even more difficult. "Our entire idea depends on these women," he says.

Why would any woman choose a life of hard work and worry, with no hope of material reward? The answer is simple—because she loves children. "The worries are great, but the joys are even greater," Frau Antonia Kammerlander, one of the mothers, told me.

Village Director Hangl always has several letters on his desk from women volunteering to be mothers. Those inquiring about working hours, pay and vacation are discarded at once. "We need no forty-hour-a-week mothers," Hangl says. "A mother's job is never done. The pay is nominal, 450 schillings (eighteen dollars) a month. The mother gets free board, and we make social-security and health-insurance payments for her, just what every other worker gets in this country."

The mothers come from all walks of life in Austria. Some were teachers, nurses, welfare workers; others had highly paid positions. "I didn't want a career and money," one says. "I wanted children." Most women are unmarried; a few are childless widows.

From the letters of application, Hangl selects the most promising—none should be over thirty-five—and invites the women to visit Imst for two weeks. While a candidate works as helper, she is observed by the mothers and by Hangl. Is she patient, kindly yet strict, a good housekeeper, clean and orderly, with pedagogical and practical abilities? Above all, does she love children?

Likely candidates are then sent to Innsbruck for psychological tests to determine whether they have stamina as well as peace of mind. Next, they undergo a four-week training course in cooking, sewing, home economics, children's psychology and first aid. When a woman returns to Imst at last, she works from one to two years as helper, taking turns as the aunt in houses where the mother is sick or on vacation. Eventually she will be assigned to a house of her own.

"We can't afford mistakes in the selection of these women," Gmeiner says. "We are also concerned with their future. Someday they will no longer be able to carry on their job. We're going to build a mothers' house near the village, where each retiring mother will have her own room. By that time, some of her children will be married, and maybe mamma will be invited to spend a few weeks with them and their children, as in other families. But we don't expect anything. We just hope for it. We will feel amply rewarded if, say, fifty per cent of our children grow up knowing that the Children's Village gave them a foundation for life. I don't expect thanks. We must never do anything for children because we expect to be thanked for it." THE END

Auld Lang Syne

We call to mind those dear
old friends
Who share our lives
substantially.
We'd hate to leave them all
behind,
Except, of course,
financially.

By Sibyl Krausz

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The Incredible Senator Green

(Continued from Page 13)

He is an almost ageless athlete. His doctors persuaded him, in his mid-eighties, to cut down on his wrestling, mountain climbing and high diving. He now talks of giving away his tennis rackets. But he still walks several miles a day, works out in the gymnasium and swims whenever he gets a chance. He has never taken up golf.

"Later, perhaps," says Green blandly. "It's an old man's game."

He is a multimillionaire who does not own a car, and has never learned to drive. He is an inveterate diner-out, dancer and guest at diplomatic functions. If he hasn't time to walk to these grand affairs, he prefers to go by streetcar or bus, unabashed in his full evening regalia.

He has no dietary fads or fancies. He eats whatever food comes along. His friends say his stomach is made of cast iron. In his world-wide travels on committee business he prefers "the food and wine of the country." In Asia and Africa he consumes with relish exotic concoctions from which his colleagues recoil. "The funny thing is," says one of the young committee consultants who has traveled with him, "that Senator Green thrives on these queer messes. I've seen him, in the tropics, eat salads on which I could practically see the amoebas doing squads right."

We don't usually expect aesthetic appreciation in a senator. Since the days of his youth, Green has been a connoisseur of art, music and architecture. His sister, Cornelia, was a gifted portrait painter. Green himself has won prizes as a water colorist. He is a stanch legislative friend and steady patron of the National Gallery and the Freer Gallery. His own private collection, housed in his ancestral mansion in Providence, is particularly rich in rare Oriental items and the works of the lesser-known Dutch masters.

But now, before exploring further Senator Green's versatilities, let us examine a question which, in these times, may be of fateful importance to all Americans and to the world—namely, what sort of job may Green be expected to do as chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations? The question takes on even greater urgency when the administration is controlled by one party and the Senate by the other. In such case the chairman of Senate Foreign Relations ranks next only to the President and the Secretary of State in the equation which determines America's stance in world affairs.

Those who know Green best believe he will follow the bipartisan pattern set by his four predecessors as chairman: Vandenberg, of Michigan; Connally, of Texas; Wiley, of Wisconsin; and George, of Georgia.

Green, while a hardheaded and immensely successful lawyer and businessman, has always been on the liberal side in politics. He was a New Dealer before the New Deal was heard of. As such, he seldom departs from the Democratic line in domestic matters. In international policies he generally follows the rule that politics stops at the water line. The four prior chairmen have all been his good friends, and he has worked in smooth harness with them on committee decisions. Among the four, Green's situation most resembles that of Vandenberg and George, each of whom served under a President of the opposite party.

Green lacks Vandenberg's dramatic quality, his eloquence on the floor, his power to sway public opinion. But many consider Green more effective in the quiet strategy and negotiation which go on behind the scenes. Green is liked and admired by his colleagues, but he does not command that special respect approaching awe which was inspired by the stern personality of Senator George.

On the other hand, Green has more firsthand knowledge of the world than either Vandenberg or George; more, indeed, than any other Foreign Relations chairman in our history. For sixty-five years he has been an eager traveler to other lands and continents, indefatigable, observant and friendly. He studies sympathetically not only their forms of government but the traditions and ways of thought which animate them. In this he brings a new asset to the chairmanship.

Because of the crucial nature of Green's new post, the question of his age will doubtless be raised, though hardly by his affectionate colleagues. Bluntly, will the weight of more than eighty-nine years handicap him in the performance of his difficult duties? It is not a question I can answer with assurance, though I have discussed it with many who know him, talked with him, walked with him, dined with him and accompanied him on his strenuous campaigning in Rhode Island prior to the recent election. The senator seems so far outside the ordinary rules of time that I doubt whether a specialist in geriatrics—the medical study of old age—could give a confident answer.

> Nothing helps you to get to know your neighbors better than a fully equipped tool shed.
>
> O. A. BATTISTA

Physically, he looks like a man in his sixties. He has a healthy outdoor color; his complexion is clear. His weight is a muscular 147–150, as it has been for some seventy years. His bristly mustache is gray, but his hair retains most of its original brown, with a fringe of white on top. His voice has not lost its timbre. His hands are steady and not heavily veined. His posture is somewhat stooped, but I note that the newspapers used to speak of the then Governor Green's "scholarly stoop" twenty-four years ago, at a time when his feats of strength and endurance got him—among annoyed Republican opponents—the nickname of Tarzan Green.

Some observers think Green is becoming slightly hard of hearing. Others insist that the senator "hears everything he wants to hear." On occasion I have had to raise my voice in speaking to him, but this was at a time when he had just returned from a six-week, 12,000-mile plane trip through Africa, including flights in unpressurized planes at upwards of 10,000 feet. That's rough on anybody's eardrums. If the senator's hearing is actually somewhat dulled, and he does not realize it, it could lead to misunderstandings in his new position.

How about mentally? If there has been any slowing down in Green's keen mind, it is not perceptible to his friends. Some critics say he is "picky"—too intent on minutiae, exasperatingly insistent on correct grammar, factual accuracy and precise meanings. Old friends in Rhode Island say Green has always had this trait, which was sharpened in his youth by his training in drawing wills, title deeds and corporate mortgages. He is said to be sometimes hazy—rare in a politician—at remembering names. This, too, seems to be an old trait, and certainly I, who have had the same difficulty since boyhood, am in no position to criticize.

Emotionally Green is an unusually calm and steady man. He was born into the severe old Yankee-Puritan tradition; and during his frail childhood, when his life was almost despaired of, he learned to train himself in a rigid self-discipline which has long since become second nature.

His nervous energy and stamina have always been the marvel of his colleagues. He has one of the best attendance records in the Senate, and is zealous in his committee duties, which have become more exacting and important with the years. He is the "travelingest" member of his committees, volunteering for assignments to those remote, primitive and plague-ridden regions which others shun. In 1955 he studied our technical assistance in the Far East, South Asia and the Middle East; in 1956 he made an over-all survey of conditions in Africa. His expense accounts on these official journeys show an economy and exactitude which dismay more free-and-easy legislators.

In his travels he maintains a terrific schedule of interviews and inspections, without apparent fatigue. His younger companions return exhausted. On his recent trip through Africa—he was warned it was the most unhealthy season—he was accompanied by one of the committee staff, Alwyn V. Freeman, an able and sturdy man in his forties. When they returned last October eighteenth Freeman took to his bed for five days; Senator Green, fresh as a daisy, plunged into a round of campaigning, attended numerous directors' meetings, and caught up with his duties as chairman of the board of the Plantations Bank of Rhode Island.

Former Sen. Tom Connally, of Texas, ten years younger than Green, never ceases to wonder at his old friend's energy. During Green's African trip, Texas Tawm drawled, "There's old Green, at eighty-nine, roamin' and rangin' around Africa. If he wasn't so old and sinewy and tough—why, those savages would *eat* him."

In his mid-eighties Green led fellow members of a subcommittee in a whirlwind inspection tour of European-aid programs. One afternoon in Athens the other senators gave up and crawled into their beds to sleep. Not Green. He had himself driven to the Aegean coast, where, having no bathing trunks with him, he found a secluded beach and took a long swim in the altogether. He dressed, returned to Athens and visited the museums. Later that evening his reviving colleagues found Green trotting about the Acropolis, courteously correcting his Greek guide, in classical Greek, on details of Greek history. It was on this trip that the late Sen. Brien McMahon, thirty-six years younger than Green, sank back into a café chair, mopped his brow and exclaimed, "Thank God, Theodore isn't sixty."

What is the secret of Green's almost timeless vigor? He has been asked this question so often that he has a variety of answers, such as "Avoid coffee at banquets—so you can sleep through the speeches." More seriously he counsels "a clear conscience, moderation, enjoyment of life and work, and regular exercise." By regular he means regular—some exercise every day. He frowns on the practice of lazing through the winter and then going athletic in summer vacation or following a sedentary week with a violent weekend. He regards walking as the most healthful exercise, the most available and the most neglected in modern America.

Green agrees that longevity may come partly by inheritance. But he also believes, from personal experience, that buoyant health can often be "acquired" by common sense and discipline. Consider his own remarkable case:

Green was born October 2, 1867. His older brother died in infancy. Theodore himself not only went through the entire chronicle of childhood diseases but suffered also the dread onslaughts of pleurisy, malaria, pneumonia and typhoid fever—all this in the era shortly after the Civil War when medicine was elementary and miracle drugs undreamed of. Somehow he survived, but for some years was so frail he could not go to school with the other boys. He was tutored at home, spurred on in his studies by his father's insistence that he announce, each morning, "I am a stupid boy." One morning Theodore rebelled.

"I won't say it," he declared.

"Why not?" said his father.

"Because it is a lie," said Theodore stoutly. His father frowned, then laughed, and the curious custom was abandoned.

When Theodore was at last judged strong enough for school, his father adopted a Spartan expedient. He chose a school a mile and a half away, and ruled that the boy must always walk the three miles, rain or shine, sleet or blizzard.

"It was hard going, sometimes, that first winter," Senator Green recalled recently, as we sat over a predinner cocktail at the conservative old Hope Club in Providence. "And then the time came when I began to like the walk, and step out more briskly, and enjoy all the sights and sounds and people along the way, whatever the weather."

This hitherto-unknown surge of health and strength was wonderful to the boy. He resolved to hold on to the new physical fitness and to increase it. He began taking up, one after another, the various sports for which he became noted. He was not a star athlete—his moderate weight and stature, his nearsightedness forbade that—but he was strong, wiry and quick. Moreover, he was "always in training." He has been, in fact, for about seventy-five years. Wrestling—he was and is a welterweight—has been one of his favorites. Until well up in his sixties, he coached, managed and practiced with the wrestling teams of the Providence Y.M.C.A.

Not long ago in Providence, after dinner at the Ming Garden Restaurant, I stopped to chat with the burly and jolly manager, Mr. Yat K. Tow. I asked him whether he knew Senator Green.

"Sure, sure!" he exclaimed with a smile as broad as the Yangtse. "I used to wrestle with him at the Y. Fine wrestler. Fine man."

Back in the 1870's young Theodore made another decision. "I was a choosy eater as a boy," he says. "I wouldn't eat this, wouldn't eat that. One day at dinner I realized that I disliked every item served. I said to myself, 'This is ridiculous.' I resolved then and there, and henceforth, to eat everything. It was a sheer act of will at first, but soon I found it pleasant enough. Now I eat anything, anywhere." Green makes no claim to being a gourmet. As for the strange foreign dishes, "It is courteous to eat what your hosts offer you," he says.

Green will also drink anything—sparingly. He usually confines himself to one drink before dinner, though he may take a second on special occasions. One day in South America, attending a diplomatic luncheon, he was asked whether he would have a cocktail.

"Thank you, I never drink before lunch," he said. (*Continued on Page 78*)

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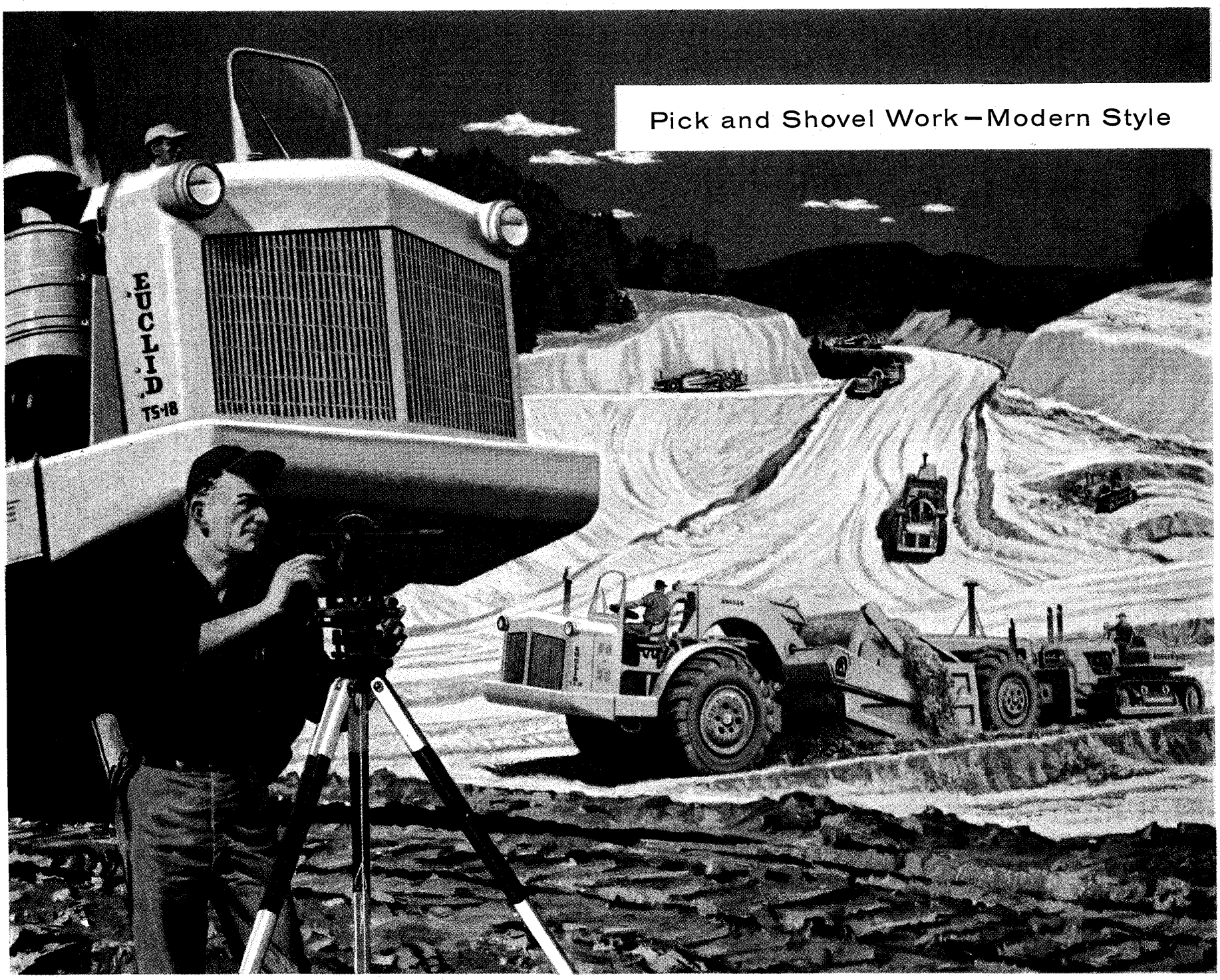

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THE tremendous road program now under way could have been only a dream a generation ago. It will require staggering quantities of material, skilled construction men and specialized modern machines, but road builders will meet the challenge.

Earthmoving equipment like the Euclids shown in the illustration helps offset higher costs of labor and materials—earth and rock can be moved at about the same cost as 20 years ago, and a great deal easier and faster. The result is more road per dollar for tax payers because more work can be done in less time.

Euclid's Model TC-12 Crawler Tractor and the TS-18 Scraper are typical of the advanced engineering that has revolutionized road building methods and made the entire Euclid line a star performer on all kinds of jobs. Both of these machines use two big diesel engines and two separate Torqmatic Drives. These "Twin-Power" applications, exclusive Euclid developments, give them work-ability to outperform all other equipment.

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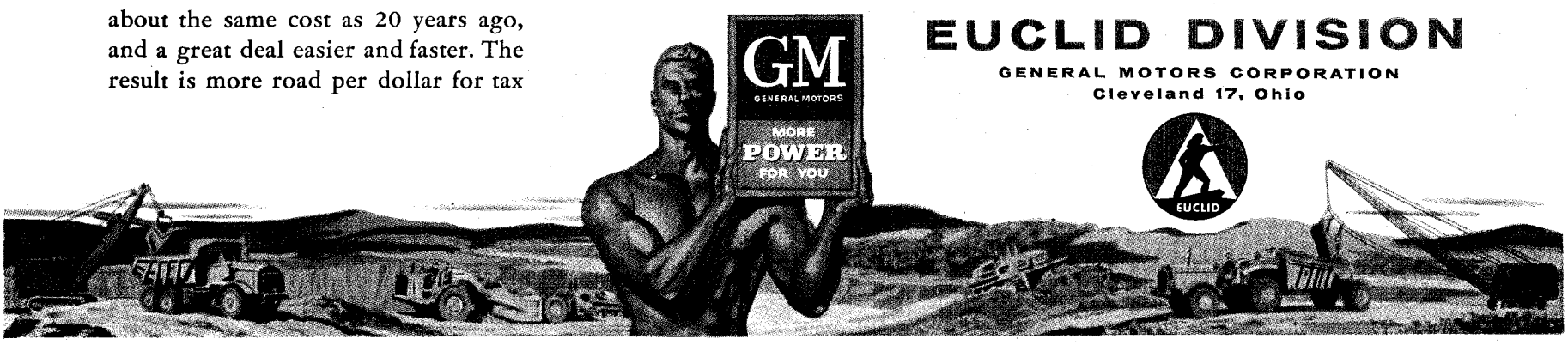

EUCLID DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
Cleveland 17, Ohio

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(*Continued from Page 76*) At this moment a waiter appeared at his elbow with a tray of frosty Daiquiris.

"Well, hardly ever," said Green, smiling as he reached for his drink.

Green has never smoked. He says he inhaled enough fumes from his father, an incessant smoker, to last him a lifetime. He has also absorbed much nicotine in smoke-filled rooms of the dozen Democratic National Conventions in which he has played a prominent part.

In school, Green was an excellent student, sharpening his faculties further by coaching his younger sisters and brothers. He went on to public high school, and then to Brown University, where his favorite subjects were Latin, Greek and mathematics. His father, a leader of the bar and a famous scholar, continued to pooh-pooh his son's learning. When the boy graduated from Brown at nineteen with high honors, father indicated that he was not even interested enough to attend the commencement. Theodore, giving his valedictory address, was surprised and moved to see his stern parent peeping anxiously from behind a pillar at the rear of the hall.

Thereafter Green worked a year in the office of a precise legal conveyancer, then took two years at Harvard Law, then two more at the Universities of Berlin and Bonn, where he perfected his fluent German and studied Roman and civil law. At Bonn he joined the Rheno-Colonia fraternity and took his part in the malty revels above the Rhine. The closest he came to a student duel was to act as second for a *Korpsbruder*. This lad, named Agricola, got the end of his nose sliced off, but it was promptly sewed back on without serious effects.

"I suppose," says Green, "that I would have had to fight a duel myself if I'd ever been challenged. I took great care not to be."

Whenever Green returns to Bonn, the students give him a rousing welcome with beer and song. Once they paraded him through the streets perched atop a circus elephant. Green enjoyed himself hugely, ignoring the Republican symbolism. He has a wide acquaintanceship in Germany. One of his old friends is Chancellor Adenauer, a fellow alumnus of the university.

"It is a Bonn between us," says Green, blinking apologetically.

By 1894 Green was back in his native Providence, ready to carve out his extraordinarily varied and successful career in law, business and politics. He had many advantages. He came of a distinguished New England family. Among his direct or collateral ancestors were George Washington's right-hand commander, Gen. Nathanael Greene; also four United States senators, two United States congressmen, two governors of Massachusetts and two governors of Rhode Island.

He was much sought after socially. As a gay cotillion leader, he was for decades Rhode Island's most eligible perennial bachelor. He has never married. When asked why, his usual reply is, "Too busy or too unlucky."

It is true that he has always been a prodigiously hard worker. His law practice grew rapidly, with many corporate clients. Besides legal ability, he had a natural business shrewdness. He was chosen as director and officer of many companies—insurance, transit lines, railways, real estate, banking, textiles. For three years he was president of the Morris Plan Bankers Association. And for many years, following 1912, he was president and operating head of J. and P. Coats (R.I.), with thread mills in Pawtucket employing some 5000 workers. (One old friend describes Green as "a hard-boiled egghead who has met all the payrolls.")

In this, as in his other ventures, Green early showed what his conservative friends called "radical" tendencies. They said he was "too soft" on the workers. At Coats, for example, he paid above the average wage, built athletic fields and installed cafeterias and infirmaries. He argued that this was not softness, but sensible business management. It drew and held the best workers; it increased production and profits. Today such practice is customary. Forty years ago it alarmed Green's fellow industrialists.

Most of his many ventures prospered. Though one of six children, Green came into a comfortable family inheritance. He increased it vastly, through the years, by his own exertions and judgment. One lawyer friend, who has known him for thirty years, guesses Green's present wealth at around $5,000,000.

In politics it was a different story. Here success came with a dreary slowness which would have discouraged a less persistent man. True, he was elected to the state legislature (1907–08), where he fought the property-qualification law barring poorer voters, and put through the first state law forbidding the exclusion of uniformed enlisted men from places of amusement. But then came twenty-five years of defeats, often "close, but no cigar." Sometimes he failed to get his party's nomination; when he got it he lost the election. He was beaten for governor in 1912, for Congress in 1918, for governor in 1930. At long last, aged sixty-five—when most men are ready to retire—he was elected governor in 1932. It was a slow start, but once started, he began to blaze. Since '32 he has won each election by increasing pluralities.

Why the long string of defeats? For one thing, Green, while clear and persuasive, is no orator. His manner, that of a scholarly Yankee aristocrat, and his accent, which has been described as Providence Brahminese, seemed strange and a bit dandified to the mass of voters. Incidentally, Green has never modified his manner and accent a whit, whether addressing the Senate, French-Canadian mill workers, a diplomatic dinner or a meeting of Portuguese fishermen. Nowadays Rhode Island's polyglot electorate seems to dote on the senator's mannerisms.

A further factor in the defeats was that Rhode Island used to be heavily Republican, with the dominant party controlling most of the electoral machinery. One Republican leader boasted to reporters that he could always "find" 5000 extra votes in a close election. Green himself is convinced that he was flagrantly "counted out" in 1912, and probably also, more smoothly, in 1930.

"In 1912," he told me, "the Republican Journal conceded on election night that I had won, and so notified me. I expressed my thanks to the voters, and joined in the torchlight victory parade. A few hours later the Republicans came up with enough extra ballots to defeat me by fourteen hundred and eight votes."

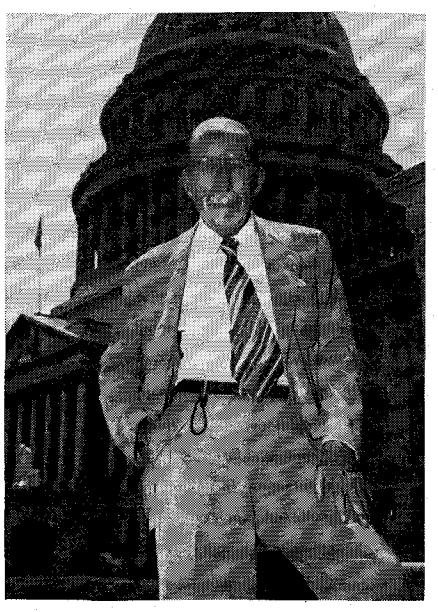
The senator shook his head regretfully and seemed to muse for a moment—perhaps on what would have happened if he had got his start in politics at forty-five instead of sixty-five. Then he brightened.

"They seemed to think they could wear me down, tire me out," he said, and now his pince-nez showed a gleam of triumph. "Well, they couldn't! . . . It's a curious thing—as long as I got beaten, my conservative friends tolerated my liberal views as an amiable idiosyncrasy, as though I had taken up Buddhism. But when I won, and began to get results and make reforms, they were angry. Very angry. Many cut me on the street, turned their backs on me in the clubs. 'Traitor to his class' and all that. It made them still angrier that I did not seem to mind. Oh, well. They are my friends again now. And why not? The things I stood for in the old days, in my 'wild-eyed radicalism,' are now taken for granted in the Republican, as well as the Democratic, national platforms."

Green always had a concern for the underdog. And in the 1920's, when the southward movement of textile mills swelled unemployment in Rhode Island long before the national depression, his thinking anticipated what came to be called the New Deal in the 1930's. He reasoned that if capitalism was to survive and prosper, it would have to be so modified as to give consumers enough purchasing power to absorb the flow of efficient mass production. Only thus could depressions be prevented or controlled. He considered this only decent; he also considered it to be in the realistic self-interest of all citizens, including capitalists like himself. He has never complained about his own heavy taxes. In the Senate he has always supported high taxes in the upper brackets.

The popular image of Senator Green in today's Washington is that of a wise, alert, courtly, benignly witty elder statesman. Most of his present colleagues would be surprised to know that in the past he has been the victim, and the victor, in some of the toughest infighting in American politics; that as governor he was denounced as "Kingfish Green, the Huey Long of the North"; and that on New

A sportsman, statesman and gourmet of nearly fourscore and ten years' experience



Above: Theodore Green, the oldest senator in U. S. history, wants to serve 12 more years and have his 100th birthday in office. Left: He recently gave up tennis, not because it was too strenuous, but because he was too busy. He considers golf an "old man's" game. Below: Green, in Paris for a conference, visits a favorite restaurant.

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Year's Day of 1935 Governor Green directed the amazing political blitzkrieg known in Rhode Island as "the bloodless revolution." Within a matter of hours, that day, the state's entire Supreme Court was thrown out, its governmental structure reorganized and the Republican machine which had ruled the state for decades was shattered.

Opponents called Green's action "a ruthless *coup d'état*" and "a banana-republic revolution," but its legality was never successfully contested. The late Colonel McCormick, of the Chicago Tribune, was so outraged that he removed one star from the newspaper's American flag, thundering that Rhode Island had taken itself out of the Union. He thundered in vain. Green not only went serenely ahead with his reforms but in the next year ('36) was elected to the United States Senate.

When Green was first elected governor, in 1932, he was a mere figurehead. The Republicans had long ago stacked the cards of state power in their own favor. Their key card was the State Senate, elected on a rotten-borough system by which votes in the small towns and villages—safely Republican—swung several times the weight of the larger cities such as Providence, which showed Democratic leanings.

The Senate had a veto on practically all the governor's actions and appointments. He could freely appoint only his own secretary, and—with ironic humor—the Barber Commission, which inspected barbershops. As a further ace in the hole, the Republicans had the Supreme Court. This body, solidly Republican for generations, had some able judges. But it seemed to have an ingrained habit of deciding electoral disputes against the Democrats.

For two years Green struggled against this situation. He made some progress by negotiation with liberal Republicans. But all important reforms were blocked by the State Senate. In 1934 Green won by a much larger majority, but the Republicans still clung to a slight lead in the Senate. Green had reason to believe that two of the Republican senators had been improperly "counted in." He put the ballot boxes under guard, called in trusted Democratic leaders and laid his bold and secret plans.

The new Senate convened on New Year's afternoon, 1935. The Republicans, confident in their apparent 22–20 lead, had no inkling of the coming storm. Presiding was Green's right-hand man, Lt. Gov. Robert Emmett (Fighting Bob) Quinn, a keen lawyer and a tough man with the gavel.

First Quinn refused to swear in the Republicans from the two doubtful districts. This left the Senate divided 20–20, with Quinn's vote decisive. Next, Quinn appointed a select committee, of two Democrats and one Republican, to recount the votes in the two disputed districts. The committee did so, behind closed doors, and reported back within a couple of hours that Democratic senators had been elected in both districts. They were sworn in at once, giving the Democrats a 22–20 control. Democrats already controlled the lower house. Then Green's plans clicked into high gear. Within twelve minutes the state's government was transformed. Said the Republican Providence Bulletin:

Those were not hectic minutes. They were calm, methodical, deadly, even if within their compass a whole Supreme Court was turned out, a Finance Commission was dismissed without thanks, the epic stovepipe of a High Sheriff was toppled, a Public Safety Board was pitched into the ashcan, and 80 commissions . . . were gathered up and neatly arranged into 11 departments à la Al Smith.

There were cries of "fraud" and "dictatorship," but, as I say, the legality of the "revolution" was never successfully contested. The legislature was constitutionally entitled to oust the judges, and note this: Green, with typical finesse, had provided life pensions for the old judges to ease and speed their quiet departure. Also, he showed moderation in making the new court a bipartisan one, with three Democratic and two Republican judges.

Doubtless Green's blitzkrieg would have caused far greater uproar except for the fact that the state's more liberal Republicans had long realized that the old system was archaic and unfair. A few of the Old Guard Republicans visited Green, threatening to carry their protest to the top in Washington. "Good," said Green amiably. "President Roosevelt is an old friend of mine, and I will give you a letter to him." That ended that.

"Theodore Francis Green," remarked a veteran Rhode Island Republican recently, "is a gentleman and a scholar. But don't forget that he is also a formidable practical politician."

Besides all his other duties, Green has always been active in a host of civic, educational, cultural and charitable organizations, ranging from the Boy Scouts to the Home for Aged Colored Women. For fifty-six years he has been one of the governing trustees or fellows of Brown University. Thrifty and austere in his personal expenditures, he is a generous employer, and gives freely to the projects which interest him. "Most of all," he says, "I want to see gifted young people get the education their talents deserve. It not only helps them; it is vital to the nation."

When in Providence, Green lives alone in his eighteen-room ancestral home, where he has no servant except a part-time caretaker. He gets his own breakfast of fresh-squeezed orange juice, cereal and milk, and walks out to other meals. Once a year the old mansion springs into gay life at Christmastime, when Green gives a big, merry party for his nieces and nephews, their families and children—twenty-six in all. The caterer? Green's old wrestling pal, Mr. Yat K. Tow.

In Washington, Green has a modest room at the University Club. He rises early, takes fifteen minutes of setting-up exercises, breakfasts at the club, and then steps forth for his regular two-and-a-half-mile walk up to Capitol Hill.

A phenomenon? Undoubtedly. Green himself talks, only half jokingly, of serving in the Senate until he is 100, and his friends assure him he will live to be "the world's youngest centenarian."

"My only concern," one senator told me, "is this: Theodore has such an amazing record for vigor, and is so proud of it, and has so strong a will, that he might not recognize disability when it eventually comes upon him."

It is true that Green is proud of his vitality record, but he does not seem to take it too seriously. Last July eighteenth senators of both parties vied in eloquent eulogies of Green, congratulating him on becoming history's oldest member of the Senate, and on breaking the previous record, set in 1898, by Vermont's Sen. Justin Smith Morrill.

Senator Green made a brief, graceful and humorous reply. He concluded thus: "I have just received a telegram and I now read it. It is very short. It reads, 'Oh, pshaw!'

"It is signed 'Justin Smith Morrill.'" (Laughter.)

Senator Green still does not know who sent this playful, ghostly wire. By permission I am able to reveal (exclusively in the Post) that it was sent by Green's nephew, Burges Green, the cartoonist of the Providence Journal. THE END

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

executed with his index finger. And the rapture on his face. It *has* to be "Margie."

The kids can make rhythm with that 2-horn drums and piano setup; but the monotonous blat is doubtless what compelled Mr. T. to interpose his 2¢ worth. The poor man was melody-starved.

CHARLES P. KINGSLEY
Chestertown, Md.

Dear Sirs:

I know how those boys feel. Me—I go for rock and roll.

KENNETH BRITCHER
New Cumberland, Pa.

Overhearty Appetites

Dear Sirs:

For a publication that capitalizes upon "reporting the facts," the Post has certainly submerged same in a sea of theory in the article by Steven M. Spencer, ARE YOU EATING YOUR WAY TO A HEART ATTACK?, Dec. 1.

My dear old aunt, aged 80, has existed for about fifty years on a diet rich in cream, milk and eggs—with weekly supplements of literature provided by The

Saturday Evening Post. She's going to be terribly upset when she reads these "facts" and learns how her life has been shortened by these dangerous foods!

BEN H. MCCONNELL, M.D.
Director of Medical Services
Florida Southern College
Lakeland, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on your excellent article. Expressed in a simple, understandable manner, it should serve a great purpose in helping to abort not only heart attacks but many other ills that overeating is fostering.

I have yet to see any article in our medical journals that so completely covers the subject.

G. A. MCLELLAN, M.D., F.A.C.S.
Sparta, N.J.

Odd Bird

Dear Sirs:

I read with great interest and enjoyment George Heinold's article, DRUMMER BOY OF THE WOODLANDS [Nov. 24].

During the past summer, I had the opportunity near a summer camp in Papineau County, Quebec, of observing a hen partridge setting on her nest every weekend over a period of seven or eight weeks. . . . On no occasion while I was watching her did the hen stir off the nest, although I could approach within a couple feet of her. The claim referred to in the article that a hen grouse has no scent during the breeding season seems to be supported by the fact that my dog . . . invariably accompanied me on my visits to the nest, but he paid no attention whatever to the hen, in spite of the fact that at times he would be within a very few feet of her and, strange to say, the hen paid no attention to him.

W. R. HALL, Q.C.
Vankleek Hill, Ont.

Dear Sirs:

George Heinold . . . may be an authority on this finest of upland game birds, but to mistake their drumming for distant thunder is just too farfetched.

FRED F. MARSHALL
Cedarville, O.

Dear Sirs:

George Heinold . . . refers to the "ventriloquism" of the bird; it probably seemed to him like that. The plain facts of a partridge drumming are these: It depends on whether the cock faces you, or quarters off on either side, or turns side-on, as to whether you hear absolutely nothing, or hear it as from a great distance, or imagine it is right at hand, even though the bird may be half a mile or a mile away.

BURTON SKINNER
Halifax, N.S., Canada

Texas Drought

Dear Sirs:

We feel that DISASTER IN THE SOUTHWEST [by Lewis Nordyke, Dec. 1] shows only the gloomy side of the current drought picture. We are doing more than just praying for rain. For example, at Southwest Research Institute we are experimenting with the use of thin chemical films to cut down water evaporation as much as 45%. This would amount to a considerable saving since Texans lose nearly as much water through evaporation as they use in a year. In addition, we are also working on programs for reuse of industrial water which will also result in a considerable saving.

DR. BUELL W. BEADLE
Southwest Research Institute
San Antonio, Texas

Requiem

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading Mr. James B. Ball's story MY WIFE DIED OF CANCER, in the November 24th issue.

I don't think anything has ever been written with so much love and compassion outside of our Holy Bible.

I just wanted to say "Thank You."

MRS. G. KAURY
Binghamton, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Mrs. Ball's life was not lived in vain. Her story, told simply and sincerely, carried a message of hope and courage that will bring help to all who read it.

MRS. BETSY G. HUBBARD
S. Woodstock, Vt.

Dear Sirs:

I'm getting so tired of every magazine having a cancer article. . . .

Everyone has to face up to his own problem. Every time I read one of these articles, I become more depressed and my own condition seems more hopeless.

RUTH E. NEUMANN
Chicago, Ill.

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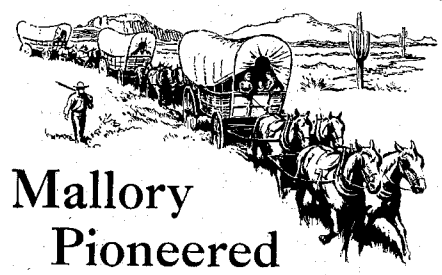

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My Dad, Walt Disney

(Continued from Page 24)

While Dad was working on the ship-collision project, a sharp-pencil fellow from the Navy Department dropped in. He wanted to know whether Dad's authorization for the film was on paper. "Admiral Durgin authorized it," Dad said.

"Admiral Durgin can't authorize anything," the man said. "An authorization has to go through channels."

"All I know," Dad said, "is the admiral said he's taking care of it. I trust him to see it comes through."

The sharp-pencil man looked at Dad pityingly. "I don't know how much you've already spent on this, Disney," he said, "but you're probably stuck with it."

But he was wrong. Admiral Durgin did come through with the authorization. In other instances, however, the Navy couldn't get authorization for jobs they had Dad's studio working on. Sometimes the project officer didn't even have enough money for paper clips and Dad had to give him petty cash.

At one point Dad was invited to become an officer in the Signal Corps. He said, "If you take me without my organization, you're getting nothing. Besides, my men are doing valuable work where they are."

His friend, Frank Capra, did join the Signal Corps, reporting for work in Washington. Presently Dad had a phone call from him. "I've got to get out of Washington," Mr. Capra said. "I can't make pictures here. Also, I haven't got any appropriation. Can I make your studio my headquarters until I get set up? Have you got room?"

"I'll make room for you," Dad said.

So Mr. Capra moved into the Disney studio. He still hadn't been given a budget. If he needed artists to help, he asked Dad to lend him some. "I'll pay him when they put the budget through," he'd say. He brought in James Hilton, author of Good-bye, Mr. Chips, and Lost Horizon, and Eric Knight, who wrote Lassie, Come Home, and The Flying Yorkshireman. The director, Ernst Lubitsch, worked with him too. That was how Capra got his Why We Fight series going, an outstanding piece of work. In the end he got hold of the Fox Western Avenue studio, thanked Dad and moved out.

"Who paid your overhead?" I asked Dad. "Did you lose money on your war effort?"

"When the war started," he told me, "the board of directors of the Disney studio adopted a resolution that any war work we did would be done at cost. The resolution was adopted by unanimous vote, and it went on the books. But the Government couldn't understand our thinking. Washington seemed to feel that our willingness to forget the profit angle was queer, so they insisted on another kind of deal. It complicated our bookkeeping. Every once in a while, the men sent out from Washington to tell us what to do would demand that we hold a crew idle while somebody back in Washington solved a problem by long distance. While the crew was kept standing by, I couldn't put it to work on anything else. The question arose: Who was going to pay for that crew's time? Hence some of our bookkeeping snarls. I guess everybody had them, but we had more than most."

I'm old enough to remember Dad's wartime film, Victory Through Air Power, based on Major Seversky's best-selling book of the same title. To me, it was one of his most important efforts. It emphasized our need for true strategic air power, and opposed the old idea that planes were merely tactical vehicles to be used in support of the Army and Navy.

Major Seversky's arguments irritated a lot of brass hats, but he knew what he was talking about. Dad believed in the importance of the kind of air power the major described, and he wanted to help put the message across. So he made a deal with Major Seversky to make this film on his own. It wasn't subsidized nor did it promise to make any money.

About that time, Dad happened to be back in Washington. He was summoned to a staff meeting in the Navy Department. When he came in, he said, "Hello," to some officers he knew, and smiled. They didn't smile back. They said, "We hear you're going to do Victory Through Air Power."

"That's right," Dad said happily.

"Have you any idea what that will do to our program?" they asked. "If you get that kind of message over to the people, they won't want to pay for sea power."

It was then that Dad made one of the most naïve remarks of the year. "Gee," he said, "you fellows don't really believe in battleships, do you?" Then he added, "But if your battleships fit into the picture, they'll be in there. You won't have to worry about that."

That wasn't good enough for the Navy. After Dad had returned to California, they sent a man out to reason with him at his studio.

"I had a feeling that this missionary didn't really believe what he was saying," Dad says. "He was a Navy flier. He'd shot down a few Zeros and been decorated, but it was his duty to argue with me. I finally agreed to omit any reference to the Navy and to keep the film a straight drive for air power. He persuaded me that aircraft carriers would be needed until we had land bases abroad and an in-flight refueling system for big bombers. I agreed to modify the picture to that extent."

The Seversky film didn't make money, but it didn't lose money, either, and it was paid a gratifying tribute. By special request it was flown to the Quebec Conference for Winston Churchill to see.

The war thoroughly disrupted the Disney studio. When it ended, Dad says, a period of indecision set in. "The motion-picture business had made truckloads of money during the war," he explained. "Everybody went to the movies, not only because they were getting good wages but because gasoline rationing left them no other place to go for amusement. People were traveling. Wives were going to meet husbands. Servicemen were moving back and forth. I remember being in Washington, not being able to get a room in a hotel, and sitting in a movie theater so I could rest my feet."

During that period the movie business became fat and lazy. Dad was afraid that lush box-office pickings would be taken for granted, that the industry would be unprepared for sharp competition after the war. Unhappily, he was right.

"During the war, everybody and everybody's relatives became producers," he said. "Any film footage anybody spliced together made money. Yet the theaters had little time for our product. Wartime was a poor time for the Disneys. We represented the family trade, and theater owners didn't bother with that. Our films brought kids streaming in, as well as adults, and the kids paid less for tickets than the grownups. Movie theaters were doing big business with any piece of cheese they booked, so they didn't care about attracting the whole family."

At the end of the war, Dad and Uncle Roy tried to rebuild their organization. Reassembling Humpty-Dumpty would have been easier. For one thing, since foreign markets had been closed for years, Dad and Uncle Roy were hard up for capital. During the war the studio had produced almost nothing commercially because it had been tied up making training and propaganda films.

Then, too, when their men did come back, some of them were restless and couldn't settle down, and some who tried to settle down didn't stick. Short cartoon subjects now cost so much that they weren't profitable. Dad knocked himself out trying different ways of packaging his material. He filmed groups of fifteen-minute shorts he thought he could stitch together in the way he'd stitched together Saludos Amigos. But the cost was still sky high, and when he got through stitching he had an omnibus film with no focal point to sell. He made money on a couple of these composite jobs, but, on the whole, they didn't pay off. So he decided that the thing to do was to make more feature-length cartoons.

Uncle Roy disagreed sharply. Production of long cartoons would be too costly, he said; he could prove his point with figures.

"But we can't coast," Dad protested. "In this business you go forward or backward."

"But look at the figures," Uncle Roy said.

The argument went on and on, for this was serious business. It was even more serious than they knew. Television was just around the corner, and Hollywood would soon feel its power.

"Apart from the problem of money," Dad says, "I had a strong feeling that we needed a change in direction. The cartoon field wasn't flexible enough. It forced me to make either a cartoon short seven or eight minutes long or a feature cartoon seventy to eighty minutes long. I had a lot of ideas I thought would be good in cartoon form if I could give them a time range between those two extremes."

In the meantime it seemed clear to Dad that he ought to get back into the feature-length field until some better idea occurred to him. That brought up the matter of money and time. Feature-length cartoons would burn up too much of both, Uncle Roy thought. The result was that he and Dad had a head-on disagreement.

Dad's point was this: "If we try to coast we'll go backward. Let's get back into business or sell out. I have three pictures I want to do, but I can't run production unless I have a chance to plan ahead—not one year ahead, but five years."

Dad wants me to be sure to make it as plain as the nose on Dumbo's face that although, like any two brothers, he and Uncle Roy have fought ever since they used to sleep together in the same bed, there always has been and always will be a very, very close bond between them. Dad has a tremendous respect for Uncle Roy. So, if, in a couple of spots in this story of mine, Uncle Roy seems to be cast as a heavy, there are many more times when Uncle Roy has been a strong, solid pillar of strength.

Uncle Roy and Dad finally decided to do it Dad's way. They turned out three pictures in a row—Cinderella, Alice in Wonderland and Peter Pan. At the same time, Dad started a series of nature shorts rolling, and he began to make live action films in England. It was what Dad calls "a very active schedule." Cinderella was a tremendous hit. It made a lot of money and helped to pay for Alice, which did a nose dive.

The trouble with Alice in Wonderland, Dad says, is obvious now. "Alice is a

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literary classic with intellectual appeal, but no emotional appeal," he explains. "I don't want any more of them. I can't laugh at intellectual humor. I'm just corny enough to like a story that hits me over the heart. People pulled for Cinderella, but millions of them didn't care what happened to Alice. Peter Pan was an intellectual conception, too, although our picture version made money. Together with Cinderella, it got us rolling again."

The Disneys' funds in Europe were still frozen, and to get them out of England, their financial advisers wanted Dad to go there and use up the blocked money. Their first suggestion was that Dad start a cartoon studio overseas. He didn't like that notion, so he thought of something else. He wanted to do Treasure Island, and he suggested that he go to England and film it as a live picture. That way he could melt some of the frozen money. Also, getting into live production would satisfy his craving for variety. So for four straight summers he made a picture a year in England. He took a few people with him from California, but mostly he employed English actors and technicians. All of the live pictures Dad made in England made money.

Getting the Disney studio going again meant not only a change of pace but a shift of emphasis. Dad had always wanted to do something educational, so he sent a crew to Alaska to film a comprehensive documentary. He asked a group of educators to meet at his studio and discuss possibilities. After talking with them, he decided never to put the label "educational" on anything he did. Not only is "educational" a forbidding word, but he discovered that he couldn't get the educators to agree. They fought among themselves and they were supercritical from every angle.

So Dad shelved his Alaskan footage, except for a sequence on the Pribilof Islands seals. For this part he coined the title: True Life Adventure. He decided that he could do a lot of exciting things under that label, and he'd sell it as part of a series. But he and Uncle Roy had a hard time at first getting distributors interested.

Seal Island was first shown in a Pasadena theater owned by a friend. It ran for a week, and 5000 audience-opinion cards were collected. The public liked the first True Life Adventure, and wanted more. As a by-product, it won a Motion Picture Academy Award. But the distributors were still reluctant, so Dad and Uncle Roy had to give it a Broadway booking themselves to start it going.

When Dad came back from England that summer, the Seal Island picture had been released for three or four months. A distributor told him, "I wish it ran another ten minutes."

Dad said, "When I find out where I can get the right kind of material, I'll expand them. Meanwhile, I'd rather have people enjoy them than say, 'This is too long.'"

It wasn't until he'd made his seventh True Life Adventure that Dad began to lengthen them. By that time he had more trained men in the field, and a better idea of what he wanted. It had taken time to train his field photographers, because they were primarily naturalists who knew nothing about pleasing audiences. Dad's biggest problem was to get them to keep on shooting. They were inclined to be stingy with film, because they had been used to buying their own. Dad said, "Shoot, shoot, and keep on shooting! The cheapest thing in our whole operation is film."

They also had a tendency to quit too early because they thought the evening light was too weak. Dad told one man who was shooting beavers, "I want you to keep shooting until you can't see a beaver in your finder." That field man sent back his film with a note which said, "I kept on shooting until I couldn't see any beavers in my finder, so I'm afraid there's nothing on most of this film."

When that film was developed it contained the outstanding sequence from Beaver Valley. It showed a beaver trying to get a tree into the water through a hole in the ice. He had to gnaw that tree into small bits. He chewed the sides of the hole away to enlarge it; then he shoved pieces of the tree down the hole while it got darker and darker, until you could barely see the beaver on the screen. But when he tucked the last stick down the hole you felt like cheering.

Beaver Valley followed the Seal Island film. Then Dad did one on Water Birds, made up of film collected from everybody who'd ever shot footage on that subject. Next came the Everglades story, a story of feeding elks, and Bear Country. Each of them, except the bird film, represented the labor of two years or more.

Dad's first nature film to be released in feature length was The Living Desert. In the beginning he had sent four or five naturalist-photographer teams into the desert for only thirty minutes of usable film. When he saw some of the material they sent in, he went to town. Teams were sent back to the desert for more footage. That film, which is merely the story of the desert's flora and fauna, cost $500,000 to make. It will gross six or seven million dollars.

Dad has released only three other films in that series so far—The African Lion, The Vanishing Prairie and Secrets of Life, which will be on the country's screens by the time you read this. For the lion coverage a crew was kept working in Africa for two years. Africa has been photographed so much that you'd think there'd be nothing left to be filmed there but clichés, but Dad says he got the best African coverage he's ever seen. He equipped the leader of his African crew, Alfred Milotte, with a dustproof, flyproof laboratory built into a truck. Milotte could raise a tower out of his truck and climb up on it to take pictures. He'd stop in one place for weeks, waiting for the perfect shot.

Milotte is going back to Africa, but in the interim Dad thought it best to send him to Australia for a while. In that way Africa will be fresh to him when he returns. Dad figures the story he'll get out of Milotte's Australian footage will be about the aborigines of that continent and how they live, and about its wildlife.

Dad's latest project, Secrets of Life, has to do with ants, insects and plants. He is using a time-lapse technique for flowers—a cousin of the old stop-motion trick—and it's exciting to see those plants reach up and grab at the sun. He's also processing some coverage of bees which took three years to shoot.

Although nothing much has been said about it, Dad has still another series in the works—this one about People and Places. He already has cameramen in Alaska, Switzerland, Morocco—he'll do the Berbers there—and Japan.

As if all of these projects weren't enough to frazzle him, Dad is also absorbed in Disneyland, the biggest of all his projects. I can't remember the first time I ever heard Dad talk about Disneyland, but it's been in the back of his mind for years. Originally he thought of Disneyland as an amusement park covering perhaps one city block. But his plans kept growing. His conversation about it at home became so sweeping that I didn't take him seriously. He spoke of a fairyland castle, and a real steamboat on a real river that would represent all the famous rivers in the world. I didn't think those things were possible. Even when I went out to the Disneyland site at Anaheim, twenty-eight miles southeast of Los Angeles, and saw them shoving mountains around, I couldn't believe it was going to come true. Yet Dad made it come true. It's there right now, and it's functioning.

Not long ago he told me, "The germ of Disneyland planted itself in my mind when you and Sharon were little girls, and I was taking you to the kiddie parks and zoos on Saturdays and Sundays. Those days were among the happiest of my life. While you were riding merry-go-rounds, I was trying to figure how I could create a super park.

"When we built our present studio, I thought we should have an amusement area that people could visit. They couldn't visit our studio; it disrupts the work to have people all over the place, and that can hurt when your payroll is a quarter of a million dollars a week. I thought of creating a Disneyland adjoining the studio, but whenever I talked to your Uncle Roy about it, he got busy with figures and computing machines, and he didn't seem to hear me. So I stopped talking about it, and did more thinking. In the end, I borrowed a hundred thousand dollars on my life insurance to get started. I paid a draftsman out of my own pocket to make drawings of what I'd planned. Then I brought the drawings home weekends and revised them."

Dad is always taking Disneyland apart and putting it back together in a new way. Every time I go out to Anaheim, and I've been there at least twenty times, something is being added or changed. Last May he spent $2,000,000 on new rides and a general freshening up of the park.

Originally, the section called Frontierland included a painted desert. Dad changed that into a range of mountains with a cascade pouring under a "natural" bridge. A stagecoach road runs under the arch, and a mule path goes over it. Dad built a stockade on an island in his river. Visitors can go into the stockade and fire guns loaded with blanks, to repel the redskins. Inspired by Mark Twain's immortal Tom Sawyer, Dad created "Injun Joe's cave," through which kids can crawl on their hands and knees.

"The park will never be finished," Dad says. "It's something I can keep improving every year. Movies are different. Once I've wrapped up a picture, I'm done with it. I've always wanted to work on something that keeps on growing, and I've got that in Disneyland."

Just keeping Disneyland clean is a never-ending job. Dad doesn't let his concessionaires sell chewing gum or peanuts in shells, because they create litter. Spun candy is not sold, because children would get the sticky stuff on their clothes. And Dad has plain-clothes men policing the park to see that children aren't molested.

Mother and Dad visit the park frequently, but their fun is somewhat diluted when people recognize Dad. They crowd around him and talk about him as though he were deaf and couldn't hear personal remarks. His only defense is to keep walking, fast. He has even attempted a mild disguise, wearing dark glasses and a hat. The hat alone is a disguise, since hats seem to be worn in California only by outlanders.

One weekend my husband, Ron, took me and our son, Christopher, to Disneyland. We found Dad on the Disneyland railroad tracks, and he entertained the Millers for the rest of the day. First he took us for a ride on his Disneyland locomotive. We sat on the tender, right behind the engine. Before we were through, Dad had taken us on almost every ride in the place. He'd never had time to go around the park with Chris before. It may not sound like much, but we were all so happy that the day was one I'll always remember.

By the time Dad's park opened, its financial backers had become numerous. The hundred thousand he had raised on his life insurance is still invested, but the Disney studio is in the picture too. So is Paramount Pictures, since Paramount's interests are intertwined with the American Broadcasting Company, and Dad had teamed up with ABC. Altogether, Disneyland represents a $15,000,000 investment.

Dad's relations with ABC won flattering notice not long ago in a New York Times article by Val Adams. Here is the gist of it:

Mickey Mouse, the animated scamp, took on new stature last week. A company he helped to build—Walt Disney Productions—was officially credited as a "sound, rapidly growing and increasingly profitable operation."

"It's our New Year's Special. This unscrews, and there's a built-in icebag!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Leonard H. Goldenson, president of American Broadcasting-Paramount Theatres, Inc., told a stockholders' meeting that the most significant development in A.B.-P.T. was the growth and progress of the broadcasting division, meaning ABC. He added: "Our arrangements with Walt Disney were the turning point in our progress." Mr. Goldenson's comment was in reference to the Disney television hits, Disneyland and the Mickey Mouse Club.

As for the M.M. Club (these initials have no relation to Mrs. Arthur Miller), it has been called "a children's show without equal—a unique compounding of several ingredients which make it a show like no other." One ingredient was, When I Grow Up, which gave the kiddies a free ride in an adult job. The first trip under that label showed a pair of youngsters learning to be a pilot and a stewardess on a TWA plane. Another ingredient, Spin & Marty, had to do with a city youngster getting acquainted with other kids and horses on a dude ranch for boys. Then there is the Jiminy Cricket animated series on safety.

These things led Variety to say, "The Mickey Mouse show is unmatched in kid-showmanship. As such it rates an awed bow."

In the early years of television, Dad went to New York and spent a week there studying it. He'd seen TV in Hollywood, but he'd been told by wiseacres, "You ought to see it in New York, Walt." He found it basically the same there, only there was more of it.

"People in the motion-picture business thought about television in one of two ways," he says. "Some thought it should be fought, others hoped that it would go away if we ignored it. A third way appealed to me. I had a strong conviction we movie makers ought to get into it ourselves and make it work for us."

Dad made his TV start with a one-hour Christmas show for the Coca-Cola Company on December 25, 1950. Among other entertainments, he showed some of his cartoons and took viewers on a tour of the Disney studio. The show was so successful that the following year he was asked to do another hour Christmas show for the pharmaceutical house of Johnson & Johnson. Once more he led his viewers through the behind-the-scenes byways of picturemaking.

When a regular weekly television show became something for Dad to think about, TV executives began to tell him, "You'd better figure out a format, Walt. Television isn't like the movies. You'll have to do something different."

"I know that's the general notion," Dad said, "but I don't think the audience is different. I think that basically it's the same one I've had in the theaters all these years."

Dad thought of a dozen different ways to approach TV, but his mind kept veering toward his beloved park, which was still in the dream stage. Suddenly he knew that he had his TV format all set. He'd tie into his television show all of the various themes he wanted to build into his park—Fantasyland, Frontierland, Adventureland and Tomorrowland. And he decided that his television show would be called Disneyland. "All I want to do on TV is summed up in the names of the Lands in Disneyland," he said. It was only after he tied these two together in his mind—park and TV—that he made the park come to life.

In October of 1954, Dad signed with the American Broadcasting Company to put his TV show, Disneyland, on a national hookup. Bill Walsh, who was helping him, suggested that he emcee the show. "If he hadn't," Dad says, "I probably would have suggested it myself. After all, I was already on the payroll."

His first Disneyland shows scared him half to death, but the reception he got bolstered his confidence. Nowadays he actually enjoys work in front of a TV camera. But he does worry about his delivery; he insists that his voice cracks, that it has a Missouri twang, that his diction is sloppy.

Dad's first Disneyland TV hour greatly annoyed his competition. His rivals called those first shows "the longest trailers ever made," because he publicized a film he was about to release—20,000 Leagues Under the Sea. And to make it even more unforgivable, he did it very well. It won a TV Emmy for being one of the outstanding TV shows of the year, although it was a plug for a movie. Instead of showing clips from his completed picture, he put on special films of underwater adventures encountered in the process of making the Jules Verne story. His TV cameras took you right to the bottom of the ocean.

"Nice going, William Tell."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Television has been a wonderful thing for Dad in another way. For years he had to choose stories for his movies with prestige titles; things with presold names like Cinderella, Peter Pan, The Sleeping Beauty.

"If I had any story ideas of my own," he says, "the people in the distribution end of our business weren't interested. 'Nobody knows this story,' they'd tell me. 'Nobody's even heard its title. You'll have to let the public in on your little secret before you can sell it.'"

Dad says that television has helped let the public in on his "little secrets." An example is his latest feature cartoon, The Lady and the Tramp. Dad started visualizing a lady dog and developing a number of story situations for her. In the meantime a friend of his, Ward Green, one of the King Features editors, wrote a short story about a dog named Happy Dan. A free soul, Happy Dan wore no man's collar. He was just the dog Dad thought that his Lady Dog ought to meet. So Dad took his story back East. "Ward," he said, "your dog and my dog ought to get together." He showed Ward what he'd already done, and persuaded him to write a story on which a feature-length cartoon could be based.

But he couldn't convince Ward that The Lady and the Tramp was a good title. The people who were to distribute the film couldn't see it either. They said it would have no meaning for the public.

"I think my title is perfect for the story," Dad said, and he went ahead. He was sure that showing bits of the picture on TV would help people understand the title in advance of the picture's release. And he must have been right. Based on its first-run box office, The Lady and the Tramp is the most successful cartoon the Disney studio has ever turned out.

Dad has other stories lying on his shelves that he wants to do, but he has been stymied because they didn't have presold titles. With TV to sell them, he'll go ahead and produce them. One of them is The Sword in the Stone. The title means nothing now, but it will someday. It's the story of the boyhood of King Arthur. Some people thought Dad made a daring switch in putting his story about Davy Crockett on television before he released it in movie theaters. The fact is, he didn't plan Davy for the theaters. He made it for television; it was such a success on TV that he decided to show it in the theaters too.

No one can please everybody, and Dad has never tried. For one thing, he has never tried to appeal to the intelligentsia. Dad says, "The truth is, I don't know what they want. In Fantasia, I did some visual abstractions to the music of a Bach fugue. At the start I asked myself, 'What is the abstract in art? What does it represent?' And I answered myself, 'It's what you feel when you see something. It's an impression you get, the shape of an observed incident in your own mind.'"

Dad had Leopold Stokowski working with him on that Bach sequence. They sat together, saturating themselves in music. Dad would say, "Listen to that passage. In my mind's eye I can see the ends of a bunch of violin bows going up and down." To accompany that musical phrase on the screen, he made a lot of things going up and down. Then the music would rise to a crescendo, and Dad would say, "That's like coming out of a dark tunnel into a glare of light." Stokowski agreed, but they argued about the light's color. Dad envisioned orange; Stokowski was reminded of purple.

Fantasia was fun to make, and Dad let himself go. Afterward, people tried to figure out his animated abstractions, and read deep meanings into them. That amused Dad, because the splashes of color and movement were right off the top of his mind—really, his own reactions to the music, honestly portrayed.

Maybe it was art. I wouldn't know. Disney stockholders have been known to mutter that Dad is an artistic success and a commercial failure. On the other hand, there are professional critics who say that anything artistic about Dad's product is pure coincidence. He takes it from both sides. Occasionally, while putting a story together, someone asks, "What will the critics say if we do this?"

"We're not trying to entertain the critics," Dad replies. "I'll take my chances with the public."

The sophisticates and the eggheads, both soft-boiled and coddled, try to write off Dad's work as "Disney's picture-post-card art," but Dad is unconcerned. He says, "If picture-post-card art moves people, then I like it. If I'm corny, then millions of people in this country must be corny too." When he denies knowing anything about art, he's exaggerating; but not very much; I've seen him leafing through a book of great paintings. He'll study a page carefully and say, "I like this guy. Who is he?" It turns out to be a Goya. The name rings a bell. "Good man, Goya," Dad says.

It has been hard for Hollywood to figure the Disneys out. Their productions aren't offered to the public as "art," but they live on and on, the way true classics do. Whatever they choose to do—history, nature or cartoons—their films appeal to children and grownups alike. They penetrate language barriers. Mickey Mouse built a world following, partly because his message was given in pantomime, partly because his appeal was universal.

Another factor that broadens the base of the Disney appeal is that Dad never thinks of children as his primary audience. The situations in his cartoons are ones adults can enjoy too. "When we make our movies," Dad says, "we try to please ourselves instead of some composite, imaginary child."

He puts little trust in the Hollywood tradition that every successful film must ooze romance. Dad says, "I believe in love interest when it belongs in a story, but there are more kinds of love than man-loves-woman. There's a boy's or girl's love for an animal, as in National Velvet or Bambi. There's the love of a boy for a man, as in Shane. There's passion for a cause, as in The Great Locomotive Chase.

"I'll put strong emotion into a film if it belongs there, but I won't force it. I don't believe that people always want heavy romance. Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea is an example. The only female in that picture who amounted to anything was Esmeralda, the seal—and just between us, she was a male seal."

Dad goes his own way, ignoring Hollywood's formulas. In a sense, he doesn't even compete with Hollywood. Certainly he doesn't believe that popular tastes run in cycles, as so many movie people suppose.

I have no idea what Dad will try next, but he's been talking lately about "exploring the future with television," whatever that means. I'll bet on Dad, though, because, not to be coy about it, he's a genius. When I was a little girl, I thought he was the wisest man in the world. Now that I'm grown up and married to Ron—well, Ron's pretty smart too. But my loyalty isn't divided; it's doubled. I'm still Walt Disney's daughter, and I'll always be proud of him. THE END

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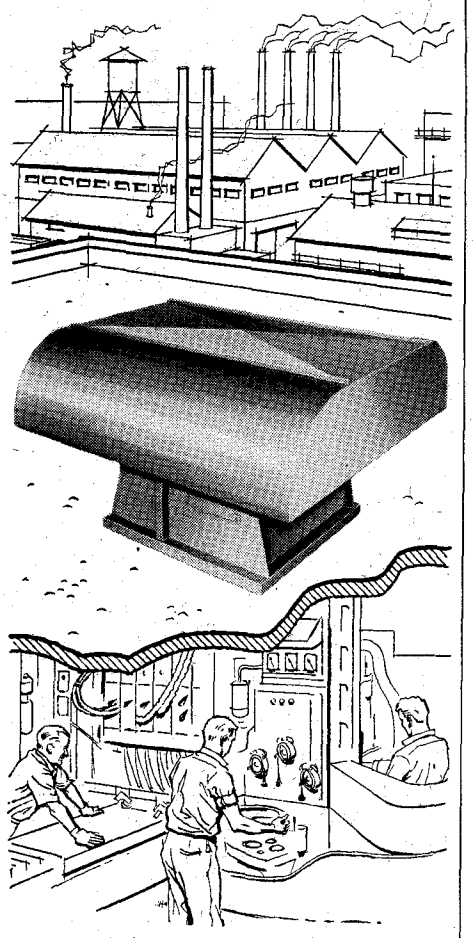

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Keeping Posted

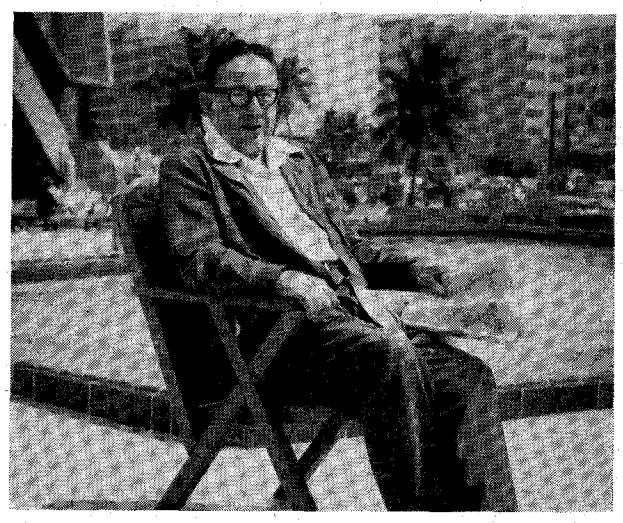
Messrs. Green and Higgins: A Study in Contrasts

When Washington Editor Beverly Smith first took up reporting at twenty dollars a week, they told him that one of the compensations was, "You meet such interesting people." Thirty years later, he still agrees with that venerable cliché. He considers eighty-nine-year-old Sen. Theodore Francis Green (page 13) "one of the most astonishing gents in the world"; and while interviewing the senator, Smith picked up an interesting-person bonus in Edward J. Higgins, Green's administrative assistant, who is unlike his boss in about as many ways as there are. Except that both are marvelous politicians and they *are* bachelors.

Senator Green flies tens of thousands of miles a year—but he can't get Eddie Higgins into a plane. While Eddie travels close to the earth in his sleek automobile, the senator recoils from automobiles, can't drive one, won't own one.

Green speaks with classical correctness, whereas his aide communicates colloquially and, whether a sentence needs it or not, ends every one with an encouraging, uptilted "Hunh?"

For social relaxation Green frequents Washington's glittering embassy parties while Higgins frequents baseball parks or training camps, hobnobbing with the players; indeed, he is so feverish about the diamond game that he even adores umpires and is counter-adored by same. However, while Green is violently addicted to physical exercise, Higgins avoids it as if it were sinful, considering it something to look at. Once the senator, upset about Eddie's ample waistline, dragged him to a Y.M.C.A. gym and demanded that he get busy, but the horrified victim escaped. Higgins has a bar in his rumpus room decorated with autographed baseball bats, but he doesn't drink.



Higgins relaxes in Florida (near a baseball camp?).

"Contrasts, yes," Bev Smith reflects, "but if you think they don't blend as a political team, ask their opponents in Rhode Island. They've been snowing those dismayed gentlemen under since 1932."

Changed His Name, Ditto His Luck

One day the editors who hopefully study manuscripts from unknown writers rejoiced in unison about a story from somebody called Merrill Manning. So, as per routine, this Manning was asked for personal references, and pretty soon from Hollywood actor George Jessel wrote that the chap was certainly O.K.; Arthur Marx wrote that he'd mentioned the author several times in his Post series about Arthur's father, Groucho (1954); and the author wrote that his genuine name was Mannie Manheim. See name on page 28. To put it succinctly, for years Mannie has been one of Hollywood's ablest movie, radio and TV script writers, not to mention time out for newspaper columning, producing and playwrighting. Then how come his timid approach to the Post?

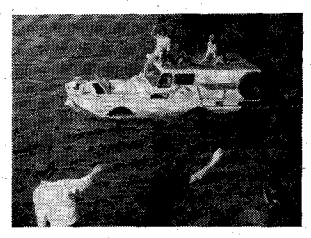
Manheim said he had ventured into magazine writing only three or four times in his life, always without luck, and this time he thought he'd try a new name to change his luck. If it changed, he planned to use his real monicker, which does seem a little mean toward Merrill Manning. "Manning" is a British version of Manheim, which some members of the author's family have used; and "Merrill" is his wife's maiden name—Martha Merrill, before deciding that a helpmate must be a full-time role, played admirably in many notable pictures. "As you observe in that snapshot," observes Mannie, "she's pretty and I'm pretty jowly."

Old Doctor Post

The telephone rang, and a friend reported that when he was in a doctor's office the previous evening, the medico said to him, "Did you notice the stout gent who was in just ahead of you? Well, for years I've urged him to go on a reducing diet before he winds up in some kind of jam. So now he comes in here all excited, says he just read a piece in The Saturday Evening Post, and tomorrow morning he diets." Steven Spencer's article, featured in the December first issue, was titled: Are You Eating Your Way to a Heart Attack?

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"We Made the 'Impossible' Tour"



A daring young couple drove overland 20,000 miles from Alaska to the Strait of Magellan. And now Frank Schreider tells you about their adventure-packed expedition.

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